32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

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THE FRONT PAGE.

ON page six of this issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will be found a full account of the launching of Canadian Eatables, Ltd., which stands to-day as unquestionably the most bare-faced swindle ever perpetrated upon the Canadian public.

Without a dollar, without a visible asset, these men, who deserve the attention of the police officers, were able here in our own godly Toronto, to load upon the public a concern which never should have been granted a charter, much less have passed the inspection of the Provincial Secretary's Department. Here are a group of swindlers who have had the temerity to place among their assets 7,700 acres of land at Honora, Manitoulin Island. The men who engineered the company or the company itself, never had the right to call an acre of this land their own. These fakirs have had the temerity to place in their prospectus the statement that they own farm lands, wood lands, buildings, etc., located on Manitoulin Island, when as a matter of fact they do not own an acre nor a stick of timber nor anything else that the sheriff or his assistants can lay their hands on. They have placed in the prospectus the value of these Manitoulin properties at half a million dollars. It is quite likely that the property is worth the money, only the promoters of Canadian Eatables, Ltd., forgot to go through the necessary process of acquiring the same by purchase or otherwise. They could not steal the property and get away with it or they probably would have done so long ago.

A more finished pack of thieves than those at the head of Canadian Eatables, Ltd., never saw the inside of a Penitentiary, and the fact that they were able to pass muster at the office of the Provincial Secretary, proves what this paper has before contended, that the sooner our law makers amend the Joint Stock Companies' Act so that the public in whose interest it is presumably framed, secures some measure of protection the better.

When a pack of modern highwaymen can arrive at the place where they may, without the interference of the law, capitalize another man's property and put it into their prospectus as an asset, it is certainly time for the law to intervene.

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IN order to successfully cope with a great band of strikers who were determined that the street cars in Philadelphia should not be operated until their demands were acceded to, it was found necessary last week to call out the Pennsylvania State Constabulary. In a few hours time four troops, or a trifle under two hundred of these mounted men, were able to restore order, a thing which upward of five thousand police had been unable to accomplish.

The "Black Hussars," as these troops of State Constabulary are called, rode into Philadelphia with the well-earned reputation of allowing nothing to stand in their way, the result being that the stone-hurling, brick-throwing mobs either took to their heels or settled back into peaceful citizens.

For a week these mobs had hurled defiance at the police. They had burned cars, driven off men who wanted to work and filled the hospitals as the results of their riotous conduct. Two hundred men, well mounted, and armed with revolvers and riot sticks, turned the trick.

So much for organization coupled with a reputation. To Canadians the incident is interesting by reason of the fact that Pennsylvania State Constabulary is patterned after our own North-west Mounted Police. Containing a large foreign population, employed largely in the mines and mills of that State, the problem of keeping order has always been a most difficult one. The Keystone state has seen, from Philadelphia on the east to Pittsburg on the west, more bloody riots than any State in the American Union. In the anthracite coal region, where mob law had too often the upper hand, a special body, known as the Coal and Iron Police, was organized years ago, the various mining and industrial corporations contributing to its support. The result was not all that could have been desired. The men were not mounted, neither were they uniformed, and they lacked the organization which always makes for an effective fighting machine when the occasion arises. It was finally realized that something better was required, and this took the form of the present body of State Constabulary, patterned, as I before mentioned, after our own North-west Mounted Police. Small squads of the Constabulary—every member of which is carefully chosen for his special fitness for the work—the majority being army veterans who have seen active service in the West, in Cuba or in the Philippines—are stationed at intervals throughout the State. A sergeant or a corporal is placed in charge of these small detachments. The discipline is rigid and exacting, and while the "Black Hussars" are by no means an old body they have already earned a reputation which, like that of our North-west Mounted Police, stands them in excellent stead in the day of need. They shoot straight and hit hard, and they threaten not in vain.

This is the sort of an organization required by Ontario and other eastern Provinces at the present moment. A comparatively small body of mounted men, well organized, would be able to cover the entire Province and do the work infinitely better than any rural police force and do it moreover at comparatively small cost.

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IT may seem like heresy to say so, but as a rule the debates in the Senate are characterized by more common sense and oratorical ability than the debates in the Commons. Perhaps it is because the members of the Red Chamber have a life job and a lot of Parliamentary experience, while the average M.P. enjoys one term or sometimes two in the House and retires to a well-earned oblivion. The Senate contains such doughty warriors as Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. G. W. Ross, James McMullen, Senator Wood, Senator Lougheed and other seasoned orators of many campaigns, with whom the Commons has few to compare. This being the case it is a pity that such little attention is paid to Senatorial discussions. It is well worth a trip to Ottawa, at regular milage rates, to attend a full-dress Senate debate. There is no beating about the bush, no anxious wonder about how their constituents feel on the question, but oratory of the straight-from-the-shoulder sort.

These few remarks were suggested by the recent debate on Senator Scott's bill to regulate the transportation of liquor. Some of the opponents of the measure spoke with refreshing candor, so different from the M.P. who has the temperance vote always in mind. Senator Domville declared that Canada was battling manfully against a tidal wave of misdirected moral legislation, and that temperance legislation was a failure to date. Senator McSweeney followed suit. He said he came from Moncton, which in theory had been a dry town for many years, but there was a good deal more liquor drunk there than in towns which had licenses. He compared the police records of Moncton with Ottawa and Berlin.

There was four times the drinking in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and twice as much drinking in Ontario as in Quebec, yet there was no prohibition in Quebec. If any one wanted to see a test of Prince Edward Island legislation they should see a boat land a load of harvesters for the West. They would have a fine demonstration of prohibition which does not prohibit.

These are the declarations of experienced legislators, and I commend them to the serious consideration of moral reform fanatics, who would restore the Puritan Blue Laws if they could. I spent a few days in a Moncton hotel last summer, and the accommodation was about the worst imaginable. If Local Option was responsible, as is asserted down there, the travelling public, who are forced to go into "Dry" districts, have my deepest sympathy.

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AS an efficacious method of advertising and selling a book the "ban" is to be recommended. The latest novel to be so boosted is H. G. Wells' much debated "Ann Veronica," which according to a London, England, despatch has been debarred by the Hull Public Libraries Committee. Every one who has not read "Ann Veronica" will now proceed to do so. As an excuse for having written the novel, if it requires one, Mr. Wells says:

"My book was written primarily to express the resentment and distress which many women feel nowadays at their unavoidable practical dependence upon some individual man not of their deliberate choice."

As a matter of fact it is not at all necessary for Mr. Wells to render an excuse for having written the book, which after all is a plain tale of plain people. The surprising thing about it is that a writer like Wells, one of the cleverest of the generation, should have bothered writing such a lot of tepid stuff.

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THE sooner the citizens of Toronto fully realize that a subway system is the only practicable solution of the much-tangled rapid transit problem the better for the city as a whole and for every resident within its doors.

A complete system of tubes cannot be built in a day. It would in all probability be a matter of at least three years before the work got actually under way, and then it would, in all probability, take another five years before the system would be on a working basis. By that time Toronto at its present rate of progress will have grown to a city of perhaps three-quarters of a million, for once a centre like this gets well started toward the half million mark it is surprising how quickly the population piles up. This has been the experience of nearly all the large centres of population on this continent, and it is well to remember that in this country of ours we have actually just begun to grow.

Like Montreal, like New York, like Boston, our thoroughfares are utterly unable, on the surface, to cope with the traffic. Already Montreal is getting its house in order to take on an underground system. It is coming there just as sure as day follows night, and with us it must come sooner or later. The most that the ardent enemies of the project can say against it is that the city has not yet reached that stage of development. In answer to this it may be stated that we are reaching it faster than most people realize.

For the construction of an underground system Toronto is most fortunately situated. The city is built upon stratas of clay and sand, the bed rock is far below the level of even our deepest foundations and, therefore, the initial saving, as compared with say New York city, would be very large indeed.

Those who have gone into the matter with some thoroughness state that an underground system could be constructed and equipped in Toronto for considerably less than a million dollars a mile, but even if it cost a round million for every 5,280 feet it would be worth the money. As matters now stand the citizens are helpless, and the Street Railway is well-nigh helpless, for do the best they can (which they are not doing by the way) and they will still be unable to cope with the problem of easy, rapid surface transportation.

The time for Toronto to take up the question is now, and not five or ten years hence. The present generation wants better facilities, the coming generations will, in their turn, look out for themselves.

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WHAT an odd old world we live in! Here is a parish priest in the neighborhood of Sherbrooke, Que., sued by one of his parishioners for slander. The difference was finally adjusted out of court, the priest paying $75 to the plaintiff. Father Bernier also paid the costs of the action.

The story of this legal disagreement is worth repeating if only to show that even in the Province of Quebec the priest occasionally gets the worst of an argument.

A child was born into the family of one Rioux and the father of the bouncing babe endeavored to have it baptized on the day of its birth, as is usual. It appears, however, that Rioux had not paid his tithes, and Father Bernier, the parish priest, refused to perform the ceremony. The plaintiff laid the case before Bishop Larocque, who told Rioux to go home and again lay the matter before his parish priest. The latter, however, still refused to perform the ceremony and the plaintiff betook himself to a neighboring parish, where the needful ceremony was performed.

This action, it appears, raised the ire of Father Bernier, and it is alleged that on the Sunday following the baptismal ceremony the *cure* in the course of his sermon said some hard things about his parishioner, Rioux. Among other things he is alleged by the plaintiff to have stated that said plaintiff had circulated false stories about the parish; that the said plaintiff was damned, and had the mark of a damned person on his forehead and was going to hell.

These alleged statements aroused the anger of Rioux, who swore vengeance upon the priest and took the case before Mr. Justice Hutchison, sitting at Sherbrooke. When his Lordship had heard the facts he came to the conclusion that the matter was one which should never have been brought before him. He therefore advised the priest and the parishioner to go outside and adjust the matter between themselves. Within a half hour the contesting parties had come to terms, by which it was agreed that the defendant should pay the plaintiff $75 and stand the costs of the action.

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OUR fire-eating friend Henri Bourassa attacks Earl Grey in his paper Le Devoir and demands the recall of His Excellency on the grounds that he is preaching Imperialistic doctrines. What I want to know is, who would preach Imperialism if the Governor General did not? And who is better qualified to preach it than an Earl of the old school? So far as I can figure out that is what we have a Governor General for.

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GEORGE E. FOSTER wandered into the realms of high finance and lost a reputation. For more years than I like to remember, George E. Foster has been the critic of critics at Ottawa. His long face and lean figure, his cold uncompromising tone, his argumentative school-teaching voice, ever with an array of figures at his elbow; who can forget him?

For fourteen years George E. Foster has argued the problems of finance for the Opposition. In office or out he was ever a carping critic, a bitter opponent—a man who made acquaintances, but not friends. From his throat figures and facts flowed in a stream that no power on earth seemed capable of checking. But it was the voice of an ice chamber—cold, uncompromising, austere, hard and rigid. You listened, for what he had to say was usually well worth listening to, and you were carried along by the conviction that before you stood a man of unblemished reputation.

And now it's all over. His usefulness as a public censor is at an end.

He may resign, and his old constituency may re-elect him, perchance by acclamation, though this is not likely; but it will make no difference in any event. As the chief critic of the Conservative party, or of any other party, his day is done.

And what did he do? Just what hundreds of other men in Canada have done; he utilized other people's funds to attain his own ends. Did he fail in the undertaking, and did people lose money as the result of his meanderings into the realms of finance? No. He was merely found out, and being a man in public life, he must pay the penalty.

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HOW any one chances to be a baker I can't imagine, for it is the one business on earth that outsiders are constantly meddling with. No sooner does the Ottawa Government give up the attempt to interfere with bakers all over the Dominion than our own Legislature takes up the task. Just at present Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., is endeavoring to make it uncomfortable for all concerned. He says that people want a smaller loaf. Perhaps they do. However, if the Legislature would give up meddling with the bakers for a time the people, through the good old laws of supply and demand, would get what they want. No baker who makes short weight bread or poor bread, or a loaf too big or too small, is going to live in Toronto or in any other centre over long.

Like the manufacturer of any other product, the baker must keep up with the procession or fall behind, and when he falls behind he is down and out and done for. There would be just as much sense in legislating over the size of a hen's eggs, the thickness of the soles on a pair of boots, or the cubic measurement of a head of cabbage.

The bakers from all over the province are calling upon the Legislature to let them alone, and I for one don't blame them. That august body might be better employed.

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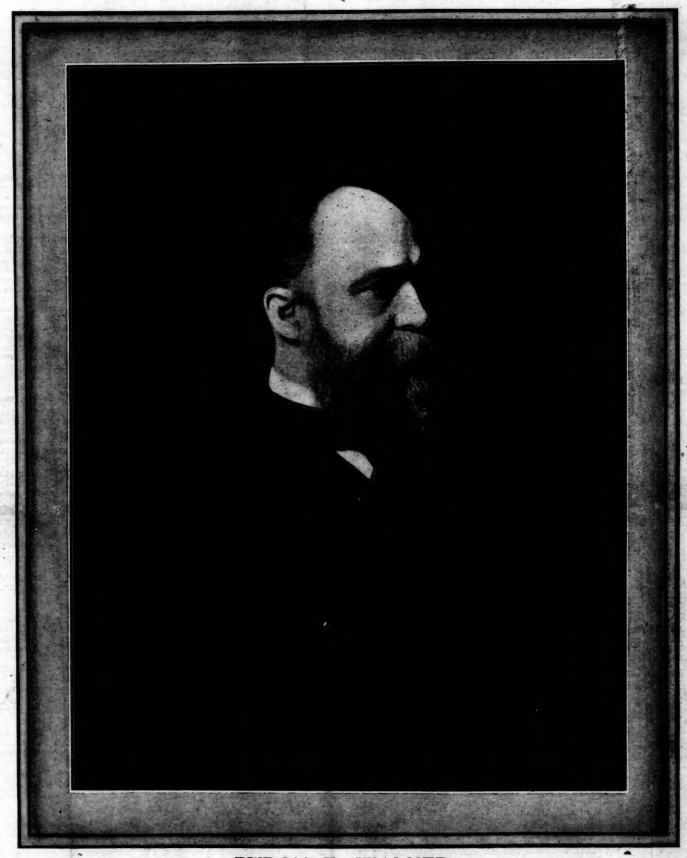
A CORRESPONDENT asks: Why not muzzle the politicians and let the poor dogs alone?

The suggestion is one which should meet with very general approval in these days of rabies hysteria. The trouble is apparently not with the dogs. So far as I am able to gather the canines are behaving themselves with



BYRON E. WALKER,

Who has been named Chairman of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto.

"LIVING IT DOWN."

Saturday Night's new serial story, which will begin immediately on the conclusion of "The Red Room," is by Warwick Deeping, one of the most promising of the younger English novelists. It is a vivid and sympathetic story of a man who made a bad start in life, but who had the courage and strength of purpose to go out into the open country to "live it down." How Benjamin Heriot finally managed to find peace and happiness in Hindleap Wood makes a novel of unusual power and interest, which will be read to the end by those who begin it.

their usual decorum. The difficulty seems to be that a certain number of people are running daft, having become locoed like the steers on the western ranges.

Everybody who chances to get nipped by a dog—and who has not experienced this at one time or another (usually more the fault of the person than the dog)—immediately begins to yell rabies and call for the assistance of the nearest Pasteur Institute. I have yet to hear of over one clearly authenticated case of rabies in the Province. We have had any amount of holler, but little wolf. Presuming, however, for the sake of argument that there have been a few cases, which I doubt, is that any earthly reason why every canine in the Province should go around with a muzzle on his head?

In the name of common sense, what right has a blithering idiot of a Canadian legislator to interfere with my dog or with that of my neighbor? Some one in Owen Sound or somewhere else is bitten by a dog, and some one, who probably does not know rabies from a case of cholera, yells mad dog from the housetop. Some of the dailies pass it along and presto, every one of our four-footed friends is obliged to undergo the torture of a muzzle or be summarily disposed of.

Canadians have endured some fool legislation in their time, but as a crochety, queer, crack-brained sample of idiotic lawmaking commend me to the dog muzzling statute now in force.

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THERE has been a lot said and written of late by way of explaining the increased cost of living, and, incidentally, the exodus from the farm to the city and the many back-to-the-land schemes launched both on this continent and Europe have come in for considerable attention. While the movement of population cityward has not, perhaps, attained the inviolability of a natural law, it is almost as little subject to change. Legislation is powerless to check it. Since man first came into being there has been a fixed tendency to gather into communities and live close together. This gregarian instinct is common to all peoples. Is was only the crying need for a greater food supply that forced some of the number to move out into waste places and cultivate them into fruitfulness.

Three or four generations usually remain content to toil on the farm and then the call of the town or the city begins to assert itself. The log cabin has been replaced by the brick house, but, strange to say, the germ of restlessness makes its appearance amid the more comfortable conditions. A son grows up with a feeling of dissatisfaction with the occupation which was good enough for his forbears. He has a craving for wider opportunities, for keener mental pleasures, for a more strenuous life, and after a while he goes away to high school or university or perhaps he secures a position of some kind, and the farm knows him no more. It is very rarely the fascination of city life loses its grip. Then other brothers and neighbors' sons, inspired by his example, follow suit, and the tendency once established in that locality becomes a permanent institution.

Unlike the city boy who goes out to the country, perhaps for a summer holiday, or for the benefit of his health and remains an alien to its habits and instincts, the country boy enters the city keen to master its mysteries and to adapt himself to the new conditions. He soon feels thoroughly at home and succeeds in his profession nine times out of ten.

He has been brought up in a home where steady work and long hours were not regarded as a hardship, but as part of the divine order of things. He is content to live in a cheap boarding house and wear cheap clothes until he earns a better salary whereas his city-bred rival behind the counter or in the office frets because his hours of relaxation have been sadly curtailed.

The country boy frequently lands at the top of his profession, and the story of his success is told in the village grocery and around many a rural fireside. Other country lads become filled with a desire to emulate his example. With this triumph in their minds, it is no use telling them of the deprivations and stress of city life. Their ambition provides a bridge over the intervening struggle to the ultimate success.

The back-to-the-land movement, I am afraid, can only appeal to city failures, and what hope is there that having once failed they can make good on the farm where brawn and muscle and good hard common sense are much-needed qualities?

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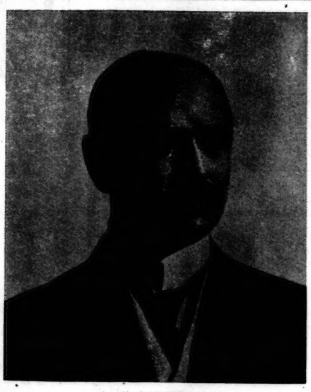
IT begins to look as if the Asquith government will muddle through its present predicament for some months at least, not in spite of, but by means of its composite character. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," is a generally accepted saw, but it does not refer to a House of Commons. The government's disintegration may prove its strength, the discordant elements being compelled to line up together in face of the common enemy. The Irish Nationalists and the Laborites do not see eye to eye with their Liberal colleagues, but their views are still further removed from Unionism. If they vote to overthrow the government the Unionists will undoubtedly be returned, and in that case they may bid a long and fond farewell to Home Rule and the advanced labor legislation demanded at the recent Newport conference. Half a loaf is always better than no bread, and even the extremists among the Irish members and of the fiery type of Keir Hardie are beginning to take this view of the situation.

The chief danger just now is the threatened revolt of the firebrands on the government back benches, led by our own "Fighting Joe" Martin, who lost no time in demanding Mr. Asquith's scalp because of his indecisive attitude toward the Lords. If a section of his own followers bolt, the Premier might as well throw up his hands and be done with what must be a thankless position gracefully and speedily. If he does he will have the satisfaction of carrying down with him a lot of noisy "yappers" who deserve to remain in opposition for the remainder of their Parliamentary careers. Everyone will admit that Asquith is not being shown much consideration. The much-vaunted British fair play has been a very minus quantity in British politics during the past three months.

The Colonel

The reputation of Edwin Howland Blashfield, the artist, rests mainly on his mural decorations. One of the largest of these was the decoration of the dome of the Congressional Library at Washington, the theme being the "Progress of Civilization." His decorations of many of the best-known public buildings and private houses in the United States are shown in photographs and drawings now on exhibition in Los Angeles, under the auspices of the Architectural League of the Pacific Coast.



A. W. CAMPBELL.

The new Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals has long been known in Ontario as the persistent advocate and promoter of the "Good Roads" movement. As a Commissioner and later as Deputy Minister of Public Works, Mr. Campbell has accomplished much in the Province. His appointment as Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals for the Dominion Government carries with it a place on the Intercolonial Railway Commission and will give him a much wider field in which to work.

COMMENT ON COBALTS

SOMEONE who has not the courage to sign his name, finds fault with the writer's comments on Hargraves and Kerr Lake. Under ordinary circumstances such people don't deserve attention, but for this once I will go into the question at length.

The Hargraves was treated at length on the issuing of its annual report. Then it was shown that the result of last year's work was ore of the estimated value of $10,000, etc. No further comment will be made unless some person furnishes us with an engineer's report putting us wrong. Letters of this kind won't go. The writer never said that the Kerr Lake was no good; he advised its sale on the recent bulge to $11, and results show he was right. He said that he was of the opinion that distribution was going on, and he sticks to it. He said that the information given out that the mine was down 420 feet in ore was misleading. It is so for the reason that this development occurs on No. 3 vein, which has never been an important producer, that is to compare with Nos. 7 and 8. No. 3 is in the diabase, while the others are in Huronian, and run into Kerr Lake not far from the Crown Reserve, and the plans of the latter show no imoprtant ore bodies emanating from its ground. Other sources of information which cannot be quoted are not reassuring, while the only claim laid by the directors in their last annual report is that they have developed two tons of ore for every one extracted. Now, granted all this, and that the ore so developed is equal in value per ton to that extracted, it means that the mine has about $4,000,000 in sight, which might justify a price of $6 for the stock, but not more.

To within the last year the Kerr Lake was practically a close corporation. Why did they start distributing the stock? Because they were philanthropists. Why does any mine go on the stock market? Because there is more money in the public than in the mine. Let any one get a copy of the last annual report of the McKinley-Darragh and of the Kerr Lake, and compare the two. If the Kerr Lake stock was traded in extensively in London, and turned out such a report, the press would force it from the market. Here every person's game is to boost the stock to the limit and unload. Why do they want to boost it if not to unload? If it has any great life, why does any person want to sell? Where can a higher dividend be secured? The cowardly writer knows that some of these days there will be a cut in disbursment, by which time he wants to have some foolish woman the owner of his shares. The writer of anonymous letters and the robber of the widow and the orphan are on a par.

I may say that I consulted an eminent engineer who has been in Cobalt since earliest days. This gentleman happens to be an owner of a block of Kerr Lake, which he fell heir to several years ago. I asked him if, as a mining engineer, he would recommend the purchase of Kerr Lake at $10 per share. He replied:

"I told a friend to buy at $8.75 the other day, but another fellow told him to buy Little Nipissing."

"As an investment or as a speculation?"

"As a speculation."

This from a shareholder in the mine whose stock cost him under $3.

It takes two to make a bargain, also a sale. This is a truism that ranks with the philosophy; the whole is greater than the part. So it comes that if a stock is sold at a price above its worth, the good fortune of the seller is equalled by the bar fortune of the buyer. Conversely, if a stock is sold below its value, the good fortune of the buyer is equalled by the bad fortune of the seller. Unfortunately for society, it generally happens that when a stock is sold above its value, the purchaser is of the class least able to afford a loss, the class facetiously known in stock circles as "the widow and the orphan."

Now, the holder of stocks is a fixed quantity, but when a stock jobbing scheme is interfered with and a campaign to unload on the public made abortive, those who would have bought the stock do not recognize themselves. The result is that he who upsets such a scheme makes a host of very vindictive enemies without the recompense of the gratitude of those whom he saves.

In no particular is this more true than in the case of the purveyors of worthless mining stock—or perhaps I should have said the holders. In this get-rich-quick age of ours, the process of buying an unproven piece of mining land during a period of popular frenzy; stocking it at ten times the amount paid for it, and unloading it on the public, has grown so much in custom under toleration that the iniquity of it has been lost sight of. Most demoralizing is the process.

It is necessary to have some well known name or a title or office. In extremities a broken army officer will do, a colonel or a major, an M.P. or an "Honorable." The populace puts great store on the honor of these men. After having got the bank president, M.P., or army officer who will prostitute his honor for a bunch of promoters' stock, the game is started. It is listed on the exchanges, generally in the unlisted department. Then begins a process of washed sales, fictitious sales. This is rotten and dishonorable, and if some of the staid old members of the Toronto Stock Exchange were told that it went on under their noses, they would throw a fit, but who is there to champion that great unknown quantity, the "widow and the orphan?"

Here are one or two of the flotations at random:

Green-Meehan, purchased for $150,000 as a prospect, capitalized at $2,500,000, and 1,500,000 shares put on the market at $1.60.

Otisse, which stinks to heaven, purchased for $150,000, capitalized at $2,000,000, put on the market at 35 cents, and washed up to 60 cents.

Cobalt Lake, purchased for $1,085,000, capitalized at $5,000,000, and sold to the public at 85 cents.

These are a few of what are probably the worst. What these shares are now selling at is a matter of public knowledge.

It has never been the writer's wish to hurt the mining interests of the north. Out of them has grown his small measure of success in life to date. He has there many valued friends whose prosperity is allied to the mines. The Cobalt mines are probably yielding the largest margin of profit of any mines in the world to-day, but the man is an ass who refuses to concede that the bulk of the camps' values, so far as present experience goes, lies above the hundred foot level with all that implies. The writer always will maintain that toleration should be refused to any mining company selling stock which is not recommended by an engineer of recognized ability and probity. A nice measure to our youth in our mining schools to view mining men of honor struggling for a fee while the fakers fatten in the land!

Shepherd

An Inside Story of the Temiskaming Meeting.

To the Editor, Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,—Observing that Saturday Night shows the independence and nerve to expose various questionable transactions of promoters and get-rich-quick schemes, I have decided to lay before you some facts in connection with the Temiskaming Mining Co., Ltd., which the daily papers have refrained from publishing.

There are about 2,700 shareholders of Temiskaming widely scattered, about three-fifths of whom are people of Ontario, whose holding average about 200 shares each. There are about 2,000 shareholders in all Canada, and as large blocks of stock are held by only a few of the original promoters of the company, the balance has been distributed, through the customary unloading and distributing process, among a large number of small holders, most of whom bought their stock at fancy prices. These small holders, be it known, really own very much more than a majority of the stock, in fact, something like 75 per cent. of it, but as is frequently the case, the "control" of the Company's affairs is still held in the hands of the original promoters. This is made possible by lack of interest and co-operation among the little fellows, who really constitute the majority and who by right of votes are entitled to control of the company.

At the shareholders meeting held a week ago Saturday, the little fellows learned what chances they have.

That meeting was called to receive the annual statement and to elect Directors for the ensuing year—five in number. In point of attendance the meeting was one of the largest among the mining companies ever held in Toronto—and a representative and intelligent class they were.

In the matter of interest it might be said that from start to finish, the fireworks and pandemonium were sufficient to satisfy the most exacting—a three hour continuous performance—during which the directors of the past year did all kinds of fancy side step stunts and ducked and ducked the sharp thrusts of a much wrought-up assemblage of shareholders, who were curious and impertinent to want to know some whys and wherefores.

Of course all wanted to know why this much touted mine was paying dividends at the rate of 24 per cent. less than ten months ago and to-day is in debt to the extent of $177,971.

One low-voiced gentleman softly enquired if the company actually had on hand sufficient funds to pay the six per cent. dividends last April amounting to $150,000.

Persistent demands brought the cat out of the bag. No, the company did not have the necessary money on hand. Money had to be borrowed by the directors to pay that dividend. It was alleged—"explained" is not the word—that smelter due bills were put up as collateral. It is certain, however, that even with the ore that had been shipped prior to March 17th last, there was not sufficient cash on hand and due from smelters to pay the dividend which was declared on that date.

Was that dividend paid out of capital? To pay dividends out of capital is a serious offence against the laws of this country. If the accounts were produced I think they would show at the best, that the directors were skating on pretty thin ice.

During the period, March, 1908, to April, 1909, the directors disposed of 83,000 shares of treasury stock for about $72,000, it is said. The balance sheet of January 31st, 1909, shows cash on hand and due from smelters, $71,821.07, which is just about the amount received in the sale of the treasury stock as mentioned above. That money, it is admitted, was used to pay the dividend two months later. Would not that be considered as paying dividends out of capital?

In answer to the question of an humble shareholder, the directors most solemnly stated that they did not take advantage of their inside knowledge of the mine and the company's financial condition to unload big blocks of stock, and attempted to deny that they unloaded stock at all; but when confronted with figures taken from the transfer records they were forced to acknowledge the corn, because they could hardly repudiate the records of stock transfers of the Trust and Guarantee Company. This stock, it was "explained," had been sold by the Union Bank on its own account, having been placed there as collateral for loans—which is but another way of getting rid of stock without selling it openly in the market.

Present at the meeting was Mr. John T. Roberts, of Buffalo, representing about 1,500 shareholders. Mr. Roberts was there to see fair play—to see that the multitude of unprotected small shareholders were given representation in the board of directors. He presented his case fairly and strongly and had the sympathy and support of a large majority present.

Mr. Chairman Cartwright endeavored to force a vote on his directors slate, which included the name of one man to whom had been transferred 100 shares of stock on the very day of the meeting in order that he might qualify.

Then pandemonium let loose for fair—men's feelings were wrought up to a dangerous point. There were cries of "shame," "shame," "throw them out," and wild waving of hands and shaking of fists. It looked as if there might soon be occasion to put in a riot alarm.

A gentleman named Davidson got the floor and gave vent to a scathing denunciation such as has seldom been witnessed in a shareholders' meeting.

Mr. Davidson had a now of language eloquent and to the point, b sides he had the full support of the meeting.

Cartwright had gone too far.

He was in a dangerous position.

It is said discretion is the better part of valor. Mr. Cartwright became very discreet.

A man from Buffalo representing a large number of shareholders, was porposed as a director, to represent the small shareholders. He was elected, not as a choice of the insiders, but in spite of them and in the face of the fact that they controlled the majority of the shares and did not want the Buffalo man, all of which shows what a determined bunch of minority shareholders can do when thoroughly aroused.

Last year, having regard to the fact that we could give the directors credit for exercising at least ordinary business ability and that in exercising such ability they were paying dividends to the shareholders, we were always pleased to hear the utterances of the president, Mr. Burr Cartwright, the tempestuous chairman of the recent meeting, and the ex-vice-president, Mr. Robert Shillington, parliamentarian and mine operator, accompanied in chorus by Mr. Chas. A. Richardson, one of the original promoters and largest stockholders, in their frequent reiterations that the mine "looks better than ever." Regardless of this much repeated utterance, we learn now what this "much better than ever" was meaning to the shareholders, and here is what it means:

At the annual meeting this same Burr Cartwright's name is signed to a report showing gross receipts from the production of $345,306.60. We turn from this to the wonderfully exhaustive report of the assistant general manager, upon features of which no doubt the statements of President Burr Cartwright and Parliamentarian Shillington were based (it would be too much to suggest that they had no basis for their wonderful optimism), and we find from this report that to get this revenue there was spent the sum of $231,309.19, and during this time the mine "never looked better."

Mr. Shillington does not have to speak of the mine to-day. He is reported as selling out of this mine that always "looked better than ever." From one of the largest holders and officers he has retreated to the humble position of a private shareholder to the extent of a couple of hundred shares. Mr. Richardson may be expected to discontinue his laudations of the Temiskaming. He appeared as a large seller of the stock a month before the dividend was cut. But he said to still have faith to the extent of holding, comparatively speaking, a few shares; while a member of his family who shortly before the passing of the dividend held considerably over fifty thousand shares, still has faith to appear on the transfer books of the company as the holder of five hundred shares. Perhaps the innocent public listening to their "better than ever" chorus, assisted in relieving these sanguine gentlemen of this "good thing." Mr. Cartwright no longer sings that tuneful song "better than ever."

With such an unfortunate showing for the shareholders as is shown by the reports submitted at the annual meeting what may we expect in the following year, when ever Mr. Cartwright lacks the audacity to any longer say and advise his personal friends the dear public that mine is "better than ever."

Even with this "better than ever" condition that existed last year, could the shareholders reasonably expect much better results than the net production of the $113,997.41 of last year? If they received this during the coming year, they would still be thousands upon thousands of dollars short of the payment of the debts now owing. It is now in the face of the annual report up to the shareholders to consider where the ore is going to come from to make up last year's production, which, even if made on the same basis, would leave them in above condition. Unfortunate though it is, the bald facts have to be recognized and the serious position of the shareholders can not be minimized.

One thing that came out clearly at the meeting was that on such informal occasions as on the street or in the train, the mine was always "better than ever." In the responsible position of occupying the chair at the meeting of shareholders, very little reason, figures or argument was given that would admit of such a foolish conclusion being arrived at.

G. F. S.

Confidence and Sympathy.

Editor, Saturday Night, Toronto:

From this neck of the woods allow me to congratulate you upon your fearless and thoroughly businesslike exposure of "fakirs" in stocks. It would surprise you to know the far-reaching effect your campaign is having. I know of a few new subscribers, on account of this feature in your paper.

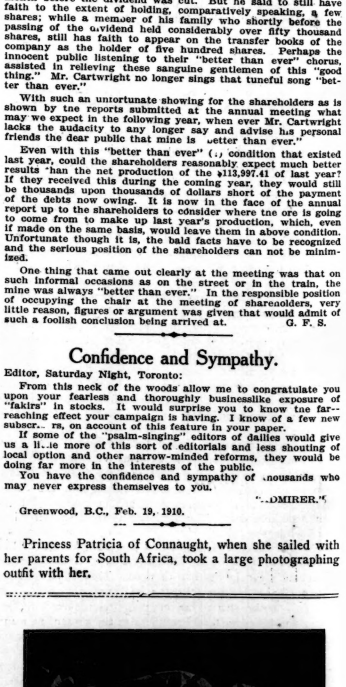
If some of the "psalm-singing" editors of dailies would give us a little more of this sort of editorials and less shouting of local option and other narrow-minded reforms, they would be doing far more in the interests of the public.

You have the confidence and sympathy of thousands who may never express themselves to you.

"ADMIRER."

Greenwood, B.C., Feb. 19, 1910.

Princess Patricia of Connaught, when she sailed with her parents for South Africa, took a large photographing outfit with her.



(From the Prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Ltd.)

Three of the goat species, appearing in the prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Limited. Whether any of these goats ever belonged to the company has not so far been ascertained.

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MARCH, 1910

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FINANCIAL

MONTREAL, MARCH 2, 1910.

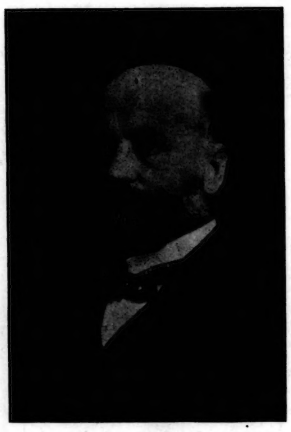
HERCULES was a very good man in his day, according to report. He was a combination of god, or semi-god, and strong, coarse chore boy. But when it came to cleaning out stables, that Augean performance of his holds the record, if one is to believe the good book that tells of it all. Possibly the folks of his time were a little addicted to bragging about the undignified and rather stupid performance of their deities—which, of course, were very much finer deities than those of other folks—so that, if we have learned the lesson to advantage, we may proceed to another point.

The Citizens' Committee of the City of Montreal has lately been giving a very excellent, up-to-date imitation of Hercules at work in his stables. They have accomplished a work that Hercules, in his simplicity of intellect and superfluity of muscle, simply would not have known how to begin. They have expatriated from the City Hall and from civic affairs the deposits of many years' standing, and are now trying to prevent a recurrence of the accumulations which sent forth the noxious vapors. This they propose doing through the medium of a Board of Control, the members of which shall be able and willing to perform the public task.

***

A Controller of Montreal.

Mr. F. L. Wanklyn was elected a member of the Board of Control, according to the recommendation of the Citizens' Committee, a few weeks ago. By the way, it is worthy of note, in passing, that the entire slate of civic representatives, whether Mayor or members of the City Council or Board of Control, was elected according to the recommendation of the Citizens' Committee, so that if things do not go right at the City Hall, this term, Montreal will have some remarks to make to the aforesaid committee. It is with Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, however, that we are more concerned at the moment. The name is well known in Montreal, and doubtless in Toronto, Kingston and other parts of Canada reached by him during his term of office in different companies he has served during the past twenty-five or thirty years.



F. L. Wanklyn, who for years was Vice-president of the Dominion Coal Company, and who is now a member of Montreal's Board of Control.

***

Boys Will Be Boys.—The member of the Board of Control now under discussion is a man of no inconsiderable stature. He would probably not fall far short of six feet in height, and his girth would be at least in proportion. No word of his muscular prowess has been handed down, so that in his youth he may have been as formidable as he looks, and again he may not. Enquire about him and you will find that he has a host of friends. This being the case, and the friends being of long standing, it is a fair assumption that he deserved them. "The boys" of his day—that is, the boys he hit it off with—are now practically all representative men in the community. Some of them are at the head of big industrial organizations, such as Mr. Wanklyn himself has been head of, while others are general managers of banks or in other ways in positions of prominence. It seems rather sacreligious to even think of such dignitaries as other than austere, but report hath it that in their day they sometimes unbent. It was then the duty of Rome to sit up and howl—and howl she did, both loud and joyous.

***

A Railway Man First.

It was about thirty years ago that F. L. Wanklyn, now upwards of fifty, came to Canada at the instance, probably, of the late Sir Joseph Hickson, of the Grank Trunk. He had occupied a position of some importance with an English railway, and was placed in control, more or less, of the section of the Grand Trunk reaching between Montreal and Toronto. His headquarters were mostly in Kingston, and while there he formed many acquaintances and friendships which, in the strange way in which such things come about, have continued ever since, and have been of advantage to all concerned. When the time came for the conversion of the old horse-car street railways into the modern electrical systems, James Ross found himself pretty well in control of Toronto Street Railway. To this road shortly went F. L. Wanklyn, later becoming a manager of it and of the York Radial, which was associated.

***

Delivering the Goods.

While residing in the city of Toronto, Mr. Wanklyn married the daughter of Mr. R. B. Angus, of Montreal, and his home life has been particularly happy. He came to Montreal with Mr. James Ross, when the latter assumed control of the Montreal Street Railway, and began converting it into an electrical road, as he had previously done with the Toronto Railway. Mr. Wanklyn remained with the Montreal Street Railway for some time after the new system had been installed, and then followed Mr. Ross over to the Dominion Coal Co., becoming its vice-president. The story of the Coal Co. is an old one now. Suffice it to say that when the Steel Co. recently obtained control, Mr. Wanklyn sent in his resignation, but was requested by Mr. Plummer to remain with the new management. Then came the proposal to elect him as one of the three Controllers of the city under the new regime. Therefore his time is now divided between the City Hall and the Dominion Coal Company's offices. His experience should be of much value to the city; and the city will probably reciprocate by paying him a salary of $10,000 per. It's a tidy little sum, but it's cheap compared with what used to be paid for aldermen and other things. Wanklyn has a fine chance to help Montreal along now, and we look for him to deliver the goods.

T. C. A.

***

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1910.

SIR EDGAR SPEYER, the head of the great London banking firm of that name, made a speech before the Canadian Club in this city early in the week, in which he took a very hopeful view of the outlook for trade the world over. Commanding millions as he does, not a few would be disposed to picture Sir Edgar as a man of imposing stature, who would impress one with his presence as he does with his personality. On the contrary, he is a small man, not very much more than five feet in height. German by extraction, and German to a large degree in his upbringing, he speaks English with a pronounced accent, but that fact only added to the interest with which his utterance was heard by the many members of the club who turned out on Monday. While thoroughly a man of business, Sir Edgar is also observant of all conditions that may affect the markets, and on that account he has sized up the politicians to a large extent. To purely political vaporings did he describe the unpopularity that home investments have held for the moneyed Briton the past year and the consequent export of capital. When politicians, he pointed out, want to make out a good case, they have to put on the colors pretty thick. By way of illustration, he instanced the case of Mr. Chamberlain, who, desiring to alter the fiscal system of Great Britain, was forced to contend that British industries were dying, and that if the existing system were continued, the fate of the Empire was decided. Sir Edgar was inclined to view such an argument as that of an extremist, and as really not worthy of very much weight with thinking people.

***

Why Britons Invest Their Funds Abroad.—It is rather amusing at times to hear the old world citizen discuss his attitude, and that of his fellows, toward the newer world already exploited or about to be exploited. While only a Briton by adoption, Sir Edgar has the failing of those to the manner born. Perhaps he has acquired that attitude by constant association with others whose birth and training render them incapable of accepting any other point of view. And so Sir Edgar informed the Canadian Club that the real reason the Britons at home were sending their money abroad was primarily a desire to provide the colonies with those sinews without which the latter could not hope to become a thoroughly progressive people, though he naively added that those funds were provided by the Briton at "rates that are more remunerative than those they can obtain at home." Sir Edgar hates to admit it, but he knows that the moneyed class in Great Britain are not much more philanthropic than the moneyed class anywhere else. Not only, he points out, in a moment of exceptional candor, does the British investor get a better yield than he could at home on a perfectly good security, with bearer stock, but he secures an international market. When he invests at home, in English railways, for example, he has to buy registered stock with stamp and fees to be paid, "which is not," he added—and who knows if Sir Edgar doesn't—"as marketable as a foreign stock." But really the outlook for the British investor is not nearly so bad as it may seem. Sir Edgar tells us that while lots of foreign countries—Canada among the newer—have enjoyed good credit, and he hopes to see the United States by a judicious application of the Munro doctrine, evolving order out of chaos in her smaller sister republics, provide the insatiable Briton with many other profitable fields for investment.

***

Three Big Exporters of Money.

Sir Edgar took his hearers into his confidence and told them that Great Britain, Germany and the United States were the greatest things ever when it came to investing money. All of them have grown to know what money means, and where they can place it to the best advantage. Hence all three have become exporters of capital whenever any poor lone country on the outskirts of civilization has set up a cry for aid. They may have to borrow money abroad to assist home industries, but they certainly do send money away from home. The French, on the contrary, he hastens to add, are less enterprising. "Their endeavor," he said, "is to get wealth by keeping their expenditure down. They get rich rather by saving than by increasing their income by adventures." But just think of the satisfaction there is in knowing where your money is all the time? Isn't it better to be wooed to sleep by a sense of absolute security rather than to lie awake wondering whether the next cable is to blow the bottom out of all your hopes? Toward the latter part of his address, Sir Edgar admitted that Great Britain would have to buck up a bit if she hoped to "be fit to run a good race with the most advanced and efficient countries." Primarily Britain requires better educational facilities, he says, for in this respect she is not—and this he rightly observes is a great handicap—in the first rank. Sir Edgar fittingly concluded his remarks by reminding his hearers that "credit is confidence, and that both are delicate plants, which one cold blast might destroy."

***

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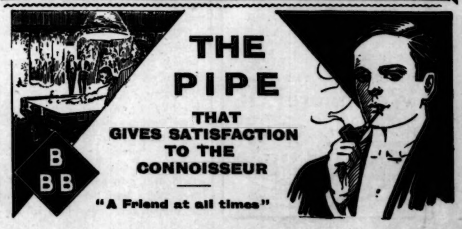

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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
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Success.

the one management had been $35,113.03 for 1898, $58,928.67 for 1899, and $79,352.20 for 1900. The other day at the annual meeting the net profits were shown to be $301,466.72, which seems to show what can be accomplished when a man of energy sets things in motion along proper lines. The company as it stands to-day was formed for the purpose of acquiring and carrying on the business of manufacturing and selling silver-plate ware previously conducted by the Niagara Silver Company of Niagara Falls, New York, and the William A. Rogers Company of New York City, and for the extension of these businesses. William A. Rogers had built up a most successful selling agency, which was his chief contribution to the company at the time, and in this respect he has been a most valuable ally ever since. In 1901 the company's preference stock was $600,000, and its ordinary stock reached the sum of $750,000. The amount of the ordinary stock has not since been increased, and the preferred has been only increased by $300,000. In the meantime, the company has accumulated a reserve fund of $300,000, a realty and plant reserve fund of $150,000, and a balance of undivided profits amounting to $235,690.84. Mr. Moore is very popular with his associates. One reason for his success is to be found in his policy of consistent but dignified publicity as to the affairs of the companies he administers. So many manufacturers are afraid of even the general lines of their business being understood, that it is refreshing to see it proven, as Mr. Moore has proven it over a term of years, that annual publications of reports, and full explanations to shareholders of the affairs of a company, mean an enviable degree of confidence all round without the sacrifice of anything of real value.

⁂

Grand Trunk Dividend Payments.

There are few railroads in America which in the past decade have made such pronounced advances in all material respects as has the Grand Trunk Railway system. The length of its trackage designed to open up new territory has not increased proportionately with other roads, but its earnings, with the consequent effect upon the general condition of the property, have been subject to surprising betterment. And this has been due in the first instance to the efficiency of its management, and in the second place to the double-tracking of the whole of its main line between Montreal and Chicago. Combined, these circumstances have been sufficient to bring the service of the company to a high degree of excellence. Only the other day, for the first time in several years, the company was able to pay the whole five per cent. on its second preference stock, and now comes the announcement from London that, had it not been for the recent writing off of no less a sum than $1,735,000 in respect of engines and car renewal account, there could have been paid the whole of the four per cent. on the third preference stock. Shareholders are commencing to feel, in the light of these events, that the ordinary stock, for the first time in its history, may be in sight of a dividend, and no one would be surprised were this to come within the next couple years. By the way, why is it that when orders of knighthood were being passed around to the great Canadian railroaders, that Charles M. Hay was left off the list? If Sir Edgar Speyer was made a Privy Councillor for financing the Imperial Government, and if Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy were singled out for distinction because of their work in developing the British dominions beyond the seas, surely Mr. Hay's efforts for the Crown have been not less conspicuous?

⁂

Mr. Gage and the Tube System.

"Tubes are the natural entrance for the radial lines, and Toronto should, as does Detroit, control the entrances." This remark from the lips of Mr. W. J. Gage, the new president of the Board of Trade, epitomizes the view taken by many citizens on a subject that is one of great moment to every section of the city, and is calculated shortly to arouse the populace as a whole. Mr. Gage has been a resident of the city long enough to speak with authority from the standpoint of the business man. Born near Brampton, Ont.—a town to which he afterwards donated a public park—Mr. Gage's earlier efforts were devoted to public instruction. In this way he became interested in text-books, and it was not long before he had associated himself with the late Adam Miller in the publication of school manuals. On the death of that gentleman, Mr. Gage continued the business with the greatest success. Always interested in the fight against the white plague, he gave twenty-five thousand dollars toward the establishment of the National Sanitarium Association at Gravenhurst, and has since devoted thousands more to the cause. Now, as the recently elected president of the Board of Trade, it becomes his duty to turn his attentions in another direction. A traveller in all quarters of the globe, Mr. Gage speaks from a wealth of experience. He is of the opinion that conditions to-day in the heart of the city of Toronto are very similar to conditions that formerly existed in other large centres of population, but which have been entirely removed by properly planned subway systems extending in various directions to the farthest limits of the city. Contrary to the view urged in a great many quarters, Mr. Gage believes that here a tube system, with surface feeders, would prove a profitable investment for the city, and he is disposed to urge that the civic authorities proceed at once to engage experts to prepare plans. Mr. Gage is opposed to the suggested expropriation not only on account of the excessive cost, but because of those legal objections that the company would be sure to urge.

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London in Throes of Rubber Boom.

Very rightly Canadian promoters have been warned to take no undue advantage of Britons who are considering the investment of capital in this country. But even these expert financiers are made the victims of unscrupulous persons nearer home. Just at present there is a tremendous flurry in progress on the London Stock Exchange among the shares of rubber exploiting and rubber producing firms. Financial papers at that centre look not unlike some of the papers in Toronto did at the height of the Cobalt boom. Only, instead of publishing "come-on" advertisements for fake mining promotions, the space is devoted to the prospectuses of alleged rubber companies possessing all kinds of fantastic names. Indeed, this extraordinary boom may be said to have introduced a new jargon into an already long-suffering language. What do you think of "Golcondas?" Wouldn't you like to have a slice of "Bukit Rajas?" "Sungei Ways" sounds like the manners attributed to a certain Canadian prominent in public life, but if the sunny ways of its promoters are anything like those of some gentlemen in this city who are looking for easy money, one would prefer to have his funds locked up in the bank at three and a half per cent. "Tangkahs," we are told in the despatches, "continued in the ascendant." "Golden Hopes" sounds good if one secures a run for one's money, but the probabilities are that someone will get bumped long before there is any chance of the hopes being realized. "Shelfords strengthened," "Kamunings gained," and "small improvements were shown by Allagars." And the British public is going to it with much the same alacrity as a calf to the trough. Brokers, it is said, whose clients ask them when the boom is coming to an end, are in some cases forced to reply that, judging by their own experience, the public is only just commencing to take a hand in the movement. Now, doesn't that sound familiar to you?

INVESTOR.

Muzzle the Cranks and Leave the Dogs Alone.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Your issue of the 19th inst. had the sanest thing which has appeared since the dog crusade began. Here in our city the people have an epidemic of hysteria over the mere mention of the word "dog," and far crazier things have been written on the subject than one would think could possibly come from the pen of supposedly intelligent mortals.

Evidently it is a question of lovers of animals and non-lovers, and it is the latter who have forgotten, if indeed they ever knew, the great lessons taught in such lines as Coleridge wrote:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

But the non-lover has from his narrowed view of life forgotten another thing, and so to him a lover of animals is a purely selfish, unreasonable being. To prove his point, when arguing this, he will say many things and write many statements which are the acme of absurdity, and then comes the demand, "Now answer if you can." But see Proverbs 26: 4.

Our city papers constantly ask: "Where are doggies' friends?" "Why don't we hear from doggie's friends?" and similar questions. Our editors have evidently become "excited" too and overlook the fact that to argue is not the wisest course where ignorance of a subject is so apparent; it's like hammering a nail, the more you hit the farther it goes in, and to convince "a man against his will leaves him of the same opinion still."

Where are doggie's friends? Well, it is likely they are looking in pity on those suffering from "hysteria" over this matter. It is possible that, having enjoyed the broadening effect of the experience, as stated by the poet, they have learned too that when a patient is delirious it is the worst possible treatment to attempt to argue on the subjects affecting that person's mental condition; at no time is argument so misplaced. So, in this present outbreak of hysteria, which seems as general as the time-honored grippe epidemic, since the microbes have affected even those least supposed to be susceptible, those who can view the situation find much to regret that the question is not viewed sanely and justice done. There are methods adopted which will cause the blush of shame, if those in authority ever recover their mental health long enough to take a calm, businesslike view of the situation. One statement which is made again and again, and no doubt appearing in the press of other cities beside this one, is a most unfair one, viz., "No he won't bite; at least he won't bite me; it doesn't matter about anyone else."

This is absolutely false and a libel on any true lovers of animals, because the very affection they have for their canine friends has helped to enlarge their sympathy. Who goes more quickly to the rescue of the abused and neglected, the lover of animals "great and small," or the non-lover, who says if you are fond of a dog, you are necessarily a hater of mankind? It would be wiser if those who make such statements would study carefully facts before rushing into public. The "hysteria" might not become "frenzy" if this were done. After a careful watching there would be seen so many instances to disprove non-lover's views that the excitement would die away, and some saner courses than at present existing would be followed.

Let me ask, if in need of help which man would you expect to come to the rescue first, he who stops to rescue an animal in distress, or one who goes calmly by and while hearing the cry of pain says "pshaw, it's only a dog—or cat—a mere animal"? Yet I repeat that to-day he who dares "to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves" is slandered and considered a weakling of his kind, one with all the vices and none of the virtues. May the day speedily dawn when saner views and methods prevail.

"HAMILTON."

Hamilton, Feb. 26. 1910.

Going to Saturday Night.

Mr. Hector W. Charlesworth Leaving The Mail and Empire.

(From the Toronto Globe, Feb. 23, 1910.)

Mr. Hector W. Charlesworth, city editor of The Mail and Empire and one of the most widely known of Canadian newspapermen, is shortly going to Saturday Night as associate editor. It was in 1891 that he started his journalistic career on the publication to which he is now returning. Youthful as he was, the journalistic instinct was even then well developed in Mr. Charlesworth, combined with real ability as a writer. From Saturday Night he went to The Empire and later was on The News and The World, finally going to The Main and Empire, where he has been city editor for six years.

For a considerable period he was dramatic and musical critic on the papers with which he was connected, and his nom de plume, "Touchstone," became familiar to many thousands of interested readers. On assuming his present position he dropped his nom de plume, though continuing to do considerable dramatic and musical criticism for The Mail and Empire.

Miss Alice Smith, probation officer in New York, has submitted to the Woman's Municipal League a plan for a house of detention for women prisoners. This was done at the request of the police committee of the league, of which Mrs. Anna Jackson is chairman. The committee will work not only for a house of detention but also for the improvement of the accommodations for women prisoners in all the New York station houses.

THE SPEAKER OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS. The Right Hon. James William Lowther M.P.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Dividend Notice
Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 28th February, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after 1st of March next.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 28th February, both inclusive.
By order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.
Hamilton, 17th January, 1910.

RODOLPHE FORGET
Member Montreal Stock Exchange
83 Notre Dame West MONTREAL
60 rue de Provence PARIS, FRANCE

"Good," Says the Connoisseur
Some men have so long smoked inferior cigarettes that they've lost the power to discriminate.
But, just as one's taste may be thus educated to the use of unworthy brands, so —fortunately—can it be educated back again to the good kind.
Tuckett's CIGARETTES
Start smoking these cigarettes right now —the kind the connoisseur calls "good."
There's a fifty years' reputation back of the name "Tuckett," to justify the faith all discriminating smokers have in Tuckett goods.
TUCKETT'S "CLUB" CIGARETTES—made from an exquisite blend of Virginia leaf. 15c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "SPECIALS"—made from a mild Turkish leaf, rich in flavor and aroma. 15c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "T & B" CIGARETTES—for the man who likes a full-flavored Virginia. 10c. a package of 10.

LABATT'S ALE
Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.
FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

An Ever Flowing Fount of Ink comes from the SWAN FOUNTAIN
There are no complicated parts to clog, bother you or stain your hands. The gold nib is so tempered that it glides across the paper with perfect ease, and the holder is just the right thing for grip. The Swan is the premier Fountpen because it is right all round.
OF STATIONERS AND JEWELERS
Make Sure You Get the Swan
The Swan is comparatively new to Canada. If any difficulty write for nearest dealer to
MABIE, TODD & Co.,
124 York Street, TORONTO
London Manchester Paris New York Chicago

A Toronto gentleman has sent along a half bushel of the "come-on" literature of the Telepost Company.

I may say that the country has been flooded with this literature for upward of a year. In fact I have been getting it personally for upward of a year. If the company had spent in actual work what it has wasted in postage something might have been accomplished. In answering "Enquirer" I hope to hit others who have also received these circulars, for as a matter of fact I have already written a dozen or so letters upon the same subject. Let us take the thing on a common sense basis. Here is a company which claims to have something worth while, something in which to invest your money. If it is all that they claim why is it that other corporations have not seen to it that the patents came their way? Why is it that the Western Union, or the Postal, or the Great North Western, or the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company, have not taken it over? If a Company takes the trouble to send out "dope" for months on end on the bare chance of people coming in, then there seems to be no reason to doubt the fact that they are anxious to dispose of it in some shape or other. If it is worth all they say it is then one of the companies already mentioned could have been readily approached. These great corporations already mentioned have the capital and the management has brains. Would they allow an opportunity to slip where they could give a service much cheaper and much better than they are doing at present and at the same time get a dangerous rival out of the way?

I think not.

G. M., Toronto, asks if we will give our opinion of the Dominion Oil Company.

I will first quote from the advertisement of the Dominion Oil Company, taken I believe, from a London, Ont., paper:—

"Mr. Wm. Gray, of London, is president of this company. This company has 240 acres in the heart of the great oil field in Coalinga, Cal. On Jan. 1, 1909, daily production, 142,000 barrels; daily consumption, Jan. 1, 1909, 136,000 barrels; daily surplus, Jan. 1, 1909, 60,000 barrels. Daily production, Jan. 1, 1910, 154,000 barrels; daily consumption, Jan. 1, 1910, 159,000 barrels; daily amount drawn from stock, 5,000 barrels."

How beautifully indefinite. Is this production, Mr. Gray, of the oil fields of California or is it the production of the Dominion Oil Company of the State of California? If it is the production of the Dominion Oil Company why is it necessary to advertise the stock? If it is the production of the California oil fields what in the name of common sense has this got to do with your proposition?

Again I quote from the advertisement:

"Many companies pay as high as 10 and 15 per cent. on the par value of shares per month. Coalinga is the biggest and safest oil field in the world to-day."

Of course many oil companies pay as high as 10 or 15 per cent. per month, but what has that got to do with the Dominion Oil Company, Mr. Gray or Mr. Thomas Raycroft, also of London, No. 1 London Loan Block, telephone Nos. 2995 and 1736? If you can answer this Toronto Saturday Night will be pleased to publish it.

Again I quoe from the prospectus:

"Let us have your subscription to-day for a block of this valuable stock. This stock of the Dominion Oil stock for treasury purpose, is what we offer, and what we sell you. For immediate delivery I am selling this stock at 25 cents."

What business has this stock selling at 25 cents per sh re if it is delivering any such amount of oil as the paragraph first quoted would lead one to believe?

Mr. William Gray, of London, or Mr. Thomas Raycroft, will answer these qu stions which surely any investor has a right to know, we will be more than pleased to reproduce the same in this page of Toronto Saturday Night. Thus G. M., Toronto, will receive his answer as will also numerous other anxious (prospective) buyers.

W. J. S., Port Arthur, asks what we think of purchasing lots, 30 x 100 feet, about half a mile from the centre of the town of Waterous, Sask.

The correspondent in question ought to know a lot more about land exploitation than we do. It is only recently that lots in his own town were widely advertised in all the newspapers of Canada. Were these good lots, all of them, and if they varied in excellence, as they must have done, what chance would a person at a distance have of knowing whether a purchase would be likely to prove profitable? Experience has gone to show that when you want to make a satisfactory purchase of land it must be examined either by yourself or your representative. A good many of the town lots sold in the past in the West have turned out to be under water, but that is not to say that the lots at Waterous are of this description. But only an examination will tell.

H. F., Toronto, asks for our opinion on Mexican Light and Power.

This company has had a somewhat chequered career, but latest reports would seem to indicate that it is liable to do very well. It has a magnificent water power and those who are in close touch with its operations say that they commence to see daylight. However Central and South America are not places for Canadians to invest their money.

L. L. M., Toronto, asks: Is the Mr. Tolman who advertises to loan money to "women keeping house and others without security; easy payments; offices in 65 principal cities," the same man about whom there has been some adverse comment lately in the newspapers? Would you advise a woman getting a loan from Mr. Tolman?

Yes, the Mr. Tolman mentioned is the same scoundrel in every particular. And if we were you we would shun Tolman as we would the devil. Some people may think that they require money so badly that they would be prepared to give three hundred, four hundred and five nundred per cent. for it, but that is only in their imagination. If they pass up these excessive rates of interest they will be much more happy ten years hence. If they don't they will likely be in their graves, for these loan sharks have driven many to a suicide's grave. Forget it. Imagine that money is the last thing in the world you care provided you cannot get it from your bank. If you are a man, the payment year after year of exorbitant rates of interest will not appeal to you any more because in the first instance the loan shark wooed you by means of one of those seductive maidens they have meandering about the country.

L. L. M., Toronto, writes: Will you kindly give your opinion of "The Sun & Hastings Savings Company of Ontario?" A couple of ladies have some money to invest in something reliable at 6 per cent., and have been advised by some friends to put their money in this. A friend has put about $4,000 in this Company.

The company is one of recognized standing in its own community and money invested in it is not likely to be thrown away. But women who do not desire to lock up their funds should invest preferably in some good bond issue. The difficulty about purchasing into these unlisted securities is that you are not always able to realize your investment when you desire to do so. This stock may be purchased at $75 a share; par value $100.

H. W. R., Edmonton, Alta., writes: "I would be indebted to you for an expression of opinion regarding 'The Bow Centre Collieries, Ltd.' through the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT. The Company was incorporated under a Dominion charter in October last with a capitalization of $3,000,000, a large part of which appears to have been issued to the promoters without any adequate 'quid pro quo' having been given. They are offering their shares here at half the par value although I understand their by-laws specifically prohibit the directors from selling the stock below par."

The property in question may be a good one but only examination by an engineer, supplemented by development work, will prove that. We would not put any money into this until you have had the proposition thoroughly examined. It looks as though these promoters were selling ordinary promotion stock to people who imagine it to be treasury stock. But don't you be fooled.

J. C. B., Cobden, Ont., writes: Would you please inform me through your columns as to what you know of a company called the United Wireless Telegraph Co., whose Head Office, I believe, is New York City.

Nothing very definite is known about the company here, but it is no good now as an investment anyhow. The probabilities are that, as regards earnings, it is in a better position than the Canadian Marconi, but otherwise the prospects will be about the same.

Traveller, writing from Huntsville, asks our opinion of (1) Black Lake bonds, (2) Black Lake preferred, and (3) Canadian Car and Foundry bonds.

Some effort appears to have been made to give the first two mentioned the prestige of investment securities, but they must be viewed exclusively in the light of speculative issues. The Canadian Car and Foundry bonds are as good as any other industrial bond on the market.

J. V., of Toronto, asks whether we think he is ever likely to be able to realize the full value of stock he has purchased at $100 a share and wants to know what are the present prospects of the company.

We have submitted his letter to the man who is at the head of this particular business in Canada, and, on such authority, we venture the assertion that the stock is practically worthless. It can only be sold to people who know nothing about investments and who are unwilling to make enquiries.

I have noticed several criticisms of yours re Otisse Silver Mine which were quite severe. You do not appear to consider the stock a good buy at present prices. I think possibly you may be mistaken, because I have seen several letters from most reliable brokers, Grenville & Co., Warren Gzowski & Co., Patriarch & Co., advising the purchase of Otisse when the stock was three times what it is to-day. If it was a good buy then it must be a much better one now.

"DAVE HASKETT"

A friend of mine here has asked me to write and ask you your opinion of Sawyer & Massey Co., Ltd. He holds Temiskaming at $1.00 and wants to get into something which will put him in the "break even" class.

My advice to him is to invest his money in the debentures of a good mortgage loan company and municipal bonds.

A. J. H., Port Hope.

Your advice on bonds is sound. You are asking a great deal of Sawyer & Massey in expecting it to win your friend's losses in Temiskaming. However, I think it would help some. Good people are staking their reputations on Massey-Sawyer.

A gentleman in St. Catharines writes stating that he would like to see Gold and Dross give honor to whom honor is due. "I made a trip north recently," he says, "and spent two days at the Swastika mines. Now, I am not interested in the mine. I do not hold a share of stock, nor do I know anyone connected with the management, except the superintendent who is my friend. I saw 125 tons of quartz ready for the stamp mill, showing free gold in abundance. I have a sample in my possession. I admire very much the stand you have taken, but I gather from the statements made about Swastika, that the writer did not go to the trouble of making inquiries."

This letter I handed over to a well-known mining engineer, who, as it happened, has been interested in properties near the Swastika, and as a matter of fact has gone over that property many times. He said: "The prospect looks well, but it's not a mine. If I had been in the market for a property and could have got it I would have given $5,000 for it. Since then work has been done and the property is probably worth more. The work is in the hands of a competent man, but the mistake, as is so common in Canada, is that while they have a prospect they are selling a mine. In South Africa or in the American West no attempt would be made to market such a prospect as this. It would be developed, and then capitalized. Here the customs is to capitalize first and develop afterwards—perhaps. I am informed that this prospect is capitalized at five millions and is being put on the market at 35 cents. There is a small mill on the property and it has started work, the plates showing up well, but there is yet no proof that there is a large ore body of paying quality, at least not sufficiently large to justify the marketing of the stock." If the company has the report of a competent engineer, Saturday Night will be pleased to publish it.

I bought several hundred shares in the Hargrave mine about a year ago at 60c. and it has been going down ever since and I understand it is around 40c. now. What would you advise doing, holding or selling?

TORONTO LADY.

It is a hard matter to advise selling at a loss, but for myself I cannot see much chance of a rise. The stock is certainly not worth 40 cents per share.

What do you know about the McKenzie River Mining Company? It was put on the market at 35c. about a year ago. What is it worth now? LONDON.

Your Mackenzie River Mining Co. would seem to be a scheme for mining the public, and from what I know of promoters they would consider the money of the unsophisticated savages of the Mackenzie basin as good as any other. As to its value, see what you can sell it for, if at all.

What do you think of Canadian Central mines? What is the present price of stock and prospects of mining claims? What do you think of Right of Way? Would either or both of these be a good investment at present prices?—H.J.

We cannot advise the purchase of Canada Central Mines nor of Right of Way. The latter has resolved to continue dividends but I am yet in the dark where any continued source of dividend can come from. If I am sent any information pointing to this end or can gain it I will be glad to print it—only too glad.

W. E. H., Holden, Alberta, says he bought four hundred shares of Gordon Cobalt mine three years ago and wants to know if he has been stung.

W. E. H. appears to have guessed it. Never heard of the mine. Has anybody else?

G. D. H., Halifax, wants information on mine Devlin.

There is no such mine in the Cobalt District, though I admit the possibility of a promotion by that name. For myself I have never heard of it. If it does exist it probably lies in the tall timbers where nobody lives and dogs bark at strangers.

Hard Facts wants to know the truth about the ore shipments from Cobalt, are they decreasing, also Crown Reserve?

They appear to be, but the shipments of ore from a mine or from a camp have little to do with its prosperity. Ore has been shipped from Cobalt not worth freight and treatment charges, while single car-loads have gone out worth over $100,000 to the car. Cobalt mines, when the camp was young, have shipped out any old thing for stock mining purposes. The shipments from Cobalt so far this year are hardly up to last year. Against this it is maintained that more ore is concentrated and so bulk reduced. I have looked up the statistics and will give them to you. Between July 3 and Sept. 18 last Cobalt's average weekly shipment was 544 4-11 tons. Between Dec. 31 last and Feb. 26 Cobalt's average weekly shipment was 4[illegible] tons. Between July 3 and Sept. 18 Crown Reserve's average weekly shipment was 74 4-11 tons. Between Dec. 31 last and Feb. 26 Crown Reserve's average weekly shipment was 44.74 tons. Of course for these figures, to be any good, must be considered with many things, among which is the difference in seasons, etc. The reader may make what allowance he likes.

Sometime ago I was amongst the unfortunates who paid high for Otisse. I purchased 500 shares at 46, and would ask your opinion as to what you would consider advisable to do with it under existing prices. Should I buy some more now in view of a better market and reduce my loss, or is it liable to be wiped off the board?

(NIXIE).

All things considered I think Otisse dear at most any old price. Will the stock make a pretty picture if framed? Keep it hanging on your wall with the name and station of the directorate and perhaps it will save your children from like folly. Mining excitements recur about every ten years.

Do you know anything about the Hamilton Fabre Mining Company with a suite of offices in the Bank of Hamilton Building, Hamilton? The stock was put on the market at 25 cents a share originally and I believe is now being fed out to the investing public in the Lower Provinces at 50 cents. I understand that some has been offered here privately at 10 cents, but do not know from what source. Do you consider an office in a prominent building necessary for the proper working of a mining claim in the region of Lake Temiskaming?

"INVESTOR."

It may sound severe, but there are those who claim it worldly wisdom to treat every man a rascal till you find him honest. I will tender the advice to treat every mining proposition on paper a cougar till you find it otherwise and find it good and hard. The man who buys advertised mining stock has not one-tenth the chance of winning as the man who puts his money on the ponies.

Interested in "Rochester" Mine, Cobalt, would be glad to know what you have to say about it.

Y. M. C. A.

The Rochester made a strike on surface last fall and the stock rose in response. This was reported in these columns and the possibilities of the property pointed out. Since that time this find has been prospected, and this particular ore has not been found at depth. I would not recommend the purchase of this stock now. It may go higher, but it appears to the writer that if anything were coming of the prospect of last fall that it should be here ere this.

Would you inform me if the Peterson Lake Mining Co. is a working company or is it simply a leasing company? Is it likely to ever become a shipper and pay a dividend? Now that the Crown Reserve control the Silver Leaf property is the latter sealed up or is there any chance of it ever becoming any good? Have they ever found any silver and what are the prospects for this company?

READER.

Peterson Lake is not a leasing company. Its prospects are treated elsewhere. I do not think Silver Leaf has the chance of a snow ball in the land where the mining faker is supposed to meet his own.

Do you consider the Abitibi & Cobalt Mining Co., and Cobalt Union Mines, Ltd., of any value whatever?

I hold 100 shares each, which cost me $155. Do you think there is a possible chance of ever getting anything back?

What has become of F. Somers, who was President of the Cobalt Union Mines, Ltd.? Was he an honest man or a highway swindler, like several connected with Cobalt mines?

What is the cause of the manipulation in Temiskaming stock? EMBRUN, ONT.

The Abitibi and Cobalt is a dead one; the other I never heard of or if so have forgotten it. I do not think there is a market for either of them.

The cause of the manipulation in Temiskaming was undoubtedly because some people needed the money and the directorate neglected to contradict the false news published by the press. It is quite possible that the matter may some day get into the courts. I understand such a case is being prepared.

Will you kindly inform me through your column what you think of Cobalt mines "Nova Scotia" and "Silbert" prospects as an investment or speculation, etc.? Kindly answer under, S. D. M., TORONTO.

The latter mine you name I do not know. The Nova Scotia is a well known Cobalt property. The last annual statement showed it some $318,000 in debt, against which it has a dump and a newly constructed concentrator. Its mining rights are generally conceded to lie in the lease which it holds to a portion of the Peterson Lake property, which rights the Peterson Lake are now suing to regain. Why this stock should be selling so as to give a market valuation of $800,000 for the property is one of Cobalt's many riddles. On the other hand the directors claim they have a new issue of $500,000 stock underwritten which will liquidate the debt. I would not buy the stock even if the price breaks badly, as that will probably mean that the lawsuit has gone against it. If you have not got the stock do not touch it with a forty-foot pole, no matter what stories you hear, for the Cobalt liar is an ally. If you don't believe me turn up a newspaper file to the first of July last and around there and you will find that N. S. was then digging up a new vein every day or two, each richer than the last.

Will you kindly tell me what you think of the following mines as speculative propositions? Nancy Helen, and Peterson Lake.

J. B. JOHNSTON, Montreal.

Nancy Helen seems to have her uncertain past behind her. Peterson Lake would seem to me to have fair prospects of doing something in the future. I would be more ready to advise you holding the stock if you had it than advising its purchase. It strikes me that if it had capable management, which I do not think it has had yet, it should jog ahead a bit. At the present time the technical position of the stock is strong, and I think there are some people who intend jacking it up a bit, but whether it will ever repay in dividends its market price and something over I don't know. I wish I did. The area of the proposition is over 200 acres, very little of which has been prospected. The Nova Scotia and Little Nipissing ore deposits run into it, in fact are part of it, being held by these companies under lease, and if these lines of fissuring ar followed up there is no telling what may be the upshot.

To those who have been bitten on Canadian Marconi stock at $5 per share, the same being sold to the easy public at this price by the firm of J. J. Turner & Co., Bank of Toronto Chambers, London, Ont., while as a matter of fact it was only worth in the neighborhood of $1.35 per share, will be interested in the following correspondence.

On the 21st of February the editor wrote Messrs. J. J. Turner & Co., as follows:—

Toronto, Feb. 21, 1910.

Messrs. J. J. Turner & Co.,
Bank of Toronto Chambers,
London, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—

We have received, of late, a good many letters pertaining to the sale of Marconi stock, by your firm. It is stated by these people that they have purchased stock (Canadian Marconi) at $5.00 per share, and they are now complaining at the price charged for the same, as they have become aware of the fact that in the open market they could have purchased it for, probably, one-third of this figure. Any explanation you would like to make regarding this matter we would be pleased to use in the columns of Toronto Saturday Night. I am,

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK PAUL,
Managing Editor, Toronto Saturday Night.

Dict. C.B.P.—M.

No answer has yet been received in this office.

C. F., Augusta street, Hamilton, writes asking if there is any reason why the stock of the Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Mining Co. continues to slump, what amount of dividend was paid last year, if we know anything of the Pride of Cobalt mine and if we will be printing any report on Porcupine?

In the year 1905 the T. & H. B. mine paid $2 per share; 1906, $90 per share; 1907, $3 per share; 1908, $29, and last year $6 per share or $21 per share. A financial handbook gives $6, while a local brokerage firm say $21. In any case you will see a gradual lessening in disbursements. The dividend of $90 in 1906 came from the sale of the Silver Queen mine. In 1908 it opened up its property at the north of Cobalt, which has since then been its source of revenue, but news has been lacking for some time and in the case of Cobalt mines no news is generally bad news. Suppose the company did pay $21 last year, with the stock selling at $200 that was a yield of only 10½ per cent. on the money, which is not enough. A mining stock should pay over 20 per cent. to be worth par. Cecil Rhodes used to say 50 per cent., but of course he knew nothing compared to Cobalt. The T. & H. B. own some 250 acres in Cobalt camp, which, from a strictly mining sense, has not proved particularly satisfactory. The high price attained by its shares was due to small capitalization, some 7,765 shares only being issued and enthusiasm of the owners who turned their dividends back on the market. It is quite possible the large property the company controls might respond further to aggressive prospecting. We hope it will. The stock was never manipulated and the methods of the directors have been clean. A mining stock has a short life and a merry one, the more you take out of the ground the less there is in it. I have been trying to persuade the public as to the value of real money and the case of the sale of the Silver Queen is too striking an example to miss. The T. & H. B. go. around $1,000,000 for this forty-five acre lot. The Silver Queen has paid only $75,000 and is supposed to be down and out. If this is so the property was worth around $50,000 when a million was paid for it. The promoters have got rich out of it, so we must figure that the public paid the million and some to boot. Poor public!

I don't know the Pride of Cobalt, unless the Saturday Night is it.

There is no news coming from the north country on the new gold discoveries. Very fair values are reported by those prospecting and the Timmins Bros. are finding free gold at fifty feet on the Hollinger claims. There may be a boom up there, but I hardly think there will be a stock boom, certainly not in cheap shares. Should the Timmins Bros. put any stock on the market it will be accompanied by a mining engineer's report. The La Rose was the only issue, except possibly the Nipissing, born of Cobalt that was accompanied by an engineer's report. And here it may be said that the reading of that report will show $4.75, the issue price, was high for the stock.

P.S.—The T. & H. B. pays the Government a royalty of 15 per cent.

Shareholders' Committee.

Financial Editor Saturday Night,
Toronto.

Dear Sir:—I am very much interested in your Gold and Dross column and consider you are doing a good work, something that was very much needed to counteract the influence of the subsidized press. Would it not be a good thing for the shareholders in all the loan companies to form one general shareholders' committee to look after their interests in the different companies, as the managers of some of them seem to be more interested in paying themselves large salaries than they are in paying the shareholders a fair dividend.

W. P. M.

West Toronto, Feb. 23, 1910.

Rabid Rhymes.

A Ballad of Mad Dogs.

A PUP there was who a cream-puff ate,
As an innocent pup may do,
But the cream was foamy and sealed his fate,
For he got it all over his silly pate,
So they said he was mad, and this mortal state
That pup no longer knew.

And there was a dog that an old maid fed
Till it tried to climb a tree,
So immediately all the wise ones said
That the dog was mad, and it should be dead,
And off to an expert they sent its head
The microbes for to see.

There was also a dog who was getting old
And whose nerves were somewhat bad,
When a playful gent on its ear took hold,
It nipped him quick where his coat-tails fold,
And the rest of the story is easily told,
For, of course, the dog was mad.

Another dog had a yellow hide
And a mixed-up pedigree,
Which made the "cop" on the beat decide
That the dog was mad—or appearances lied;
A new six-shooter he therefore tried,
And that dog ceased to be.

There were dogs and dogs, some good, some bad,
Of high degree and low;
They were sane enough, but the neighbors were mad,
And a mighty short shrift those poor canines had,
They were sent with a promptitude more than sad
To the place where all doggies go.

Now, I'm not a prig, but I want to say,
If a choice I had to face
When dogs and humans on Judgment Day
Are pleading their cases as best they may,
I'd rather join the mad-dog array
Than the men that led the chase.

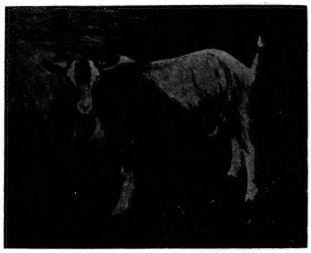
P. O. D.

The Ups and Downs of Canadian Eatables Ltd., being the tale of how a band of precious rascals floated a $100,000 Company without a cent in the treasury, and without a visible asset, unless a concrete foundation 20 by 20, and four old goats, can be classed as such.

A HOLE in the ground, 20 by 20 feet with a mortgage attached, a few old goats (some say two and some say four) a well printed prospectus filled with well printed pictures of waterfalls and farms and things (all the property of other people) form the visible assets of Canadian Eatables Ltd., which here in Toronto was capitalized for the sum of $100,000, and launched on the unsuspecting public by one Athol George Robertson, of Macintosh Toffee fame.

For the edification of those who have not been able to follow closely the curves of this financial gymnast and his handful of choice confederates, let it now be known that a more bare-faced swindle than Canadian Eatables Ltd. was never perpetrated upon a good natured, well meaning public. In the first place Robertson was able to put it over the Provincial Secretary's Department to the extent of filing at least two prospectuses that are a series of false statements from start to finish. So far as we are able to gather they are both one long series of fabrications, and even the men who were fooled into signing and swearing to these documents on behalf of the company admit the truth of this assertion, though it appears that they acted unknowingly in the matter.

The second charge against Robertson and his confederates (also fully substantiated) is that without an appreciable asset, unless a few old goats and an attractive prospectus, can be called such, they were able to



(From the Prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Ltd.)
A fine specimen of a West Toronto Billy, belonging to a neighbor, but photographed and placed in the prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Limited.

launch a hundred thousand dollar company, gathering in from all directions the savings of the people, giving or promising to give in return stock which was absolutely of no value.

The ups and downs of Canadian Eatables Ltd. would as a matter of fact make an admirable comic opera setting—De Wolfe Hopper never had a better—were it not for the fact that people with some trust in human nature, and further trust in the words of these fakirs, lost their good money in the concern.

The first prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Ltd., (for there were two) was issued in August, 1909. The capitalization was set down at $100,000, divided into shares of $1 each. (A later prospectus offers $50,000 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares). The object of the company was to manufacture, sell, buy and trade in cheese, canned meats, canned fruits, etc., and also to operate depots and retail stores.

According to the first prospectus, however, the importation and utilization of goats for the manufacture of Bonela cheese appears to have been the strong card, while in the second prospectus the goats took second place and attention was concentrated upon 7,700 acres of land at Honora, Manitoulin Island. The value of the timber, buildings, farms, machinery, etc., in the Honora proposition are placed at $500,000. That the land, timber, farm, machinery, etc., did not belong to Canadian Eatables, Ltd., or to anyone connected with this fake corporation is a mere detail.

Milton Worth DeLhorbe, who styles himself a manufacturer, is the president of Canadian Eatables, Ltd., while Athol George Robertson figured as usual as broker and transfer agent.

In the interval between the issuance of prospectus No. 1 and prospectus No. 2 this gang of knaves concluded that they would make a change of base. In the first prospectus the head office is named as being located at the corner of Spears avenue and Northland avenue, Toronto. The reasons for the change are not far to seek. The neighbors in West Toronto not being a lot of arrant fools were soon made aware of the fact that a specimen of high-handed brigandage was on foot, and they did not forget to warn the prospective investors. So it came about that Milton Worth DeLhorbe, Athol George Robertson and the other worthies resolved to move the "plant." The farther they could get it away from the man who wanted to investigate the proposition the better, so it was thought best to locate at Honora, Manitoulin Island, which, by the way, is located on the Georgian Bay.

In the interval numerous proprietors on Manitoulin Island were communicated with, their land inspected, and in some cases a deal for the transfer of the same from the original proprietors to Canadian Eatables, Ltd., was put under way. This, however, never got beyond the point where Canadian Eatables, Ltd., or its representative, Milton Worth DeLhorbe, drew up papers which stood for an option. Unnecessary to state the options were never taken up, though it was a sorry day for some of the proprietors, for the aforesaid Milton Worth DeLhorbe began making himself at home to the extent of cutting timber off the other fellow's land and generally conducting himself as if he had obtained it by right of purchase, or by other legal means, whereas as a matter of fact he had no more title to the property than any common tramp on the highway.

As recently as February last DeLhorbe sent some hurry up telegrams to Canadian Eatables, Ltd., from Honora asking for funds to close the deal. Needless to state the funds were not forthcoming.

Under the circumstances I cannot do better than quote the prospectus which opens as follows:

President's Office,
Toronto, August 16th, 1909.

Dear Sir,—I have been asked to furnish the preamble to this Prospectus, and will endeavor to do so herein as briefly as possible.

The Company offers a portion of its Capital Stock for the purpose of securing additional funds, necessary to the economic operation of a large industry, and to discount the cost of material in large quantities.

It will interest you to know that our Cheese, Mineral Waters, Biscuits, Confectionery, etc., are the unexcelled standard of the Canadian Markets, and that wherever these products are introduced profitable business is secured.

The Company owns Farm Lands, Garden Lands, Buildings and Equipment suitable to its requirements, and is, therefore, in a position to manufacture the very best at the lowest possible cost, thereby earning profit in excess to that earned by the competitor.

The demand for Food Products in this Country, as well as for export, is unlimited, and the profit derived from their manufacture is enormous in comparison with other industries.

You will kindly study the contents of this Prospectus carefully.

Very faithfully yours,
MILTON WORTH DeLHORBE.

It may interest the reader to know that the "company" did not own a dollar's worth of farm land, nor garden lands, nor equipment, nor cheese (unless the goats mentioned above can be put down as cheese), nor in fact anything else that the sheriff's deputy can lay a hand on.

NATURE OF BUSINESS.

The company breeds live stock for export to England and other countries, and for purposes of their canning factory, the ranches consist of some 7,700 acres of fertile land on Manitoulin Island, on this property is located the factories for the manufacture of hams, bacons, lards and other meat products, and for the manufacture of Roqu fort, English Stilton, Swartzburger and other cheese. The demand for live stock and the products therefrom is enormous both in Canada and foreign countries, and the high prices prevalent is evidence of the profits derived. There is no business so absolutely sound as the breeding of fine stock and packing of meat products.

The downright check of the above statement in prospectus No. 2 can be gathered from the fact that Milton Worth DeLhorbe, President of Canadian Eatables, Ltd., has been warned off these lands as a trespasser.

OBJECTS.

This company was organized to acquire, take over, and to operate as a going concern, the undertaking and property formerly carried on or owned by Milton Worth DeLhorbe, and all or any of the assets of that business, and to enjoy the benefits derived from a period of advertising; and to supply profitable trade created by the company, and to manufacture, buy, sell, trade or deal in certain eatables and drinkables or other articles of food, such as cheese, canned meats, canned fruits, confectionery, biscuits, beverages, and kindred products, and to purchase manufacturing concerns, companies or businesses as going concerns or the assets thereof, or other assets or property; and to operate depots and retail stores in the different provinces for the sale of its products, according to the growth of the company in the discretion of the directors, and for such other purposes as may be set forth in the charter.

So far as SATURDAY NIGHT has been able to ascertain the only "going" porton of the concern was a mortgage, on a small West Toronto property, said mortgage having been made by Milton Worth De Lhorbe to parties unknown to us.

COMPANY'S PROPERTIES.

The company has recently purchased the property, buildings, plant, live stock, commercial furnishings and general stock-in-trade, formerly owned by Milton Worth De Lhorbe. The buildings are fully equipped for the economic manufacture of its products, and are situated on the company's farms at West Toronto.

The company never owned an acre, nor a building, nor an equipment, unless a hole in the ground on a piece of mortgaged property would count as such. In this connection it may be stated that when people, interested prospectively, in Canadian Eatables, Ltd., betook themselves to West Toronto, and there learned from the neighbors what a wholesale swindle the whole scheme was De Lhorbe and Robertson, thought seriously of moving to another locality. In other words, picking out a fresh spot in a more inaccessable place where people would not be so likely to drop in on them, casual-like.

DESCRIPTION OF MINERAL SPRINGS.

The mineral springs are situated on the corner of Hastings avenue and Harriet street, Toronto. And that location been chosen instead of being the natural home of the mineral springs, it could not have been more advantageously picked; the district represents a portion of the city that is free from factories and covered by pretty homes, and a more valuable consideration is the part that it is right in the commercial section of the city, and about two minutes from the Gerrard street car line. The property owned by the company, and on which two springs are found to exist, is known as numbers seventeen and nineteen Harriet street, having a frontage of sixty-six feet on Harriet street and a depth of one hundred and twenty feet on Hastings avenue.

The springs have been in use since the year 1895; the supply is sufficient to furnish the city with water. The water is unexcelled for its magnificent transparency, its rare and pleasant flavor to the palate, its valuable medicinal qualities, and its absolute freedom from injurious properties; it costs nothing to produce, the only expenditure is advertising, bottling, cartage and freightage, and the reasonable price secured for it on the market permits a handsome profit to the company; some idea of its intrinsic value as an asset is gleaned from the fact that it is the only mineral spring in the city of Toronto.

An interesting fact in connection with the mineral spring is that it exists. However, it is not owned by Canadian Eatables, Ltd., and never was. The company never got nearer to ownership than an option.

DESCRIPTION OF FARMS.

The farms are at the head of Spears avenue and Northland avenue, in the city of Toronto; the lands are mountainous and well-wooded, and are suitable to the grazing of live stock. The company breeds goats, cows, and other live stock. The goats are bred for milking purposes, the milk being used in the manufacture of Roquefort and Bonela cheese. Cows' milk is used in the manufacture of cheese, butter, biscuits, confectionery; a portion of these lands is reserved as a fruit farm; on this farm is grown such fruits as can be advantageously used in the manufacture of eatables.

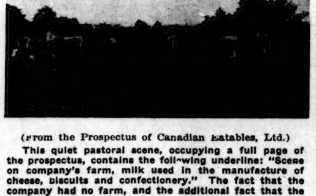
The company never owned a farm and so far as we are able to ascertain never had an option on one.

The second prospectus of Canadian Eatables was filed with the Provincial Secretary on Dec. 22, 1909, and is, if possible, a more bare-faced swindle than was the first.

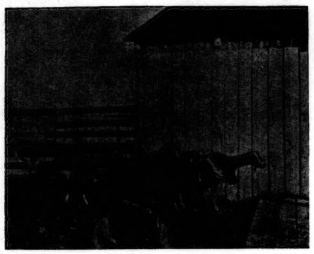
It is in this prospectus that the "land" deal was launched. Page 7 of the prospectus reads as follows:

COMPANY'S ASSETS.

7,700 acres of land at Honora, Manitoulin Island, on which are one 200-acre farm, with brick house, good stables and complete equipment of farm machinery, well stocked with cattle, horses, etc. One blacksmith shop, one barber shop, one 17-room hotel, the finest Government wharf and harbor in the Manitoulin Island, 50 acres of brick clay, 200 acres of cement lands, a quantity of cheese making machinery, 16 dwelling houses, about 5,000 acres of timber land (on which the timber has been estimated by William Ashley, a lumberman of many years' experience), containing 100,000 railroad ties, 150,000 cedar posts, 4,000,000 shingles, 1,000,000 feet of good lumber (mostly oak and maple), and 37,000 cords of stove wood (the value of which will be about $350,000), and a lime bluff 6 miles long, 100 feet high and a half-mile in width. The total assets of the company, including the land, would conservatively estimate at $500,000.



(From the Prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Ltd.)
This quiet pastoral scene, occupying a full page of the prospectus, contains the following underline: "Scene on company's farm, milk used in the manufacture of cheese, biscuits and confectionery." The fact that the company had no farm, and the additional fact that the live stock seen in the picture belonged to residents in the neighborhood and were rounded up for the purpose of having their picture taken, is a mere detail in the rise and fall of Canadian Eatables, Limited.



(From the Prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Ltd.)
Herds of goats said to belong to residents of West Toronto. These also found their way into the prospectus of Canadian Eatables, Limited.

Be it known gentle reader that the company never owned a stick of timber, an acre of land, a brick, not to speak of a brick house, nor anything else connected with Honora, Manitoulin Island. Prospective investors were, however, taken over this Georgian Bay property by an officer of the company, who palmed it off as their own. As a matter of fact the real owners of the Manitoulin Island property have served notices of trespass upon the officers of Canadian Eatables, Ltd., and the end is not yet.

The Missing Toggenburgs

Being the Story of a Pilgrimage to the Farms of Canadian Eatables, Limited.

I HAVE always been more or less interested in goats. In my youthful days I regarded them solely as a means of locomotion, and spent many happy hours assisting a neighbor's boy to fasten a set of harness on his "billy," or helping to repair the waggon after the brute had tried to take it through a board fence after him. Later on, however, I came to regard the goat from the economical standpoint, as a substitute for the cow in the poor man's dairy.

It was thus a pleasant surprise for me to come across a well illustrated and printed booklet dealing with this hobby of mine, and opening up new possibilities of goatish development. It purported to be the prospectus of "Canadian Eatables, Limited"—there is something appetizing about the mere name—and the cover bore a striking picture of what looked like a short section of yellow drain-pipe. It was labeled "Bonela Cheese." Inside the cover was the name of "Athol George Robertson, Financial Agent, Assignee, Trustee, Liquidator, Administrator, Guardian, Registrar, Transfer Agent, Accountant." No other occupations were mentioned.

Then came a list of the Board of Directors, including "Asa Dye, Gentleman"—isn't it Tennyson who says something about the "grand old name of gentleman"? This was followed by a lot of legal information, in the midst of which notice was given that "the company reserves the right to decline subscriptions exceeding $1,000 from any one person or group of persons, in the discretion of the Directors." Of course, the reason for this was readily apparent. The Directors did not want outsiders acquiring control of their enterprise. But still it saddened me to think of honest investors with—say, $1,001 being turned down. It was left to the discretion of the Directors, however, and it occurred to me that they might relent and accept even $2,000 or $3,000 in really deserving cases.

But the part of the booklet that especially interested me was the pictures of goats. There were all kinds of goats. It is true that they all looked very much alike. They might even have been the very same old goats over and over again to the inexperienced eye. But the sub-lines to the pictures gave their proper names. There was a group of "imported Toggenburg goats" all gazing very intently at the camera with their legs spread very far apart. Attention was called to the fact that their milk was to be used in the manufacture of Bonela cheese. Their pictures were followed by portraits of "imported Australian goats," whose lacteal output was to be devoted to the same worthy object. And then came "American milch goats," who were also engaged in the production of this particular brand of cheese. One was led to wonder if all the milk was mixed up for the cheese, or if it was used separately in the making of different grades of it. At any rate, the goats seemed real enough, and the undertaking interested me greatly. There were also views of smiling pastoral regions, which were labeled "the Company's farms." The following description of this rural paradise was given:

"The farms are at the head of Spears avenue and Northland avenue, in the City of Toronto; the lands are mountainous and well-wooded, and are suitable to the grazing of live stock. The Company breeds goats, cows, and other live stock. The goats are bred for milking purposes, the milk being used in the manufacture of Roquefort and Bonela cheese. Cows' milk is used in the manufacture of cheese, butter, biscuits, confectionery; a portion of these lands is reserved as a fruit farm; on this farm is grown such fruits as can be advantageously used in the manufacture of eatables."

I decided to investigate. So last Saturday I took a Dundas streetcar, and got off at the end of the line with a large number of very explicit directions from the conductor. They were so explicit that I went into a drugstore to get some more information. Here I got a lot of equally explicit but quite different advice, which made me decide to follow my instinct. This finally brought me after various wanderings into a region of packing-houses and bicycle works, not at all akin to the "mountainous and well-wooded lands" described in the prospectus. It was nothing more nor less than the back-yard of the town, where all the refuse seemed to have been pitched with careless prodigality. Surely this could not be the pastoral home of "Canadian Eatables" and "Bonela Cheese."

A grimy mechanic from whom I sought information, however, stated positively that Spears avenue lay along a waggon trail which was dignified with the name of McCormack street. He even knew of Mr. DeLhorbe, the president and expert of the Company, whose house he said was the last on the right-hand side of the road.

"He has a fine herd of imported goats, hasn't he," said I.

"A herd!—well, I can't say as I know anything about a herd. He did have one or two goats, and they might have been imported. But I guess I'm not up much on goats."

I didn't like the fellow's grin, and I decided he was a stupid yokel. So I stumbled on through the slush for about a mile. There I came on a cross-road, with a few houses on it. They looked like the dwellings of men who worked in the bicycle works or in the brick-yards near by. And, in fact, a sturdy little man carrying a dinner-pail was just about to go into one of them. I asked him if he could direct me to the home of "Canadian Eatables." He looked blank. I decided to try a new tack.

"Do you know where Mr. Milton Worth DeLhorbe lives?"

"Oh, is that what you're getting at?" said he, with the same kind of grin that the other fellow wore. "That's his place over there."

He pointed to a little pill-box of a house, whose roof was brought down so as to serve for walls as well as roof. It was the kind of house that would let you put your arm down the chimney and open the front door.

"That's where he used to live. He's up in Manitoulin Island now."

"In Manitoulin Island!" I gasped. "But where are the goats and the factory?"

"Well, I think he took a goat or two along with him. And as for the factory, there's a hole in the ground over there with a two-foot concrete wall around it. It's the only factory I know anything about."

This was overwhelming!

"But how about "Canadian Eatables, Limited?" I managed to ask.

"Oh, yes, that's the company he started with Mr. Robertson." And then the little man began to laugh. "Say, you weren't thinking of buying any stock, were you?" he asked.

I told him that my purpose was merely to get some information with regard to the goats—the imported Toggenburg goats, whose pictures I had seen in the prospectus.

"Those were my goats," said he. "DeLhorbe took their pictures one day. I didn't know what he wanted them for till afterwards."

"But the cows, and the farms!"

"Well, the cows belong to the neighbors, and so does the land. He owns a twenty-five foot lot with that house on it. He used to live there until such a lot of people came around here looking for him that he moved to Manitoulin Island."

And then the little man took me over and showed me the hole in the ground. It wasn't an inviting spectacle. When I looked at it I felt that my last hope of seeing the great goat-farm and the Bonela cheese had vanished. I made a final effort.

"But aren't your goats Toggenburgs?" I asked.

"No, just goats—plain nannies and billies."

I became sarcastic.

"Your Mr. DeLhorbe must be a nice sort of gentleman to have around," I said.

"Yes, he's a very bright young chap," replied the little man. "Very religious, you know—he's a Seventh Day Adventist. He is always giving you bits out of the Bible and good advice and that sort of thing."

"Did he ever manage to give you any stock in Canadian Eatables?"

"No, you see I lived too close to the factory. Most of the stock went to people at a distance. A lot of them

Photographing the "Herd."

came in, and—well, I guess, they were stung good and plenty all right, all right."

"But where did he learn about this Bonela cheese business?"

The little man grinned pleasantly, and then spoke in a confidential tone.

"I'll tell you, mister. You see, my wife has a wonderful cook book, one of these four-cylinder cook books. Say, it has everything in it—jam, cheese, biscuits, pie and everything else. That fellow DeLhorbe borrowed it. And do you know, he had it all winter. I could hardly get it back from him. He has a way of hanging onto anything he gets."

So that was how Canadian Eatables, Limited, started—in a large cook-book. That surely was high finance—incorporating a neighbor's goats, and founding a company on his kitchen Baedeker. George Munro in his palmiest days never conceived anything like that.

It was worth while going out into the slush and smells of that packing-house district in order to study such a work of genius.

But I would have liked to see those Toggenburgs.

I, however, was the only goat in sight. BILLY.

WM. A. ROGERS, LIMITED

Report of the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders Held at the Company's Offices, in Toronto, on Thursday, February 24, 1910, at 12 O'Clock, Noon.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Wm. A. Rogers, Limited, was held at the Head Offices of the Company, in Toronto, on Thursday, February 24, 1910, at twelve o'clock noon.

The President, Mr. S. J. Moore, occupied the chair.

The Board of Directors presented the following report:—

The Directors beg to present the Ninth Annual Report, with accompanying statement of Assets and Liabilities, as of December 31, 1909:—

Balance brought forward from 1908			$ 97,224 12
Net profits for the year			301,466 72
			$398,690 84
The appropriations were:—			
Dividends on Preference Stock, Nos. 33, 34 and 35	$47,250 00		
Reserved for Dividend No. 36, payable Jan. 3, 1910	15,750 00		
		$63,000 00	
Dividends on Common Stock, Nos. 29, 30 and 31	$18,750 00		
Reserved for Dividend No. 32, payable Jan. 3, 1910	18,750 00		
Reserved for Bonus Dividend, payable Jan. 3, 1910	7,500 00		
		75,000 00	
Transferred to Realty and Plant Reserve Account		25,000 00	
			163,000 00
Balance carried forward to 1910			$235,690 84

The transfer of $25,000 to Realty and Plant Reserve Account increases that account to $150,000.

A by-law to increase the Ordinary Capital Stock of the Company by $750,000 will be submitted to Shareholders at a Special General Meeting called for this purpose. The Directors propose, if this by-law is approved, and the Supplementary Letters Patent are granted, to declare a Stock Bonus Dividend of 25 per cent., payable to holders of Ordinary Shares.

By order of the Board,

S. J. MOORE, President.

Statement of Assets and Liabilities, December 31, 1909.

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock:			
Preference Stock	$900,000 00		
Common Stock	750,000 00		
		$1,650,000 00	
Reserve Account		300,000 00	
Realty and Plant Reserve Account		150,000 00	
Dividends:			
Preference Stock, No. 36, payable Jan. 3, 1910	$ 15,750 00		
Common Stock, No. 32, payable Jan. 3, 1910	18,750 00		
Common Stock Bonus, payable Jan. 3, 1910	7,500 00		
		42,000 00	
Debts payable, including all accrued wages and charges		244,931 84	
Profit and Loss Account, balance carried forward		235,690 84	
			$2,622,622 68

ASSETS.

Realty, Factories, Plant, Trade Marks and Good-will	$1,362,001 31	
Stock-in-Trade	813,480 31	
Accounts and Bills Receivable	324,572 17	
Cash at Bankers and in hand	122,568 89	
		$2,622,622 68

Audited and found correct,

CLARKSON & CROSS, Auditors.

Toronto, Feb. 17, 1910.

The President, Mr. S. J. Moore, spoke as follows:—"The report of the Directors and Balance Sheet which have just been presented are in all respects the best in the Company's history. The net profits for the year 1909 exceeded by $118,741.07 those of 1908, and by $105,817.40 those of the previous record year, 1907. After payment of dividends upon the Preferred Shares, the surplus profits are equal to more than 31 per cent. upon the Common Shares.

The dividend rate upon the Common Shares was increased in July from 8 per cent. to 10 per cent., and a bonus dividend of 1 per cent. was declared for the last quarter of the year, thus making the distribution to Common Shareholders 10 per cent. for the year 1909. After these distributions, and the payment of 7 per cent. to the Preferred Shareholders, and the transfer to Realty and Plant Reserve Account of $25,000, there is left of the profits of the year $138,466.72. This increases the balance carried forward in Profit and Loss Account to $233,695.84. From this it will be apparent that, notwithstanding the fact that a substantial increase was made in the rate of dividend to the Common Shareholders during the year 1909, more than one-half the net profits of the year was retained in the business.

"A glance at the Balance Sheet will show that a very considerable amount has accumulated out of the Surplus Profits. This is indicated by the condition of the following accounts:—

Reserve Account now stands at	$300,000 00
Realty and Plant Reserve Account at	150,000 00
Profit and Loss (undivided profits) at	235,690 84
	$685,690 84

"It will also be seen by the Balance Sheet that the Company has working capital commensurate with its present needs. The Quick Assets, in excess of Liabilities to the Public, consisting of Cash, Accounts and Bills Receivable and Stock-in-trade, amount to $973,689.53. This is equivalent to $109 for each share of outstanding Preference Stock. The steady improvement in this feature of our Balance Sheet is shown by the following percentages, being the surplus of Quick Assets over all Liabilities to the Public in their relation to the Preferred Stock outstanding:—

1903.	1905.	1907.	1909.
70 p.c.	78.5 p.c.	90 p.c.	109 p.c.

"The Preferred Stock is thus in an unusually strong position.

"By comparing the Balance Sheet for 1909 with that of 1908, it will be seen that our liabilities to the public were slightly reduced during the year, while the assets show an increase of $172,969.31. A very satisfactory feature of this increase in assets appears in the fact that $132,135 of the amount is represented by Quick Assets.

"As was intimated at the last Annual Meeting, the Directors are of the opinion that the excellent condition of the Company's affairs warrants a more liberal policy in respect of distribution of profits to holders of Ordinary Shares. The steady growth of the business, however, makes it apparent that additional capital can be profitably employed. Under these circumstances, it is desirable to continue the policy of retaining a large proportion of the surplus earnings in the business. Instead, therefore of largely increasing the rate of dividend to the Common Shareholders, it is proposed to capitalize a part of the surplus profits by declaring a Common Stock bonus of 25%. A Special Meeting of the Shareholders has been called to give authority for the necessary increase in the Common Stock for this purpose.

"Important extensions are just being completed at our principal factory at Niagara Falls, N.Y. These will give us facilities for an increase of at least 25% upon our output in 1909.

"I do not think that it is too much to say that the Company has been splendidly served during the year by its Officers, Managers and Superintendents. The organization which the Company possesses in this regard is an asset of very great value.

"I have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the report, which will be seconded by Mr. Robert Kilgour."

After being seconded by Mr. Robert Kilgour, the motion for the adoption of the report was unanimously carried.

All the Directors were re-elected for 1910, being the following:—S. J. Moore, Hon. C. H. Duell, William A. Rogers, Robert Kilgour, Hon. W. Caryl Ely, Hon. H. S. Duell and James Brown.

Messrs. Clarkson & Cross were appointed Auditors.

At the close of the Annual Meeting a Special General Meeting of Shareholders was held, at which a By-law authorizing the increase in Capital Stock by the addition of $750,000 of Common Stock was unanimously confirmed.

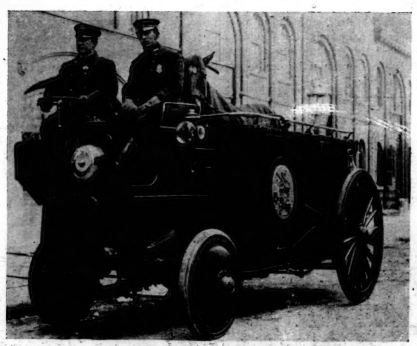
At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. S. J. Moore was re-elected President, and Hon. Charles H. Duell Vice-President.

BRIGHTON'S NEW FIRE FIGHTER.

The Brighton, England, Council bought a four-cylinder chassis, and this was converted into a motor fire-tender by Superintendent Lacroix. The whole of the work of converaion was done by the members of the brigade. The result is a combination of fire-engine, fire-escape, hose-cart, ambulance wagon and chemical extinguisher. It can attain a speed of forty miles an hour.

THE EFFECT OF ELECTIONEERING ON A MOTOR CAR.

Fred T. Jane, the well known naval expert, in supporting the candidature of Lord Charles Beresford, at Portsmouth, had his car badly knocked about by the crowd. Note the condition of the mud-guards, lamp and bonnet. He is here seen parading the town with a notice, "This is the result of trusting Portsmouth Radicals to be sportsmen. Vote for Beresford."



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MOTOR AMBULANCE FOR HORSES.

This emergency ambulance, which is used as a regular hospital ambulance, answering all hurry calls, and which has just been put into operation in New York by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is the first automobile ambulance in use in America for the transportation of disabled horses. Its power consists of a 16 horsepower gas engine, directly connected to an electric generator. The generator drives two 3 horsepower electric motors, one inside each of the front wheels. This is the system adopted by the heavy search-light and transport wagons of the U.S. army.

RICHARD BUHLER AND ELEANOR MORETTI, In "Ben Hur," at the Princess the week after next.

Apollinaris

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The Excelsior Life Insurance Company

The Annual General Meeting of this Company was held at its Head Office, Excelsior Life Building, 59-61 Victoria Street, Feb. 16, 1910.

The Directors' Report, with accompanying financial and other statements, was adopted unanimously. Great satisfaction was expressed by those present with the achievements of the year. The following is an extract from the report:—

The financial results of the Company's operations during the year 1909, no matter from what standpoint viewed, are exceedingly satisfactory.

Insurance: Application for new insurance totalling $2,421,915.00 were received, of which $2,367,732.00 were accepted and policies issued, the amount in force being $13,078,004.10.

Income: The Cash Income was $506,180.69, the net premiums contributed $396,645.14. Interest, Rents, etc., $109,535.45. The increase for the year is $60,393.73, or 13 per cent. The rate of interest earned on mean Net Assets was 7.04, an increase of 32 per cent. in rate.

Disbursements: The total disbursements were $237,740.85, or $9,959.05 less than the preceding year.

Death Claims show a decrease of 10 per cent.—$3,086.50. The losses were less than one-half of the expectation.

The Expenses in relation to premium income show a reduction of 9 per cent.

Assets: The Balance of Total Assets for the security of Policyholders is $2,302,916.37, showing an increase of $287,402.78. Net Assets $1,908,563.17, increase $266,804.08. Total Reserves $1,686,338.00, increase $220,673.97. Company's Special Reserve Fund $49,406.00, an increase of 23 per cent.—9,408.14.

The watchful care of individual members of the Board over the Company's investments has continued, with the result that not a single dollar has ever been lost.

Liabilities: The outstanding liabilities of the Company, except reserve funds, such as provision for all outstanding death claims, premiums paid in advance, and all other undischarged liabilities, total $27,646.80, a reduction of 37 per cent., or $16,009.57.

Surplus: On the Government Standard, the Net Surplus on policyholders' account is $240,984.37, an increase of 43 per cent.—$70,547.82.

The Unallotted Surplus is $116,578.37, an increase of 122 per cent., or $62,139.68.

The profits paid to the policyholders whose endowment or investment periods expired during the year amounted to $3,121.21. The recipients expressed satisfaction therewith.

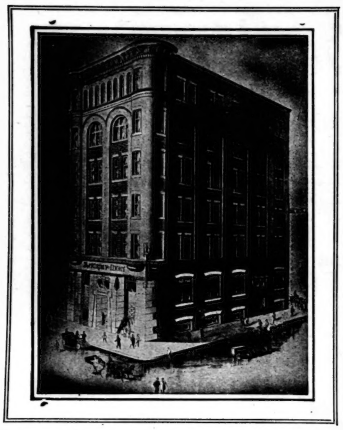
PROGRESS DURING LAST DECADE.

Income increased	425 p. c.	Over four fold
Reserve increased	617 p. c.	Over six fold
Assets increased	581 p. c.	Nearly six fold
Insurance in force increased	358 p. c.	Over three and one-half fold

It is the intention of the Company to considerably strengthen the Agency Staff with the object of writing a largely increased volume of new business during 1910, which will conclude the fourth quinquennial period for the distribution of profits, the large sum being accumulated for this purpose, coupled with very satisfactory condition of the Company's affairs, its good, clean record, liberal policies and attractive plans of insurance, will undoubtedly substantially contribute towards the attainment of our purpose.

David Fasken, Esq., B.A., was unanimously re-elected President; S. J. Parker, Esq., Owen Sound; R. Grass, Esq., Toronto, and Alexander Fasken, Esq., B.A., Vice-Presidents. The following gentlemen were elected Directors:

Thomas Long, Esq., Toronto; Dr. John Ferguson, M.A., M.D., L.R.C.P., Toronto; Joseph Wright, Esq., Toronto; Geo. E. Weir, Esq., Dresden; Wm. Harvey, Esq., B.L., Winnipeg; W. H. Gooderham, Esq., Toronto; W. J. McFarland, Esq., Toronto; W. F. B. Colter, Esq., L.D.S., Sarnia, and R. W. Gordon, Esq., Pembroke.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Three Months	.75

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Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 5, 1910. No. 21.

!?. POSTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

How News Came of Canada's Losses at Paardeberg.

THE tenth anniversary of Paardeberg Day, which occurred on Feb. 27, must have sad memories for many a Canadian household, for while the battle with the spectacular charge of the Royal Canadians brought fame and prestige to Canada throughout and beyond the limits of the Empire, it was attended by a heavy toll of death and injury. At the present juncture, it may be interesting to relate a little story, never before published, of how the list of dead and wounded reached Canada. The first publication of this list, more than a full day before the names reached Canada from any other source, was probably the most important "scoop" obtained by The Toronto Globe in its long history. It was accomplished by Charles Frederick Hamilton, now of Ottawa.

Mr. Hamilton, who was then a reporter on The Globe staff, has always made a hobby of military matters, and has a vast knowledge of the subject. When the South African war broke out he was the man detailed by The Globe to go with the regiment. Once on the sands of South Africa, this knowledge gave him an advantage over the other Canadian newspaper men. He understood the various movements better than the others, and was able to smell an engagement when the future seemed to hold nothing for his associates. Thus, when the turning point of the war came, and the British got warm on Cronje's trail, he foresaw a bloody battle and made his preparations to foreward a death list. He had with him a Kaffir "boy" of pony of rare reliability, and a pony of fine endurance. He had also taken precautions to carry with him when the final movement commenced sufficient funds for any ordinary emergency. After the battle the majority of the correspondents attached to Lord Roberts' army were concerned only in sending picturesque accounts of the battle, but to the Canadian newspaper men the names of the Canadian casualties were the most important. The Montreal Star was represented by William Richmond Smith, now of the New York Tribune, and he had an arrangement with the Canadian commandant that he would forward for him any official report to Ottawa at the same time as he sent his despatch to Montreal. This arrangement looked good enough to beat all the other fellows, but it didn't pan out. Hamilton's superior preparedness enabled him to despatch his Kaffir with more despatch and better mounted; moreover, he entrusted him with enough cash to send the despatch through as a private message. This was the most fortunate move of all.

When the Kaffir "boy" arrived at the telegraph office after nearly a day in the saddle, he found that the company was not accepting for the time being despatches at press rates, and promptly paid the whole enormous sum demanded for a cablegram from the Orange Free State to Toronto at the private rate per word. When Smith's "boy" arrived with the official despatch and The Montreal Star's report some hours later than Hamilton's "boy," he found himself without funds to meet the emergency, and a long delay ensued while he rode back for more money.

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BONTROS GHALI PASHA,
Egypt's Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was assassinated on February 20th by a Nationalist student. Bontros Pasha was a Christian official in a Mohammedan country. His funeral took place February 22nd and was attended by the Khedive.

Thus The Globe was on the streets of Toronto with the death list, and it had been copied and telegraphed all over Canada before the other list left the lone telegraph office on the veldt. It was good organization and a good Kaffir "boy" that turned the trick.

Mr. O'Donoghue and the Salvation Army.

IT does not pay for politicians, or men who expect to be politicians, to speak carelessly, and it certainly behooves the man seeking the popular franchise to treat the Salvation Army with respect. Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, the barrister who ran for South Toronto on the Labor ticket with the Liberal organization at his back, says that he made this discovery when he went down to defeat before Mr. A. Claude Macdonell, M.P., at the last Federal elections. Two or three years ago one or two so-called socialists, who were merely malcontents with no formulated economic views of any kind, got into trouble with the police by insisting on addressing public meetings at street corners and refusing to move on when rudely interrupted by the men in uniform. They were arrested and were defended by Mr. O'Donoghue, who is counsel for most labor sympathizers when they get into trouble. In the police court, in combatting the allegation that these orators were a public nuisance to those doing business in the vicinity of their meetings, he remarked that they were no more of a nuisance than the Salvation Army with its outdoor services, or words to that effect. The remark was made off hand with no desire to offend the religious convictions of anyone, but with a view to helping his clients. An evening paper, however, being short of a subject took it up editorially, and administered a castigation to Mr. O'Donoghue for speaking disrespectfully about the Army.

The episode was apparently forgotten by the time that the elections of 1908 came on and Mr. O'Donoghue found himself a candidate making a house-to-house canvass in South Toronto, in which the electorate is almost without exception poor. Then he found that the casual remarks thoughtlessly made in the police court had proven veritable dragon's teeth and had roused up a host of enemies. He encountered the story that he was an enemy of the Salvation Army on all sides, and many of the poorer classes of his constituents were outraged at the idea.

"I attribute to that matter more than anything else the size of the majority against me," said Mr. O'Donoghue recently.

Concerning Germ Inoculation.

READERS of the daily papers are aware that in one of the large American cities a doctor is on trial on a charge of murdering his wife's uncle by inoculating him with typhoid germs. Such charges, which seem fantastic but are not beyond the region of possibility, have been made not infrequently since the germ theory of disease became accepted by scientists. Over fifteen years ago the late Nicholas Murphy, K.C., had a case of the kind which he desired to have ventilated in the public prints. It may be said that he did not succeed, for the most sensational editor then would have shied at such a story and there would have to be a prima facie case of overwhelming strength before a Canadian newspaper would touch such a story to-day. The case in question was one that involved a politician long since dead, who was at that time very prominent in Ontario. Charges of disreputable conduct in his private life were made against him, and the chief witness against him was a young woman who lived in his home as a sort of companion to his wife. Her own character, which was good, was not involved, and she was apparently in good health also when she fell ill with some slight sickness and was treated by a physician who was related to the politician in question. She never rallied, and before the criminal charges and the libel actions arising from the charges came to trial she had succumbed to galloping consumption.

To his dying day Nicholas Murphy, who was counsel for the young woman and who was responsible for bringing the original charges to light, averred that she was a victim of tubercular inoculation at the hands of the physician, but he could obtain no credence for his theory in any quarter.

A New University Magazine.

IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to printer's ink and its expenditure on essays, short stories, verses, and such other first fruits of youthful genius. Then does the sad decadence of contemporary literature strike him, and after reading over a bit of Shakespeare or Swinburne as a starter, he lightly vaults onto his champing Pegasus and soars into the empyrean His soaring may take the shape of a sonnet or a drama, a short story or an epic. He may even start a magazine. And if he is an undergraduate of Toronto University he has already done so. For the first number of The Arbor, a monthly magazine controlled and for the greater part written by the undergraduates of that institution, has put in its appearance. Its nature and purpose are announced in the following prospectus:—

"At present there exist at the University of Toronto several excellent publications. These comprise the University newspaper, a monthly magazine published by the alumni, and the reviews conducted by the individual colleges. It will be seen that there is no periodical representing the University as a whole which is of a distinctly literary nature and is under student control. This gap The Arbor is intended to fill. The magazine, however, will not be strictly academic in its tone, for it is rather the wish of those who are connected with the enterprise to appeal to the patronage of literary people in general. This, no doubt, is ambitious in a new-born magazine, but nothing succeeds without high aspirations and the obviously low condition of what is euphemistically known as journalism in Canada must *per se* justify the establishment of anything which aims to be really literary.

"The Arbor is to consist of signed articles on current questions written by undergraduates and others outside the University, stories and miscellaneous prose of a lighter nature, verse, editorial comment, and a department devoted to humorous matter. There will also be occasional dramatic and book reviews. Signed letters from undergraduates will be welcomed. The magazine is committed to the policy of no organization, and its tone—editorial and otherwise—will be consequently wholesome in its independence."

This may seem a rather ambitious programme for an undergraduate magazine, but the first number of the new publication goes far to justify aims so high. It contains a number of articles, including one from an Oxford Don on a political subject, and another from a Dean of Chicago University dealing with the broad question of culture and the college. There are essays and short stories and bits of occasional verse. The average of merit is quite high, and promises well for the future of the new magazine when it has gotten properly under way. In appearance The Arbor is very attractive, being well printed on excellent paper, and having a plain but handsome cover of blue.

The editors for the present academic year are: Editor-in-chief, J. L. Duncan; associate editors, A. M. Goulding, C. V. Massey, H. M. Tovell, D. P. Wagner and E. M. Wrong. This staff will be supported by a board, including one representative from each college and faculty.

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M. GUITRY AS CHANTECLER.
The main clou" to Rostand's "Chantecler" is the belief held by his hero, Chantecler, that the sun can only rise through his crowing. M. Rostand has made a study of the classical allusions to and designations of the familiar "cock-a-doodle-doo" in all languages. The Greek version, "Alectruonophonemenon," can scarcely be considered an improvement upon the English Nursery version, or the lighter "Cocorico" of the French.—The Sketch.

Counted the Jardinieres.

A GOOD story is told of Senator James McMullen, who when he was a member of the House of Commons during the long years that the Liberal party was in the shades of opposition, was one of the most vigilant enemies of the Conservative administration. A party of members the other day were discussing the expenditures on small public works which run into thousands of dollars.

"Ah," said a member from far off British Columbia "I heard Mr. McMullen take up hours one weary night criticizing an item in the Auditor General's report for the purchase of fifty jardinieres for Rideau Hall."

"'Why fifty jardinieres—it is monstrous,' declared Mr. McMullen.

"'How do you know?' was a query from the government benches.

"'Why,'" remarked Mr. McMullen with a note of triumph. 'I was invited to Rideau Hall a few days ago and I counted the jardinieres and I could not find fifty.'"

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GENERAL SIR REGINALD WINGATE, D.S.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., ETC.,
Governor-General of the Soudan and Sirdar of the Egyptian Army; King Edward's representative, who is now preparing a rousing welcome for ex-President Roosevelt at Khartoum.

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THE GREAT FLOOD LEAVES ITS MARK.
The upper picture shows the Rue Caumartin, one of the best known streets of Paris. It has caved-in in many places owing to the subsidence of the flood. The lower picture gives a view of broken pavements and buildings out of line along the Quai D'Orsay.

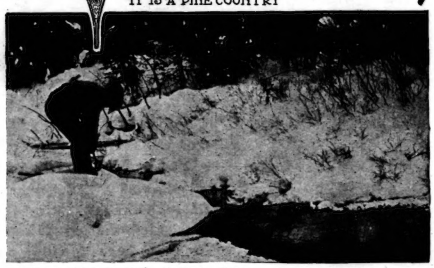
TEMAGAMI IN THE WINTER TIME

BY S. H. HOWARD

PHOTOS BY A. L. COCHRANE

KEEPING WARM AT 15 BELOW WITH A CROSSCUT SAW

IT IS A PINE COUNTRY



JIMMY FRIDAY'S MINK TRAP

PERHAPS it may seem a trifle far-fetched to the conventional mind, but the fact is that winter is the time for recreation and summer the natural time for work. That civilization happens to have reversed that order need not be regarded as a successful argument. Civilization perverts a great many things. We need go no further than the habits and customs of the farmer's hired man to bear out the fact of nature's evident intention, but if further confirmation be insisted upon, that happiest of all wild animals, the bear, supplies it. All spring and summer he busies himself with the duties of life and the activities of living. In the fall he finds him a snuggery, and when the weather gives signs of losing temper he goes into storage, recharging the vital batteries, or, as we say, "recreating" or "taking a well earned rest."

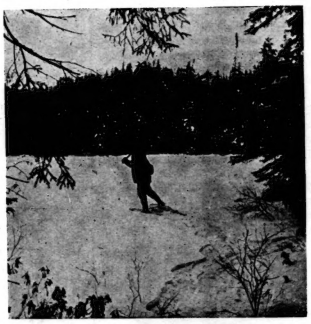
Inspired with the Winter Idea, the trip of which the pictures herewith reproduced are a more or less imperfect record, was undertaken in the month of January of the present very excellent winter. The theory of winter recreation in the North Country was examined and found correct, being endorsed by each member of a party of four.

The scene of the experiment referred to was laid at Cochrane's summer camp in the Temagami Forest Reserve, some seventy odd miles above North Bay, where the temperature ranged from ten above to twenty-five below with an average of about forty-five degrees of frost. It is a pine country—about the last primeval pine forest of any size remaining in Ontario. Temagami itself is a spring water lake with as many arms and legs as a handful of grasshoppers. In January, except in the running rapids of streams, every drop of otherwise visible water is frozen up and covered with twelve inches of snow. The cold is therefore that triple X extra dry cold that you measure with a thermometer but cannot feel—except upon special occasions. The air was found by practical experiment to be highly charged with those elements needed most by the human battery. Nervous strain, worry, eye trouble, grip symptoms and tired feeling disappeared in twenty-four hours, and a confident, happy sense of satisfaction and self-esteem took possession of the entire system. The muscles swelled and hardened, the interior apparatus of digestion and disposal, together with the engine and combustion plant, settled right down to their work, while the battery soaked up that intangible fluid in the air we call life till the boys leaked ginger at every step.

It very soon became apparent that the amount of clothing a man requires is not governed by the climatic temperature so much as by his physical condition. A tired out man in the city shivers at the thought of zero. On Lake Temagami of a sunny morning with the mercury at 15 below, it has now been proved that that same man can proceed on snowshoes without a coat quite casually clad in one sweater and a few incidentals, including underwear, socks, moccasins and mittens—which latter he will presently remove as his hands will grow hot and wet with perspiration. Also he will probably push his woollen toque up off his ears. He will in a short time grow so reckless as to dare his companions to take a plunge into the water hole some morning where the cook dips his pail through the ice of the lake, or a wallow bath naked in the snow. And, on duly testing these delights, it will be found that the newly developed Temagami winter-recreated nerve is quite equal to the strain.

An appetite for pork in all of its forms develops to an extent which in the lower latitudes south of Muskoka might be emphatically described as marvellous. If Alex. Paul, the fur-trapper, or Jimmy Friday, the guide, should give you a hunk of frozen moose meat to slice with your bacon, you'd find nothing wrong with the combination, strange as it may seem to say. Neither will Mrs. Turner's famous old-time Hudson Bay Company wood-stove bread, kept moist, fresh and icy with the frost, seem inferior to anything you ever ate, equalling and in fact surpassing the recollections of your extreme youth, where the services of cold storage do not perhaps cut an important figure in connection with home-made bread.

It will be found that with the use of skis or snowshoes a city man can walk all day in the bush or on the lakes, eat two pounds of bread, moose meat and bacon, smoke two pipes of strong plug tobacco, go to bed about nine o'clock, when outside the shanty or the tent, as it may be, the ice is rumbling and the trees are cracking with the frost and sleep without medicine or dope of any kind, until the light shines through the chinks in the logs or the threads of the canvas. It will be discovered that contrary to a man's former lifelong conviction, he can sleep in two pair of socks, a suit of underclothing and a knitted toque with the addition of four pair of wool blankets and a sweater. And he will find that although the kettle is frozen on the stove and the thermometer measures fifteen below zero right there in the cabin, he can get up and dress himself without catching a sore throat or a cold in his head. Also that his voice is as clear as a bell, the air tastes sweet, and he wants his breakfast—bacon preferred, anything acceptable.



AN UNMAPPED WILDERNESS LAKE DISCOVERED BY THE SNOWSHOE METHOD

He will find himself recreating to such an extent that felling hardwood with a cross cut saw or dragging out dry cedar from the snow, cutting same into stove lengths and splitting them with a four pound axe seems but the trifling necessary chore preliminary to the discovery on snowshoes of half a dozen unmapped wilderness lakes tucked away amid the pine-clad hills. He will find that after a day on snowshoes he can travel half the night on skis, steering by the stars, and feel wonderfully refreshed—both in body and in spirit. But more than all the discoveries of winter recreation will be delight in his power to enjoy a smoke. Perhaps in town he can never get his pipe to work right. It always works right up there. Sometimes in town the tobacco tastes sour and hot. Up there in the Pine Reserve it burns always cool and sweet, especially in the winter, when the air has a head on it, so to speak. Down here in town they are always looking for fancy doped tobacco. Up there in Temagami at this time of the year there are two kinds of tobacco—"white" for smoking and "black" for eating. You can smoke either one if you want to, and somehow it *does* do you good. You find the tobacco burns with a good sharp draught, like the furnace does on a cold night. There's no smoulder or superabundant juice about a smoke up there—in the winter time. And you have that hungry feeling after eating you used to tell them about when you were a boy. And there is no law about you eating some more if you want to, up there in Temagami, as long as you have it.

And when you get up in the morning and look out the door you see the sun climbing up out of the pine bush and throwing yellow onto the level white lake; and the distant green black islands standing up out of the ice, and the snow shadows reflecting the blue of the sky. And you swell your chest up like a pouter pigeon and hit it with your fists, drumming like a partridge. And then you grab an axe and go to it at the wood pile just to see if you really be as strong as you feel. And, by cracky, so you be!

Holding Down a Homestead.

SOMETHING new under the sun! This surely is, as men from all parts of the earth silently take their stand side by side to the number of almost eleven hundred. Some are a week ahead, securing their footing, holding it day and night. This company is democratic and socialistic by compulsion.

Strange languages intermingle, and stranger bedfellows lie down side by side under the canopy of the sky. Social distinctions are lost. The Russian peasant and the son of a lord may chum it, as cheek by jowl they share the same grey Indian blanket. Even sex is no bar to this fellowship for several women and a baby help to swell the ranks of this dauntless though inactive army. The lion and the lamb, so to speak are found among the motley array of fur coats, some bristling with newness and some worn to the skin and through it with years and rubbing up against the rough side of life.

The last afternoon has come. To-morrow morning the doors of the land office will be opened and the crowd will file in, first come, as a rule, first served. All down the ranks they will receive their right to make a piece of prairie their own. It may be the first inch of earth they have ever owned. Night and day they have kept hold of their little pre-empted spot, relieved in most cases at times by a friend.

It is said one homesteader, who had no such friend, offered a man a dollar to keep his place for him for an hour. When he came back the man refused to either give up the dollar or the place. But such cases are rare.

It is Sunday afternoon. The time drags wearily this January day to the close ranks of men jammed together with their backs against Father van Feighem's old picket fence which encloses precious trees, fruit and evergreens, the pioneers of this once lonely, mud-swept prairie.

As darkness comes down—and comes early—the lights from lanterns which some have set in long boxes, serve to keep the feet warm, and the constant lighting of pipes makes the long line twinkle and look like an immense glow worm or a string of fire-flies and here and there are shown up the faces of the men who almost surround a block. But the long, heavy evening has a pleasant break. The sound of the Salvation Army drum is heard, and the men "sit up and take notice." Many of them are attentive as they hear repeated: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." To some the words have a familiar sound, to some they are unknown, and to others they are without meaning, for the words are in a strange tongue. But as the band plays a good many join in singing the old, familiar hymns; it may be in some instances both the words and music are of home manufacture, but a big volume of sound goes up on the night wind. At last the band moves off and only a few passers-by disturb the quiet which has settled down on the weary waiters. One of these comes to a group of men with a little flag stuck into the cage in front of them. "What flag have you got here?" he enquires.

"The Stars and Stripes," is the answer.

"That is not allowed here," he says, and with that takes the fluttering little "Old Glory" and throws it in the road and passes on laughing, with the remark, "You can't touch me, for you can't leave your place."

Midnight comes. The little distractions are over. Only the mounted policemen take a turn to see that all is orderly. The stories have all been told and listened to and yawned over, and now—sleep and dreams, perhaps, of the old home or the homestead that is to be. Perhaps they see the little shack, their future home, the beginning of great things, see it plainly with the smoke curling out of the stove pipe through the roof and feel the cheer within.

And so the night passes and the great glowing sun floods the eastern sky and dyes it blood-red away to the mountains in the west. The day has dawned when each in turn will file in and get his location and right to toil on a bit of this old earth.

CRYS TYNE.

Anglo-German Relations.

THE following letter was recently received by a Montrealer and was written by Mr. A. Llewellyn Hill, a travelled Englishman who lives in Austria, and visits Germany frequently. Mr. Hill, who is a middle-aged, level-headed man of the world, has many friends in Canada and Germany and was for a time on the engineering staff of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal. Mr. Hill was asked by his Montreal friend to give his views on Anglo-German relations and their probable trend. His reply was as follows:

The German feeling towards the British Empire is not one of hostility to individuals, mother-land or dependencies, but rather a self-consciousness or conviction that the 20th century will and must be marked by the rise of the German Empire at British expense, just as the 19th century marked the rise of the British Empire at French expense. Obviously this rise can be checked by the United States, and better still, from our point of view, by a combination of the United States and ourselves. But I can see no reason why the United States should pull the chestnuts out of the fire for us, as our weakness, if defeated by Germany, would give them the chance of annexing Canada or such parts of it as they want.

Germany will declare war only when she sees a chance of winning without endangering her own existence or when we force her to do so to safe-guard her national feeling or possessions. In that case she will strike desperately swift and straight without any warning.

The real cause of our weakness is the fact that our military power, is no longer feared. We can't invade any European country and can't defend ourselves unless the territorial movement has a much more prosperous future than past. Conscription in some form is inevitable, and, as has been proved in every country where it has been introduced, would improve the morale and physique of the inhabitants.

Our strength and our weakness lie in the fact that at the present moment the Germans are so highly taxed, and that there is such a huge deficit in the Exchequer, that the country refuses to accept any new form of taxation. Consequently they are hardly liable to incur the huge expenditure that a war would entail. On the other hand should they see themselves on the verge of bankruptcy, they will in self-defence risk everything in the last throw, hoping to get a huge war compensation out of us. I don't think they would prefer territory, leaving that to be snapped up, in our weak state, by the U. S. A. and Russia, the one taking Canada and the other India.

Anyhow it behoves us all, wherever we may be, to keep the fighting centre of the Empire well supplied with men and materials in the most perfect condition. The solution of the problem appears to those whom I have consulted and myself is to let the Mother Country supply the heavy fighting fleets and pay for them. The Colonies might supply sufficient second class cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers to protect their exported materials until the vessels carrying them would come in touch with and under the protection of whatever big squadron was stationed in their vicinity. For instance Canada should maintain enough cruisers and destroyers to protect her water-borne commerce. I don't think the Colonies should bother yet about "Dreadnoughts." The men serving should be made interchangeable with our Royal Navy and a fair proportion of our men should serve in Colonial ships, not necessarily as officers or warrant officers, but also as "A. B.'s" so that everybody should be on the same level and appreciate one another's good qualities; as the troops that were brigaded together did in South Africa.

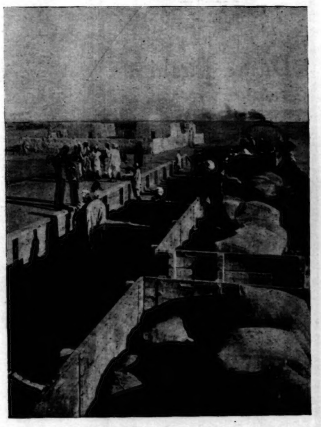
Doggerel.

NOW, if you were a little dog like me
And I were a man like you,
And I strapped a big muzzle upon your head,
What do you think you'd do?

You might be an honest puppy,
With no wish in the world to be bad,
But upon my word I think, sir,
It would make you a little mad.

And so I sit here moping,
For there's nothing else to do,
And wonder why you should do to me
What I wouldn't do to you.

P. O. D.



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The Wadihalfa route to Khartoum, Egypt. The station where Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt will take the sleeping car express which cover the 560 miles to Khartoum in 27 hours.

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One of the features of the great entertainment which Sir Frederick Wingate, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Soudan, has arranged for ex-President Roosevelt at Khartoum, will be a great gathering of the tribes, where all kinds of weird native dances, such as the one shown, will be performed.

The oldest living cockatoo is to be found at a well-known hostelry near Sydney, Australia. The bird has a well authenticated history which covers a good many years over a century. For fifty years, at least, he has been almost absolutely minus feathers, and the few fluffs that still decorate him are entirely white. He is a most loquacious bird and fully able to look after himself, having a keen appetite and a sharp bill. He does a number of tricks and he and his history are known far and wide.

ELY

THE illustration shows one of many new arrivals in the Neckwear Department, in various colors suitable for Business, Lounge, Day, Wedding, Church, Reception, etc., etc., at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 each.

The "Canada" Collar (illustrated) is designed from a new English model for Business and Lounge wear. 25c. each, $2.75 a dozen.

King Edward Hotel TORONTO

Dame Fashion says "Grey"—

and grey it's going to be. Suitings, Shirts, Ties, Hosiery—everything in Men's Wear will be grey for Spring and Summer. Of all colors in the chromatic scale, grey is one that proves most durable to the eye. To appreciate most its rich, quiet beauty, you'll have to see the lot of brand new Spring Vests we have just received. It's not stretching a point to say that from evidences of careful workmanship—attention to details and all that—fine blend of colorings even to twist and buttons, one would take them to be made to measure. The price is the only thing that gives them away.

$2.50 and $5.00.

Call and see them. The chances are you'll need a new Vest for Easter.

R. J. HUNTER & CO.
(A. E. BROWNLEE)
33 King St. W., TORONTO

Are You Going South?

JAEGER

NEW SPRING SHIRTS in Taffeta and Fine Flannels combine style and comfort. And for Underwear, wear our Medium Weight All Wool Unshrinkable at $1.50 garment.

WREYFORD & COMPANY
85 King St. W., Toronto.

SWORD MAKE

...NECKWEAR...

Look for this label on the tie you buy

BEST BY TEST

IT cannot be said that breeches have yet made much headway as a dress-garment, despite the fact that they figure in most of the dress-suits worn at Court, and were the admired of all beholders when Mr. Seymour Hicks appeared in them in "The Catch of the Season," and Count Carterville also made an effort to popularize them, by wearing them in the audience at various theatres. The latest style of trousers in London is rather wide in the legs, and has the side seam trimmed with two rows of braid three-eighths of an inch wide, and placed about a quarter of an inch apart. The pockets are placed at the side, and are made to fasten with a button and hole in the pocket-facing, thus preventing any gaping.

Men's Wear

ALTHOUGH any sack coat of flannel, tweed, homespun, etc., and of more or less "sporty" effect in the way of cut and finish, may properly enough be called an outing style, it seems to Vogue, that the Norfolk best deserves the name, and this whether it be of simple design or somewhat fanciful in the matter of yoke, plaits and pockets. That shown by the illustration on this page, with box-plaits running straight up over the shoulders and down the back, and with belt extending all the way round, is rather of the first order, but whichever one may prefer—and it makes little difference in so far as fashion is concerned—the material should be of distinctive outing character—a striped, checked, plaid or mixed fabric—rather than a plain cloth. I have seen a number of stylish looking cravenetted English and Scotch tweeds and homespuns in brown and gray mixtures that would be excellent, and all the sporting tailors can show cloths of the right character.

And as the Norfolk is the typical jacket, so are knickerbockers the most distinctive type of trousers for real outing wear. One sometimes hears them spoken of as a past fashion, and for tennis, or for golf, long trousers are no doubt the more usually worn, but for shooting, fishing, tramping and general knocking about in the real country, and particularly in its mountainous sections, they are quite as correct as they ever were. Indeed, in England they have always remained a standard style, and the fact that it is now difficult to find them "ready-made" should

OUTING KNICKERBOCKERS.
A good model of trousers for outing wear. Note the fullness at the knees.

tend to make them more exclusive. A good idea of their full cut and bagginess at the knees is given by the accompanying drawing, and it is well to have them of the same fabric as the Norfolk coat, or at any rate of a rough, mixed English or Scotch outing material, and with extensions of gray box cloth.

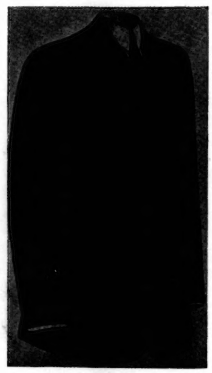
* * *

MR. W. F. D. VINCENT, editor of The Tailor and Cutter, an English publication, gives some interesting pointers on the materials which will be most popular for men's clothes this spring. According to him, by far the larger number of materials prepared for spring wear are finished in what is known as the "clean" style, that is, they are smooth and have no rough hairs on the surface. Many of them have the worsted serge finish, varied with a glossy stripe or a few silk threads introduced at intervals with good effect.

Such cloths have a very bright appearance and are very effective. They are varied by the duller surface woollen tweeds, which are also finished as smoothly as is possible in goods made from wool as contrasted with worsted; the former being shorter in fibre and not twisted so hard, and therefore generally have some loose hairs on the surface, though in the new spring goods these are cut off as close to the surface as possible so as to produce the same clean finish.

The new patterns are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, stripes of a subdued character. For instance, the stripes may be from one-half to one inch and a half apart, but they are so indistinct that in many cases they are scarcely distinguishable except in the general effect they produce.

The broad diagonal twills which



OUTING JACKET.
The Norfolk is the typical outing coat, and this is a good model for the present year.

were introduced at the beginning of the winter season have not come up to the expectations of the introducers, and many of the largest woollen merchants are ignoring them, so that it is safe to say they will only be occasionally worn, whereas the subdued stripe will be the pattern selected by the vast majority of gentlemen.

We have made a very careful study of the colors of the new spring cloths, and there is no doubt that greys will be the most popular, but in very few cases will they be plain greys; the majority will have purple, green, brown, blue, or white stripes introduced, which will, however, be so fine that they will only give a tone to the grey, but will, nevertheless, effectually destroy any sombre appearance, such as is often associated with neutral shades.

Next to greys, blues will be the most popular, and whilst many of these will be finished with twill or diagonal patterns, others will have very neat stripes woven in the pattern. These have a very stylish effect, combining in a marked manner neatness and smartness.

After grey and blue, the two most popular shades will be greens and browns, but it would be a mistake to imagine these are either vulgar or loud.

The shades in which these colors are offered are so subdued that they present a most refined appearance, and really make a pleasing change from the more popular colors.

Thus the prevailing note in the new materials for this spring is subdued smartness, dressiness without vulgarity, pattern without loudness, and color without being conspicuous. The variety offered is enormous.

* * *

THE following notes on fashions at Monte Carlo and the Riviera are interesting on account of the effect which such fashions have ultimately on the styles in this country. The European fashions of one year are very apt to be, in some measure, the Canadian and American fashions of the year after. This gives an interest to the observations of this particular writer, who says:—

"The soft felt crush hat appears to be the universal article of headgear. Most are in shades of brown, fawn or gray with a well curled brim and a deep silk band which usually matches the hat itself in color, though I noticed quite a number being worn with a black ribbed silk band. The bow is almost invariably at the side except in the hats worn by the Englishmen, who are always to be met with in great numbers at Monte Carlo. These almost all have the bows on their hats in the back, and the bands are either a shade lighter or a shade darker than the hat itself, showing that in the matter of hats at least color is still a firm favorite in England.

"Naturally, the sack suit is the only possible article for day wear, thanks to the glorious climate of the Mediterranean coast. Flannels and other cloths of light summer weight may be worn even in midwinter. One of the most striking suits I saw was in a light fawn tweed. It was being worn by M. Berardi, one of the smartest and best dressed men in Parisian society.

"It may be said that on the Riviera there is a more or less hard and fast rule as to male attire, namely: in headgear the soft crush hat previously referred to or the panama; in suits, either blue serge or a light colored cloth, and in boots tan or patent leather with suede uppers. These items vary but little from year to year, and the only change noticeable in the wear of well dressed Frenchmen and Englishmen who yearly visit the south of France is in the matter of cut and the marked preference this year for fawn and light brown cloths and hats over the popular pale gray of former years.

"It is surprising, the number of double-breasted suits one notices. They appear to be fast coming into vogue again both among the English and French men of fashion, while the cut of almost all the clothes worn by smart Frenchmen has a more marked tendency toward the essentially English style with the tight waist and a long full skirt than was being favored a month or so back. There are but few shops in Monte Carlo of any note, save jewelers, and all the clothes one sees being worn have been made in either Paris or London.

"I noticed some very striking goods in socks and ties. The former were in light colored silk, blue, pink, gray and mauve with a flowery open-work pattern on the instep, which could vie

OUTING COLLAR.
A good style of soft collar for outing wear. The ends are fastened down with tabs.

with the most elaborate designs in feminine hose. This distinct partiality for bright colored and flashy socks which appears to be popular in England and France may doubtless be attributed to the present fashion of wearing low shoes and turned up trousers, thus leaving the sock visible at the ankle even in walking. The ties at this same establishment were each of one color, but with a very pretty frost pattern worked into the texture. The silk was exceptionally heavy and also the price, fifteen francs ($3), which in this country is unusually high. At another shop in the same street there were some ties with the same frosted pattern, but in this instance the design was worked in silk of a lighter shade than that of the ground color, though in no case was a foreign color introduced. Large hemstitched colored silk handkerchiefs with big white spots were being featured at the same time.

"The Frenchmen, unlike the Englishmen, have not the same liking for big handkerchiefs and usually favor small linen ones, but little larger than a good sized lady's handkerchief.

THREE TYPES OF OVERCOAT FOR EVENING WEAR.
The Opera Cape, the Inverness and the Chesterfield.

"PLAZA"

When purchasing your collars, let W. G. & R. be first and foremost in your mind—it will mean that your personal taste and discrimination are receiving a just reward.

The new "PLAZA" above pictured is fashioned to fit—it does not have to be forced.

PERRIN GLOVES
STYLE-FIT-DURABILITY

SOLD EVERYWHERE

TRADE MARK

Look at the string you once called a tie! Wear a Mitchell "Slide-Easy" tie with your high-fold collars and you won't have to pull it out of shape.

Niagara Neckwear Co., Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ontario

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EACH TIE
Mitchell Slide-Easy Tie
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Can be procured in most first-class shops, or they can get them for you in the very latest colorings and best quality of silks at 50 cents. Insist on getting this tie for value and comfort, or write for addresses of shops which keep them.

Setting The Styles

Fit-Reform leads the fashions because Fit-Reform creates the garments that gentlemen wear.

Fit-Reform Spring Suits and Overcoats are the arbiters of style—they set the styles in every section of this country.

So — you are absolutely certain to be correctly and becomingly dressed when you wear Fit-Reform garments.

Have you seen the latest creations of the Fit-Reform designer in 1, 2 and 3 button Sack Suits? They are superb.

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G. HAWLEY WALKER LIMITED
126 Yonge Street. Sole Agents in Toronto.

"Everything Looks Good to Me Now!"

That's the way you feel when you have the

Williams' Clip

attached to your eye-glasses. No more worry, expense or bother, because "they can't slip with the Williams' Clip." With them, protect your glasses against the gusty winds of March.

Prices 35c, 75c and $1.50.

J. C. Williams
OPTICIAN
131 Yonge St. Toronto
KODAKS

You are interested

enough in the appearance of your clothes to desire when you send them out to the cleaner's they'll not only look well when they come back, but six months or a year later.

That's the kind of work we guarantee to do.

We are the only people in Toronto who clean and dye garments and articles sent to us individually or separately.

Every process is prepared just for your garment alone.

Can't you see how much more satisfactory results are bound to be from this method—our method—than by mixing everyone's clothes together irrespective of the special treatment certain fabrics require?

It costs you no more, and we share mutually in the advantage.

A. F. BURTWELL'S
Dye Works
347 Dundas St., Toronto

Toronto Saturday Night
Dear Editor
Enclosed please find $3.00 for one year's subscription to "The Paper worth While."
My address is
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Yours truly
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The Finest Brews

COSGRAVE'S

No amount of money can buy better. On sale at all dealers and hotels

DO YOU DANCE ?

Then don't make any mistake, but engage MEYER'S BALLROOM at SUNNYSIDE.

IT IS THE VERY BEST

HALIFAX FISH CAKE
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb Cartons.

ANECDOTAL

LIKE Lord Charles Beresford, Rear-Admiral Sir Alfred Winsloe is credited with a lively sense of humor. Once, holidaying at a small seaside village on the South coast, he had an amusing experience with an old retired merchant captain who had failed to recognize in the stranger a brother sailor.

Standing on the beach, the admiral felt conscious of the other's keen scrutiny, and laughingly gave himself a hitch.

The old fellow looked him over carefully again. Then, after a long silence, as if he had thought over the matter quite thoroughly, he turned to Sir Alfred, took the pipe from his mouth, and remarked: "All ye need now's a wooden leg t' be a real admiral."

* * *

THIS story was recently told by an after-dinner speaker in ridiculing the pretensions of certain snobbish American families to be descended from Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, Richard Cœur de Lion, and so forth.

Policeman (to whom Old Lady has been complaining of the destruction of her flower-beds): "Perhaps it's birds, Mum!"
Old Lady (sharply): "Tut, tut; more like two-legged birds!"

Once a millionaire trust president went to a herald for a coat of arms. He knew none of his ancestors, nor had he any means of tracing them.

"Oh, we'll arrive at something yet," the undiscouraged herald said. "Tell me, now, if you have ever performed any signal or heroic feat on your own account?"

"Well," said the millionaire, "I was once in jail and I escaped by sawing the bars of a fourth-story window."

"And how did you get down from that great height?" the herald asked.

"Well, there was a lofty statue of George Washington in front of the window and I tied a rope to that and slid down."

"Good!" cried the herald. "Lineally descended from George Washington! We'll give you Washington's arms, of course."

* * *

ONE of the new women visited a Boston fortune teller.

"Lady," said the fortune teller, shuffling the cards, "the fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm."

"Will he be young?"

"Yes; young and rich."

The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm.

"But how," she cried eagerly, "how am I to get rid of my present husband?"

* * *

LAST summer Louise Closser Hale, author and actress, and Dorothy Donnelly, a sister professional, went to Europe. On the way across the Atlantic, Mrs. Hale inspired the admiration of a handsome boat flirt, whose attentions she evaded until one sunny morning he encountered her in enraptured contemplation of the summer sea as she leaned over the rail. He approached, and in propitiatory tones inquired:

"What, may I ask, makes you so happy to-day?" And Miss Donnelly from her deck chair saw Mrs. Hale look up at him with a beatific smile and say:

"Because I don't know you!"

* * *

IT was a picnic party of genuine city-dwellers out for "a day with nature," that finally went into camp on the banks of a pretty stream and spread their lunch. They were just settling themselves when one of the girls, with a little scream pointed to a small, green "thing" that had climbed from the water and which was regarding them solemnly.

"Oh, what is it? Will it bite?" was demanded in a feminine chorus, as skirts were hastily gathered up. One of the young men approached the strange animal and cautiously poked at it with his cane.

"Oh, I say, you know!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up. "You know, I really and truly believe that this is one of those things they get frogs' legs from, by Jove, I do!"

* * *

THE Rev. Stanford Culver Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, is relating a street-car incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman, and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare-taker, but had received no change.

"I wanta da nick," complained the Neapolitan.

"You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?"

And the conductor moved to the rear platform.

The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme five cints change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp. Gimme five cints." And he got it.

* * *

A FRIEND met a cheerful Irish citizen who had plainly suffered some hard knocks.

"Well, Pat, how are you getting along now?" he inquired.

"Oh, Oi'm hard up yet, but Oi have a fine job in Honolulee, and fare paid. Oi sail tomorry."

"Sure man, you'll never be able to work there. The temperature is 100 in the shade."

Pat had endured too much cheerfully to be discouraged.

"Well," he replied hopefully, "Oi'll not be wurrkin' in th' shade all th' toime."

* * *

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH, at a luncheon in New York, said with a good-humored mockery of the suffragettes:

"If they keep on their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a decollette gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix—Mr. Dash, regarding the pretty little lady indulgently, said with a sigh: 'You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money.'

"She flung her white arms around his neck. 'You dear old boy,' she cried, 'what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you.'"

* * *

A CERTAIN physician spends much time in charitable practice. In fact, he sometimes gives to a poor patient enough money to pay for prescriptions. "I'm not getting rich," he explains, "but I simply can't see them suffer for medicine that may put them on their feet again."

Not many days ago the doctor had occasion to visit a woman who occupied one small tenement room with her three children. After making out a prescription he gave her $2, telling her to buy the medicine and to use the change for needed food. On the following day, as he was about to enter the tenement for a second call, he met the 10-year-old daughter of the patient.

"How is your mother?" he inquired of the child.

"Oh, she's well," was the answer. "She took that $2 and got a real doctor."

* * *

HAROLD, aged nine, came home the other day in such a state as to cause great perturbation in the household.

"Mercy!" exclaimed his mother. "How on earth, Harold, did you manage to get your clothes so frightfully torn?"

Harold assumed a virtuous air. "Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked," he explained.

"That was fine of you, Harold!" was the enthusiastic response of the parent. "And who was the little boy?"

"Me."

* * *

A CERTAIN father, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee.

"Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?"

"Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly; "George is my holding company—that's all."

* * *

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE is famous, of course, for his brilliant repartee and biting sarcasm. "I am here ——" he remarked once at a political meeting, but before he had time to finish the sentence, a noisy interrupter had chimed in, "And so am I."

But the retort was as quick as it was overwhelming. "Yes—but you are not all there!"

"What do our opponents really want?" he inquired in a recent speech. In the momentary pause that followed the question there came a voice husky from the effects of alcohol, "What I want is a change of Government."

"No, no," was the ready reply, "what you really want is a change of drink."

* * *

THE case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness. "Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"The fact is," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

* * *

IN the town where Rev. Dr. Emmons was pastor lived a physician tinctured with the grossest form of pantheism, who declared that if he ever met Dr. Emmons he would easily floor him in argument. One day they met at the home of a patient. The physician, says the Nashville Banner, abruptly asked Dr. Emmons:

"How old are you, sir?"

The doctor astonished at his rudeness, quietly replied: "Sixty-two; may I ask, sir, how long you have lived?"

"Since the creation," was the reply of the pantheist.

"Ah, I suppose, then, you were in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve?"

"I was there, sir."

"Well," said the wily divine, "we all know there was a third person present."

VIE DE BOHEME.

Painter: "There goes the carafe, hang it! And it'll make a nasty clean patch on the floor."—Punch.

What is the test of good Underwear?

Comfort and Health are affected by the underwear we use.

To select suitable underwear we want to know what has given the greatest satisfaction to others and why it has given satisfaction.

This brings us at once to JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR which is the most used and the best liked of any underwear in the world.

This is due to its high quality and its absolute purity.

It gives longer wear, greater comfort and greater health security than any other kind of underwear.

TRADE MARK
DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., Limited
231 Yonge Street - - Toronto
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
Steele Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg

OF ALL the periods interesting to the collector of antiques none offer more beautiful or more practical subjects than the Georgian era. Here you will see examples of Chippendale, Sheraton, Old Brass and Silver Candlesticks, China Cabinets, Sheffield Plate, in a richness and variety not to be found elsewhere. Visit our New Galleries. Much will be found to interest and instruct

B. M. & T. Jenkins
Antique Gallery
422-424 Yonge St. - Toronto

WE beg to announce the arrival of our Spring Materials. The importations will be found to include many tasteful novelties, and as a whole will comprise the most attractive showing of goods for Men's wear ever brought to Canada. We cordially invite inspection.

★ ★

THE above illustration shows the "YEOMANRY" waterproof coat, a superior line of rain garments we have imported from Anderson & Anderson, London, Eng., and for which special coat we are sole agents in Toronto.

The excellent merits of this garment for *riding, hunting, motoring,* or *walking,* will be readily noticed by those who inspect them.

★ ★

BURTON MEN'S TAILOR
73 KING ST. W.

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW. THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, WHICH WERE TAKEN FROM ABOVE THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARENA, GIVE AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF THE GENERAL ASPECT OF THE SHOW. THEY ALSO GIVE EVIDENCE OF THE MANNER IN WHICH ALL THE AVAILABLE SPACE OF THE BUILDING HAS BEEN TAKEN UP.

THE most successful motor show ever held in Canada has drawn to a close. From start to finish it has been a real triumph for those who had it in charge, as also for the different automobile companies who had exhibits there. It was a success, not only as a display, but also as a business proposition. For, when all is said and done, an automobile show is not merely a place where a lot of new cars are lined up for the admiration of casual visitors, but it is above all an opportunity for prospective buyers to see the different makes of cars in close proximity, so that they can decide between rival claimants with greater ease, and so come to a quick decision with regard to their own individual purchase.

One had only to witness the cheery smiles of the various agents at the show to realize that sales were numerous and that everyone in the business was happy. And certainly the St. Lawrence Arena seemed to be filled all through the show with an enthusiastic and keen-eyed crowd of visitors, who carefully went over the cars and kept the agents busy answering questions. And very many of these visitors were from out of town.

"It's surprising the number of people from neighboring small towns that have bought cars," said one agent to the writer. "I have had dozens of men in, who looked as if they had just left the old farm for a week-end holiday in the city, but who have shown a most intelligent interest in the cars, and have also made many purchases. And they weren't pikers either, for they bought good cars. The other agents have had similar experiences."

And certainly the cars should have sold on their mere appearance. Every year seems to witness a greater and greater refinement in the lines of automobiles and an increase of luxury in the equipment. And the present year marks a great advance in this direction. Even the most inexperienced of visitors could not help recognizing this in the show just over, and on every side were heard exclamations of wonder at the fine appearance of the various cars. Nor did this apply merely to the very high-priced automobiles, for, if anything, interest was centered more in the smaller and cheaper cars, which were sold like the proverbial "hot cakes." But sales were brisk with all kinds of cars, and the result was a general boom for the automobile business here.

As the development of trade is the principal aim of a motor show, the exhibition just over may well be regarded as an unqualified success. It was also a most enjoyable entertainment, even for the man who doesn't know a carbureter from a universal joint, and whose income wouldn't permit him to pay the gasoline expenses of a two-cylinder runabout. The hall was handsomely decorated, the automobiles made a superb display, and while it lasted the show was one of the best places in town to spend an afternoon or evening in. Those who were responsible for the show are greatly to be congratulated.

* * *

MOTOR-MEN all over the country are much interested in a motor-vehicle bill introduced recently in Congress by Representative Cocks, of New York. The measure is one which has been advocated in many quarters for some years. It provides for national registration, such as will be recognized in every State, and creates a new bureau especially charged with administration of the law, a commission, secretary, and clerks being provided for. A registration fee of $5 will be imposed, the owner of a car being required to furnish a detailed description of his machine. National registration tags will be provided, with a number and the name of the State to which the owner belongs.

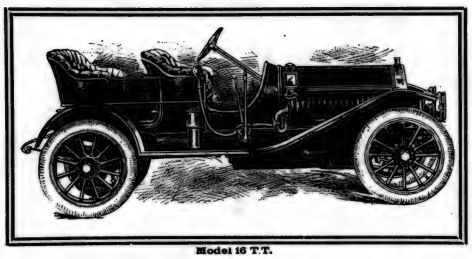
In case an owner violates any of the provisions under which licenses are granted, registration will be forfeited, with all the privileges it confers. No owner, having once forfeited his license, can secure another until he has paid his fee a second time and, in addition, has paid a penalty of $25. Another penalty is imposed for the use of a fictitious number; found guilty of this offence, an owner will be denied registration for five years. Automobile men are expected to visit Washington in order to urge this bill upon Congress, the sentiment in its favor being understood to be quite general.

Meanwhile at Albany efforts are under way to revive and pass the motor-bill which last year, chiefly for the reason that New York and other large cities were deprived by it of the right to regulate local traffic, received the veto of Governor Hughes. A clause meeting this objection is to be inserted in the bill before its passage is now urged. Other amendments are likely also to be included. The feature of this bill which has roused most discussion is the elimination of restrictions on speed, the chauffeur (or owner, if driving his own car) being made responsible for maintaining a speed that will be reasonably safe under the conditions existing at different times. The license fee imposed under this bill is $5 for cars under twenty horse-power; $6 for those between twenty and thirty, and $10 for for those over thirty horse-power. It is believed that from this source a revenue of $500,000 will be derived. Provision is made for expending this money in improving roads.

* * *

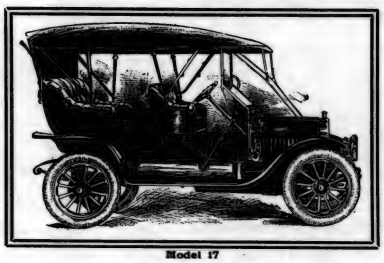
VISITORS to the recent motor car shows, of which there have been several large ones in addition to the two held in New York, have shown much interest in the improvements made in cars used as trucks and delivery wagons. Outwardly these cars have not changed much from the old models, but in details notable improvements have been

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK McLAUGHLIN-BUICK



Model 16 T.T.

The Show is Over Now, Let's Get Back to Normal



Model 17

YOU went to the Show, saw many lovely cars of various size, color, type and price—were readily assured that each and every car was made just for you—you read lots of pretty and sometimes interesting little booklets—*BUT*

What car are you going to Buy? What car suits your requirements? The Motor Show is a sort of school for *dissolution* and *disillusion*.

Just as soon as you arrive, a process of elimination begins. One by one you cross this and that car from your list until it narrows down to a certain few, and invariably, in this final sifting out, will be found the McLaughlin-Buick.

And it doesn't take a seive to complete that process either. Your own eyes—eager to find the best motor car value—will, after inspection, fall and remain upon that one name "McLaughlin-Buick"—a name which stands for beauty of design, luxuriousness, and best of all—*POWER*.

So complete is this big line that doctors, lawyers, merchants, men in every walk of life, are satisfied owners of McLaughlin-Buick.

We make every type of car from the small Roadster to the great Touring car; motor trucks for every conceivable purpose, and we handle also the famous Welch car and Reliance Truck.

Come to our garage and see another show *FREE*.

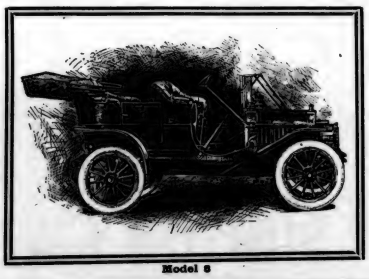
EXCERPT from recently pulished report showing the result of tests made on the engine and transmission of a McLaughlin-Buick Model "17"—at the Mechanical Engineering Laboratories of the School of Mining, Queen's University, Kingston:

"Unfortunately the gasoline that had to be used was of a very poor grade, its specific gravity being only 65.5 Beaume at 60 F.

Under these circumstances especially, the high economy of the engine, as shown by the low fuel consumption, must be considered most extraordinary, and can be ascribed only to a very careful and scientific design with respect to valves, ports, cams, compression, location of valves, etc., and to good workmanship.

"The rated horse-power of the car, according to Royal Automobile Club and A.L.A.M. rating, would be 27 H.P. at road wheels and 32.4 H.P. at flywheel.

"At 1,000 revolutions per minute, the engine developed 34.45 H.P. at the rear axle, or 27.6 per cent. more than its rating; at 1,578 revolutions per minute. 40.1 H.P., or *an excess of 48.5 per cent. over its rated power.*



Model 8

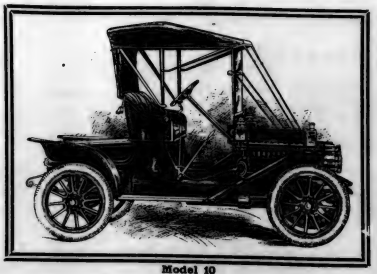
McLaughlin Motor Car Co.

Limited

Head Office and Factory: OSHAWA

Toronto Show Rooms:

Corner Church and Richmond Streets



Model 10

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW.
The entrance to the Arena, showing the pillars crowned with ferns and colored lights. This part of the exhibit was largely devoted to automobile accessories.

made. The chief difficulty heretofore has been the inaccessibility of parts. Engineers and others have, however, insisted that motor trucks should be so designed as to permit the attaching of the different vital parts one to another in such a way that any one part can be easily removed without disturbing others. These conditions should not only be required, but they should be secured without sacrificing strength, or adding to the weight of the vehicle.

Heretofore so simple a thing as something wrong in the transmission might involve taking the whole car almost to pieces before the bearing could be properly fixed and the car sent on its way. In these circumstances, repair bills rendered to owners of trucks have been so heavy that they have grown skeptical as to the economy of using such vehicles in preference to horse-drawn wagons. Another source of complaint has been the engine and other bearings, frequently made too small to withstand the strain and shock to which such vehicles are submitted. While gears had already been made amply strong enough to transmit all the power which the engine could develop, the designers had not taken into full account the unforeseen strains. The tendency in the new designs has been, on the one hand, to reduce the horse-power and, on the other, to increase the strength of the gear. In this year's cars all gears are stronger. Special attention along these lines has been paid to axle, steering-apparatus, frames, springs, and radiators.

* * *

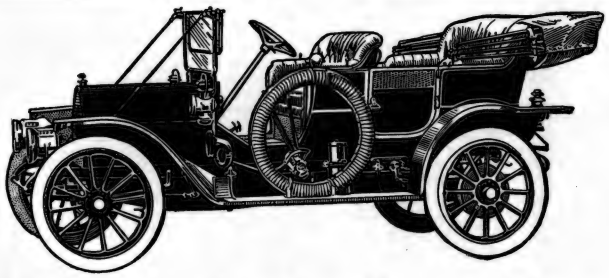
PRELIMINARY action has already been taken with reference to racing dates, reliability contests, etc., among motorists during the present year. It is hoped that though action thus early there will be, this year, no conflict in dates. To each association has been allotted a certain date, in order that no other may choose the same date. The following are some of the dates arranged for:—

Reliability Contests—Philadelphia, Century Motor Club, Quaker City Motor Club, April 15; Denver to Mexico—Flag to Flag—G. A. Wahlgreen, May 1; Hartford Auto Club, May 1; Harrisburg Motor Club, May 2 to 7; Norristown Auto Club, May 18; Fort Worth Star-Telegram contest, May 22; Detroit Auto Dealers' Association, May 25; National (Glidden) Tour, June 15-30; Denver Motor Club, June; New York to Seattle, July 4; Philadelphia to Wildwood, Wildwood Auto Club, July 2; Minneapolis Auto Club, August 1; Munsey Tour, August 15; Minneapolis (State Auto Association), August 31; Philadelphia to Wildwood, Wildwood Auto Club, September 3; Cleveland Auto Club, September; Kansas City Auto Club, September; Louisville Auto Club, October 8; Chicago Motor Club, October 15; Denver Motor Club, October; Worcester Auto Club, October.

Road Races—Denver Motor Club, May 30; Riverhead, Motor Contest Association, June 1; Chicago Auto Club, June 25; Grand Rapids Auto Club, middle July; Denver Motor Club, September 5; Lowell Auto Club, September 5; Vanderbilt Motor Cups Holding Company, October 1; Fairmount Park Motor Club. October 8.

Hill Climbs—Atlanta Journal, February 22; Kansas City Auto Club, April; Bridgeport Auto Club, May 30; Wilkesbarre Auto Club, June 11; Worcester Auto Club, June 4; Cleveland Auto Club, June; Upper Westchester Auto Club, June 18; Plainfield Auto Club, July 11; Richfield Springs Auto Club, middle July; Chicago Motor Club, middle August; Denver Motor Club, November.

Track Races—New Orleans Auto Club, February 5 and 6: Montgomery



Four-Cylinder Reo

A high-powered car—rich and handsome—for $1,500

This car, at this price, is so remarkable an achievement, that the thinking man will want it explained. The 1910 Reo catalogue (now ready) tells bottom facts and reasons why. Here are only a few:

A vast amount of power developed in a long stroke motor (4 x 4½) with big intake and exhaust valves (one at the top, and one on the side of the cylinder) letting in and discharging a great amount of gas. Every working part of the car is thought out and developed to the last degree of perfection, and is machined down to the ultimate possible refinement. We put the costs where they count for power and effectiveness. The water-cooling, for instance: a strong, effective pump that rapidly sends a great amount of water right straight to the point where it is most needed (the exhaust valve) before cooling the rest of the motor. Cam gears designed to open the valves more quickly than they have ever been opened before in any car. Lubrication system which, without waste or contamination of oil, puts it where it does the most good (the main bearings of the motor and the face of the cam gears) and afterwards sends a proper amount of oil spray to the working side of the cylinders and pistons. A clutch that positively engages and releases at the will of the operator. The whole working mechanism of the car from stem to stern is protected from dust, with the leakage of oil made almost impossible. The saving of friction has been worked out and is exemplified in this car to an extraordinary degree. Another great power-waster is lost motion, which is avoided first by great refinement in manufacture, and second, by making possible quick adjustments of all parts likely to become loose—the connecting rods and main bearings, for example (easily reached through a hand hole in the crank case), the bevel gear (easily reached through the rear axle housing), and so on throughout the entire mechanism.

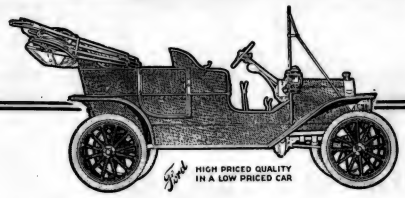
Our book tells the facts exactly—how it was possible to produce such a car at such a price. Send for it.

You Can do it with a REO

Made at St. Catharines, Ontario
BY
The Reo Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

You Can do it with a REO

Toronto: International Motor Car Co., 60-64 Jarvis St.
St. Catharines: The Reo Garage.
Hamilton: The Hamilton Garage Company.
Ottawa: Ketchum & Co.



Every Argument Regarding Weight Favors the FORD Car

If weight meant strength, an automobile built of cast-iron would be superior to one of special steel. Lead, too, is good for ballast, if ballast is important, but because quality, not quantity, is the prime essential of strength, the Ford Vanadium steel, Model "T" car is the lightest automobile manufactured.

If weight meant safety a canal-boat might be fitted up with a high-powered engine, and sent out for passenger service on the high seas, or a freight engine on the Squeedunk & Podunk R.R. sent in to handle passenger service on the New York central. Weight did not prevent those heavy racing cars at Indianapolis from killing seven men in three days.

If weight meant comfort, a sight-seeing truck ought to be ideal for cross-country touring. But it is not. Try riding over a rough piece of country road in a Model "T," the lightest car made, and then select any other car you choose, no weight or price restrictions, and if the matter of easy riding decides it, Ford gets the order.

If weight meant durability, would there be as many heavy "last year's cars" traded in every year for new cars? People are not trading in Ford cars. Second-hand Fords are hard to get. There is a farmer not a hundred miles from Toronto who is using daily the Ford car he bought in 1904.

Here is what heavy weight does actually mean—more gasoline, more tires, more oil and more repairs. The maintenance bills of the light Ford car bear just about the same proportion to the heavy car bills as the Ford weight does to the heavy weight. Twice the weight costs twice as much to run, and then some. That is just plain, common-sense argument, not mystery at all.

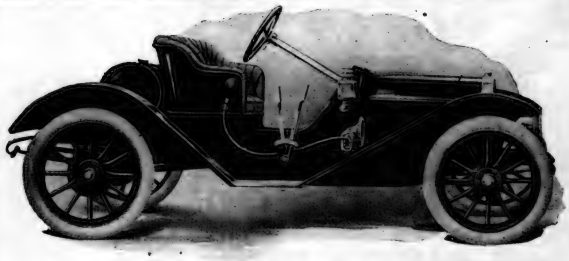
The Ford Model "T" will cost less to run more days in more months for more years than any car manufactured. It will climb hills, travel through mud, sand or rocks with or better than any car built. It costs less to buy and less to keep than any other car. It looks good, is good and makes good. It is a quality car from start to finish—that is why it weighs less.

Space at Automobile Show. Private Show at Branch Store.

4-cylinder 20 h.p. 5-passenger Touring car, with complete equipment, $1,150.00; Roadster, $1,100.00; Turnabout, $1,150.00; Coupe, $1,250.00; Town car, $1,400.00. All prices f.o.b. Factory at Walkerville.

Toronto Branch: 53-59 Adelaide St. W., Toronto
Phone M. 1014

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited



THE CHARACTER OF ITS OWNERS IS A KEY TO THE CHARACTER OF THE CAR

IT is chiefly the motor-wise, the men who know—that purchase Oaklands. Their characters are portrayed in the car they choose, and certainly the "Oakland" has character enough to fulfil the desires of the brainiest man.

Look at the above reproduction. Isn't it a splendid car—speedy in appearance as well as reality, and hasn't it got "character" in its every line? It seems to be proud of the fact that "Oakland" is written on its radiator. The man who owns an Oakland may feel justly proud, too—with him on the owners list, are hard-headed men of success who know how to seek and recognize true worth and value in a car.

See this speedy Roadster Model "24."

At $1,300, it's the biggest value in Canada to-day.

That the position occupied by the Oakland car in the motor world is well deserved, was again exemplified at the Toronto Show; the Oakland exhibit attracting more attention than any other part of the entire Show.

The Imperial Motor Car Co., Ltd.
Sole Canadian Distributors for Oldsmobile and Oakland Cars and Rapid Trucks
80 KING STREET EAST - - TORONTO

Russell

SIX CARDINAL POINTS

1. Specially designed to meet our road conditions.
2. Made in Canada in one of the best equipped factories in America.
3. A great organization of branches and agencies all over Canada to give intelligent care to the car wherever it goes.
4. Thirty-five per cent. customs saved over imported cars.
5. No long wait for parts in case of accident—no customs delay or expense.
6. A guarantee that gives real protection.

When you consider the tremendous importance to an automobile owner of these great advantages and add to them the quality for which the Russell is famous you will appreciate the value which is offered you.

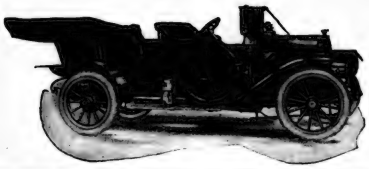
FOUR BIG LEADERS

Russell "28" with Knight Motor $5,000
Russell "22" with Knight Motor 3,500
Russell "30" with powerful Valve Motor..... 2,350 fully equipped.
Russell Seven-passenger, with Valve Motor .... 2,760 equipped.

Each car has the standard features, including shaft-drive, selective transmission, floating type of rear axle, etc.

Whatever your requirement this year, there is a Russell to meet them. Send for our Catalogue.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED
WEST TORONTO
"MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES"
Branches: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



MEERSCHAUM
an absolutely pure
plug cut tobacco
Tin foil packages
and pouches

"Tronco" Port
BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY
TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1692)
AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
SPRING VACATION EXCURSIONS
Atlantic City, Cape May
WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, OCEAN CITY, N.J.
MARCH 25, 1910
Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion and returning on all regular trains until April 8, inclusive.

WASHINGTON
MARCH 25 AND APRIL 8, 1910
Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion and good returning on all regular trains until April 4 and 18, respectively.

$11.00 from Buffalo
STOP-OVER allowed at Philadelphia returning on seashore tickets, and at Philadelphia and Baltimore returning on Washington tickets.

Through trains leave Buffalo 9.00 A. M., 7.30 and 10.45 P. M. Night trains make direct connection at Philadelphia for Atlantic City via Delaware River Bridge. Consult Ticket Agents, Canadian Pacific Ry., Grand Trunk Ry., T., H. & B. Ry., or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. R. WOOD
Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD
General Passenger Agent

(Ala.) Auto Association, February 12 or April 20; Birmingham Police Relief Association, April 27; Atlanta Auto Association, May 5, 6, and 7; Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 29, 30, and 31; Bay State Auto Association, May 30; Brighton Beach, Motor Racing Association, May 30; Quaker City Motor Club, June 4; Columbus Auto Club, June 14; Indianapolis Motor Speedway, July 1, 2, and 4; Dallas Auto Club, July 4; Cheyenne (Wyo.) Motor Club, July 4; St. Paul, State Automobile Association, July 4; Wildwood Motor Club, July 4; North Wildwood Auto Club, August 6; Cheyenne (Wyo.) Motor Club, August 17; Cheyenne (Wyo.) Motor Club, September 5; Wildwood Motor Club, September 5; North Wildwood Auto Club, September 5; Galveston Cotton Carnival, July; Kansas City Auto Club, July 23; Quaker City Motor Club, August 6; Indianapolis Motor Speedway, August 12 and 13; Indianapolis Motor Speedway, September 2, 3, and 5; Minneapolis State Fair, September 5 and 10; Providence Auto Club, September 9 and 10; Indianapolis Motor Speedway, October 7 and 8; Dallas Auto Club, October 25; Atlanta Auto Association, November 15; New Orleans Auto Club, November 5 and 6; San Antonio Auto Club, November 6, 9, and 13.

For the national tour in competition for the Glidden trophy, assigned to a date between June 13 and June 30, the route outlined tentatively embraces 2,300 miles, and is as follows: Starting at Cincinnati, O.; thence to Louisville, Ky.; Nashville and Memphis, Tenn.; Little Rock and Texarkana, Ark.; Dallas, Texas; Oklahoma City, Wichita, and Topeka, Kan.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, and Davenport, Ia.; Rock Island and Moline, Ill., and thence Chicago.

* * *

WITH Frank X. Zirbies at its wheel, the Mitchell Ranger, which recently acted as pacemaker in the national highway tour from New York to Atlanta, after having a few months before successfully carried war despatches from New York to San Francisco, has started from Cincinnati to cover the 1910 route of the Glidden tour which will begin in that city about the middle of June and end about three weeks later in Chicago.

The early start of the pathfinding automobile over the Glidden tour route that traverses ten States, nearly half of them below the Mason and Dixon line, and passes through territory never before invaded by the annual touring event, is in response to a demand from motorists all over the country, as well as from the manufacturers for data on the course. That the sixth Glidden tour will be a supreme test for the mechanism of the best cars is the verdict of the technical automobile men who laid out the touring route.

The widest variety of road conditions is expected in Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. Advance information gathered by driver Zirbies is that floods, ice, snow and deep mud may be encountered at intervals along the entire route, with a possibility of enforced detours in the Mississippi River valley on account of inundations.

The Glidden tour annually has been increasing in strenuous features, due to the development of the cars and the industry. In 1905 it began in New York city and terminated in the same city after a trip of 870 miles in New England. The following year the route from the starting point at Buffalo led the tourists through Ontario and Quebec to the finish at Rangeley Lake, Me., 1,150 miles. In 1907 the start was made at Cleveland, Chicago being the western terminus and New York the concluding point, a distance of 1,570 miles. In 1908 the tour began at Buffalo, and, running through Pennsylvania, New York and Maine, it finished at Saratoga, a distance of 1,670 miles. In 1909 the longest and severest tour of all, began in Detroit and was concluded on a hard run east from Denver to Kansas City after having touched Chicago, Minneapolis and Omaha, the total distance having been 2,640 miles.

As planned for 1910 the tour will be about 2,200 miles. The principal cities in which controls may be expected after leaving Cincinnati are Louisville, Ky.; Nashville and Memphis, Tenn.; Little Rock and Texarkana, Ark.; Dallas and Fort Worth, Tex.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Topeka and Wichita, Kan.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Des Moines, Cedar Rapids and Davenport, Io.; Rock Island, Moline and Chicago, Ill.

* * *

NEWS comes from the Pacific Coast that it has been decided to put no less than thirty-seven events on the programme of the inaugural seven days' meet of the new Los Angeles Motordrome in April. Races at all sorts of distances will give every form of car, specially built or "stock," an opportunity to show to its best advantage in numerous events.

In addition, the management will hold a twenty-four hour race, and has asked the A. A. A. to set aside April 30 and May 1 for this contest. It is expected that owing to the few changes of tires made necessary, and the fast surface of the track, all world's 24-hour records will be beaten.

For the inaugural meet, large cash prizes are offered for professional events and handsome trophies for amateur races, and the fields in each class are expected to be larger than usual. The fact that the handicapping will be in charge of an expert means that close finishes may be looked for, as was the case at Atlanta.

* * *

THE man who goes out for a trial spin in a sample car of one of the makes he is thinking of buying, says T. S. Dayton in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly, usually overlooks entirely one of the most interesting and instructive features of the motor game. It is the "demonstrating chauffeur"—the silent young man who so effaces himself that he seems the least noticeable part of the car's mechanism. Yet this person, who generally chews gum steadily and always appears to be sitting on the back of his neck, is a professor of Driving as a Fine Art.

To the people in the car he is simply "the showfer." He has taken no degrees except in the college of experience. Few around the big agency garage know more than his first name. But the cashier who passes him his weekly pay-envelope treats him with distinguished consideration, for he draws a salary greater than is paid to many of the masters of the æsthetic arts in the great universities.

The demonstrating chauffeur is one of the nearest approaches to the ideal driver of a motor car, and the most finished exponent of the fine art of driving that can be found. He must know how to run the big machines with the utmost safety for his passengers and himself. He must have no accidents; no "close shaves." Yet, when necessary—and that is usually all the time he is out—he must be able to drive his car up to the legal speed limit over wet or icy asphalt streets thronged with traffic, and to the maximum of its power along winding, hilly country roads. He must have no mishaps of any sort. His task is to show the best that the machine can do, and he accomplishes this with the effortless ease of a great pianist exhibiting the perfection of his art.

This class of chauffeur is in his trade what the general practitioner is in medicine—a specialist in everything. There are many experts in automobile driving who excel in some particular branch of the art, but who shine less brilliantly in others. One man may be unsurpassable in his manner of handling a heavy car in the crowded city streets where each kaleidoscopic change in the traffic presents a new problem every moment. He may be of little value in touring, however, and vice versa.

Nerve is the first and greatest essential of the good driver. "Trusting to luck" and "taking a chance" are not nerve. They are false keys to speed. Coolness and absolutely perfect mental and muscular control when a danger has to be successfully faced and passed—all in less than five seconds—is nerve. Skill, courage, and caution are the other cornerstones on which rests the fine art of driving a motor car.

The famous racing chauffeurs—the men who risk their necks for records—would rather walk than they would ride in a taxicab, or even with the average city or country driver. They shudder at the performances of these chauffeurs and grasp at the cushions in alarm when the auto turns a corner on one wheel. Such men as Fournier, Lancia, Tracy, Jenatzy, or any of a hundred others whose business it is to gamble with death, take no risks except when they are racing. If an elderly gentleman of means wishes an absolutely safe and ultra-cautious chauffeur, this is the class for him to pick from. He can charge up the extra cost to "insurance."

In town driving the chauffeur has to take advantage of every opening with confidence tempered with caution. A man who has been a skilled coachman frequently makes one of the best sorts of city chauffeur. By experience he has learned to be a good judge of distance. Accuracy in this is often of prime importance. Also the ex-coachman has more consideration for horse-drawn vehicles than the man who has never driven anything but a motor car. The former knows how annoying it is to have a machine rush in ahead of a spirited team and make them rear and paw the air with fright. He realizes that other users of the streets and roads have the same rights as the autoist.

In brief, the automobile should be driven like any fast carriage without taking undue advantage of its speed resources or the ability to control and to stop it promptly. Further than

THE POTSDAM MOTOR CYCLE.

This new form of motor cycle has recently been on view on the Mollmannschen track at Potsdam. On each side it has an auxiliary tired wheel, which can be raised or lowered, in order to add to the stability of the machine when going slowly or at rest, and to prevent side-slips. It can be made to accommodate two passengers. It is here seen with the auxiliary wheels raised, going at the speed of thirty-eight miles an hour.

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL LIMITED
Mark of Quality

After all it's Nothing but Sheer DURABILITY That Determines The REAL Value of a Tire

THE cumulative experiences of thousands of individual tire users put into one concrete opinion would say "durability is what really counts."

—Hard, rough, stony roads, frequent climatic changes and constant hard riding wears out the life of a tire. A tire must not only be made of good stock, but in the most modern and scientific way to return the maximum of service on the purchaser's investment.

—Automobilists are well acquainted with this fact—some of them painfully, perhaps. All know how frail is the trust that can be reposed in some tires.

—The auto purchaser is more careful in consequence to be mighty particular about the QUALITY of the tires with which his machine is equipped.

—Sad experience is a good teacher.

—Sad experience has caused many an autoist to lose trust in a tire that was not worthy of that confidence.

—There is a significant connection between the spread of this feeling as applied to auto tires in general and the fact that our total tire business for 1909 was 500 per cent. in excess of the foregoing year.

—It looks as if the "CANADIAN AUTOMOBILE TIRE" has made good and is doing exactly what we say it will.

—One man wrote us and said that he had covered 4,000 miles to the Quebec Tercentenary over every variety of roadway on scorching hot days on CANADIAN AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

—He further says:

"I consider that I have received more than full returns from the cost of the tires, and am counting anything I now get as gain."

—This man has an opportunity to KNOW tires, for he runs an automobile livery.

—There is no question about the durability of CANADIAN AUTOMOBILE TIRES—they wear and wear and wear.

—Full value—running over—is the reward of the tire purchaser who settles his choice on CANADIAN AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL, LIMITED
Halifax Montreal St. John Toronto Hamilton
Manufacturers of High Grade Automobile Tires
Toronto Branch, 1 Front St. E.
Calgary Winnipeg Regina Vancouver Victoria

this, the chauffeur should keep a watchful eye not only on what is ahead of him in the street, but what is happening on the pavement. People afoot, and especially children, always do the most unexpected things.

A man accustomed to squirming in and out of dense traffic needs to use his horn but little. Of course if a pedestrian does not see the car approaching he should have an audible and timely warning. Persistent hooting when tied up in a traffic block does no good. Also, when in a "pocket," it is better to stop the machine two feet behind the vehicle in front than two inches. Lamps and radiators cost money and are more or less easily broken.

A good town driver—or any other, for that matter—uses his brakes sparingly. He does not swing up to your door at top speed, jam on the brake, and slide for ten or fifteen feet. No locomotive engineer approaches a station that way. He shuts off the power at just the right second and stops easily and gently. Engine driving is a good deal like auto driving, though on a much grander scale. Auto tires cost more money, proportionately, than the tires of an engine.

Prudence is just as essential for the touring driver in the country as it is for the city chauffeur. The ex-coachman has the prudence, but he rarely possesses the requisite nerve, to drive the car at high speed over a country road, and, despite the "fussiness" of constable and deputy sheriffs, that is the great fun in touring.

About one-third of the motor accidents in the country occur at cross-roads or on sharp turns when some other vehicle springs into view unexpectedly. Passing other autos and horse-drawn conveyances on the narrow roads, descending corkscrew hills with undue haste, and turning corners sharply account for most of the other two-thirds of the casualties. For a driver to pass a cross-roads corner at top speed and without sounding his horn, just because he has done the same thing a dozen times before, is taking a gambler's chance. To be ten minutes late at the end of a long journey is more quickly forgotten than a broken neck. To keep to the right side of the road when turning a corner is another good thing to remember. If you swing out too much to get a clearer view, and meet another big machine doing the same thing, it is likely to make a "scare-head story" in the evening papers.

Aside from all these things, no employee or owner who cares at all about the car he is driving is likely to handle it in such a way that it will be in danger of being torn to pieces just because he likes to run fast. The side strain on the wheels and tires and mechanism in general when diverging sharply from a direct line at high speed is more tremendous than most people realize. Weakened tire-covers burst and spokes give way. When they do either the coroner or the repair-man holds the inquest over the results of the wreck.

* * *

AMENDMENTS to the contest rules, approved on February 9 by the board of directors of the American Automobile Association and the Manufacturers' Contest Association, are announced by Chairman S. M. Butler of the contest board.

Provisions have been made for the appointment by the contest board of the referee for every contest, from a selected list of men of undoubted standing, familiarity with and ability to administer the contest rules, located in every locality where contests will be held and known to the promoting clubs and associations in those localities. To the further end of establishing and maintaining the strict compliance of all entrants with the "stock" car requirements of the rules, a technical committee is provided, of which the associate member of the American Automobile Association technical committee in the district where the contest is held, shall be chairman, together with such other technical members as the promoter may appoint, to technically inspect all cars offered for competition and to prevent the entrance of other than bona fide stock cars. The third element to complete the organization of the contest board is found in the official representative of the board previously provided for, who will be in attendance at every contest to cooperate with the referee and the technical committee in the strict enforcement of all of the contest board rules.

Promoters of races must not advertise any contestant who has not been formally entered over his own signature. Special track rules must have the sanction of the contest board. Official sanction must be had for any special form of road trial or test, and must be conducted under a representative of the board. All claims of records must be made to the board within ten days of their accomplishment, and no claim for a record of distance under one mile and up to five miles will be allowed unless taken with a recording automatic time device. All racing drivers must register with the board, and their records will be kept by the board. Unregistered drivers may not compete in sanctioned events.

The definition of an amateur is amended by adding an additional restriction so that "no one who is actively engaged in the automobile or accessory industry" may compete as an amateur. For the protection of the amateur driver and to afford bona fide amateur competition, an Amateur Drivers' Register has been established requiring annual registration with the issuance of a registration card by the contest board. An unregistered amateur may not compete in any sanctioned event. An amateur shall neither enter for nor drive in any contest a car which is the property of any person or corporation actively engaged in the automobile or accessory industry.

For the safety of all concerned, the referee's powers have been broadened, as follows: He shall prohibit any driver or mechanic from entering or continuing in any contest who, in his opinion, is physically unfit. He shall have the right to stop a race before its scheduled termination if emergency demand such action, and in such a case no award shall be made. He may order the postponement of an event for any reason which, in his judgment, after consultation with the promoter and representative of the contest board, may be valid. At his request a driver or mechanic must furnish a physician's certificate as to his physical and optical fitness to enter a race, or may be required to submit to a test to determine such fitness. He may disqualify any driver, mechanic, entrant, or entrant's representative who shows discourtesy toward any official. In the event of a protest, or an appeal to the contest board from the decision of the referee, no prizes shall be delivered until an official decision is rendered.

* * *

IN the realm of the motor car this is show time.

While one show has already been held and is now some two months gone into motoring history, while the first national motor car exhibition ever held in the South—the show at Atlanta, Ga.—was held in November last, the real "show period" in the motorists' year began on New Year's night when the doors of the Grand Central Palace in New York City were opened to display to the public what the motor car makers had prepared to offer as the product of 1910.

To say that there is a deep and genuine interest in motor cars to-day is like saying that two and two make four, and that this interest is shared by the women equally with the men is evident to anyone who has visited the shows of the past few years. Few cars are bought without woman's advice in their selection. And this judgment today extends to things other than the color of the paint or the softness or durability of the upholstery. Time was when these were the only things about which woman's voice was heard or her judgment asked, but "the world do move," and a change has come in each of two directions;—in the development of motor car making, and in woman's knowledge of it. In the early days of the industry, when the motor car was mostly all machine, with a seat or two thrown in wherever space was found, when all makes were pretty much alike and seemed more like glorified motor cycles than comfortable conveyances, the choice was more purely a mechanical one. When the man had decided on the "make" of the new car, the woman was called upon to determine the color and the material for the cushions, if the makers were generous enough to allow any variation from "stock" in these particulars.

Gradually, with its perfection, the machinery was subdued and more attention was given to the real purpose of the car and to the comfort of those who would ride in it. Gradually also, woman's knowledge of what a car should be, to meet the family's requirements, increased. She has learned the advantages of luggage space and comfortable seats in touring cars, and of low doors and unobstructed entrances in town cars and limousines. She has learned, too, that if she is to operate the first of these cars or a runabout herself, the clutch pedal must be within easy reach and not require too much exertion in its operation; that the brakes must be so proportioned and worked out that they will hold the car with no more pressure on them than she can easily apply; that the motor must crank readily or start surely "on the spark"; that spark plugs and such other parts as are most likely to go wrong must be so placed that they can be replaced by her alone without too much difficulty or too much grease; that tires sometimes puncture and, if she would change them all alone (as many women do to-day), they must be of such a type that they can be most easily replaced. She has learned what gear shifting is, and which gear shifting system is the easiest for her to handle. She has learned much about the motor car, and the building of the car has so developed that there is ample opportunity for her to use this knowledge and the appreciation of her own requirements in the selection of the car which she will, at least sometimes, drive herself.

* * *

H. Clifford Brokaw, president of the West Side Y.M.C.A.'s automobile school, recently announced seven "don'ts" for chauffeurs or private owners. They follow:

"Don't smoke a cigar while filling the gasolene tank or you may go under the ground quicker than you expect.

"Don't argue with the officer who arrests you for speeding—it only makes matters worse. Tell it to the judge.

"Don't run away if your machine injures a person. Every law of humanity demands that you do what you can to help the injured, whether the accident is the result of your own or the other fellow's carelessness.

"Don't continue cranking the engine after a kickback without doing something to prevent another kickback. It may mean a broken wrist.

"Don't dismantle the engine entirely if it refuses to start. You may find that you have not turned on the switch or the gasolene.

"Don't chase back along the road looking for a missing cylinder. You will probably find the trouble right under the hood.

Each new season brings us nearer the complete standardization of automobile tires. Odd sizes in rims and fanciful or awkward designs are being gradually eliminated. We have the word of the pioneer automobile tire-makers of Canada that the process is now practically accomplished.

A catalogue of the tires now made by The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company affords an interesting chapter in the history of the automobile in Canada. For several seasons after the automobile was recognized as the coming modern vehicle, Canadians imported their automobiles. These cars soon required new tires and the Dunlop Company took hold of the situation and produced tires to supply the demand. Cars coming from Europe were equipped with solid rim clincher tires in millimeter sizes; cars imported from the United States were equipped with the same type of tire in the inch sizes. These two sizes, not being interchangeable, the Dunlop Company put in a separate series of molds for each, and is still making all sizes in each type and will continue to make them as long as the demand continues.

But the original clincher-type tire is awkward to handle. It is applied by stretching the smaller circumference of the tire over the larger circumference of the rim. Inventors were early at work devising a detachable tire, and one of the first successful designs was secured by the Dunlop Company in 1903 and put on the market as the "Dunlop Perfected Detachable."

The Dunlop perfected rim and tire was followed by many inventions in the detachable type, each featuring a detachable flange on one or both sides. Some of these rims introduced a new basis of tire measurement, but the majority proceeded from the base of measurement adopted for the solid clincher rim. But while the proportions were the same the new detachable tires were not interchangeable on solid clincher rims. Therefore, the Dunlop Company were called upon to supply two other types of tires for detachable rims: A clincher detachable, or quick detachable tire for a detachable rim, having one flange solid and one flange detachable, and a universal detachable tire for a rim having both flanges detachable. It is with these two last types of tires that the process of standardization is being effected. They are interchangeable and will fit any universal rim.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ONTARIO MOTOR LEAGUE.
A view of the banquet hall and the company of motorists which gathered to celebrate a successful year of the Association and the best Motor Show ever held in Toronto.

THE importance of good roads to the motorist, to the farmer, and to the country as a whole, was the keynote of the annual banquet of the Ontario Motor League, which was held on Wednesday night in the King Edward Hotel. This function was attended with the same success as has marked the whole progress of the Show.

In replying to the toast on "Good Roads," Hon. Harold Parker, chairman of the State Highway Association of Massachusetts, said that the improvement of roads in that State had been the best investment the Government had ever made. The Highway Commission, he explained, had control over the motoring public to a great extent, and could deprive owners of their licenses for infractions of the law.

Experiments with at least seven hundred kinds of binding materials to protect macadam roads has at last resulted in the discovery of a mixture of asphalt and oil, which keeps the stones intact, despite the wear of motor-car tires. The speaker strongly recommended a policy by which the large cities would keep up the highways of the counties in which they were located.

The toast to "Good Roads" was proposed by Mr. G. C. Diehl, of Buffalo, chairman of the Good Roads Committee of the American Automobile Association.

The toast to the "Ontario Motor League" was proposed by Mr. Wm. Dobie, and responded to by Mr. E. B. Ryckman, K.C. Mr. Noel Marshall acted as toastmaster.

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With an OVERLAND you ride every day in the year. Car troubles are unknown by you. Nothing to spend money on but gasoline, oil and tires. Very little on these, as the OVERLAND covers more miles per gallon of gasoline than any other car on the market; its mechanical oiling system uses up little oil; and it's light enough to be saving on tires. The most economical car on the market. Price right; car right; you do right when you buy an OVERLAND.

See the new 1910 models which have just arrived. Powerful, speedy, smart in appearance. Biggest and best bargain of all motor cars. A variety of four models to select from, and they're all beauties.

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"The world's greatest piano."—DePachmann.

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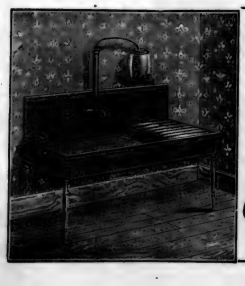

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Aikenhead's
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17-19-21 Temperance Street.

CHARLES Y. KNIGHT, the inventor of a well-known motor, who has lived abroad for some years, recently delivered in Chicago an address on the situation of the motor industry in Europe. While conditions have improved over what they have been for two years past, they are by no means as favorable as in America. Mr. Knight predicts that Europe will never to any great extent rival the United States in production of cars, the proportion of people over there who are able to purchase a car being "very small." Although the roads in Europe are superb, and in France are almost perfection, an American is constantly surprised to notice how few cars he passes in making a tour.

France has the largest number of motor industries to be found in Europe, but even in France the largest establishment ranks, as to size, only with a moderate-size American one. Mr. Knight does not believe there is more than one concern in Europe whose annual output exceeds 2,000 cars, and many of these are taxicabs. The largest output in Germany made by one concern is 1,200 cars. In this country there are a dozen concerns making a larger output than that. In Italy none of the motor factories is doing well and in general the industry there is in a bad way. As to conditions in England, Mr. Knight says:

"It is because of the start which the continental manufacturers secured over the English industry as a result of the tom-fool red-flag law, which remained in force in the United Kingdom until the motor-car became firmly established on the Continent, that the English manufacturer was tardy in the field of development. When this 4-mile limit was repealed there were no English manufacturers of consequence to fill the demand for cars, and the English buyer naturally turned to France and Germany, both of which, because of the unhampered home markets they had enjoyed for years, had created a capacity which served as a basis for filling the demand.

"However, while it may possibly be said that the Englishman is slow to move, conservative to act, and not strikingly original, he does have one characteristic which is valuable enough in the long run to more than make up for the shortcoming, and a trait which is responsible for England's commercial greatness, namely, his staid and persistent steadiness. His methods may be somewhat slow from our point of view, but they are safe and sure. He may not originate a new thing, but he will take it and improve upon it along safe and conservative lines. He will succeed in production where others would abandon an effort in failure. For instance, a few years ago American-made machine tools were almost universally used in the shops of England. To-day the English manufacturer has not only improved the American tool, but gone the originator one better by adapting the design more properly to English requirements.

"So with the English motor-car. In the early days it possibly was constructed to a great extent along the well-known English practise of enormous weights and bulky strength. Latterly, through slow but painstaking evolution weights have been reduced, the quality of material improved, and the product generally refined. I believe to-day that the product of the leading manufacturers of England is of as high a character as that of the manufacturers of any other country in the world. The English are a people of high business morals and unquestioned integrity. Whatever they manufacture partakes largely of these sterling qualities. Cars are not produced for mere selling purposes without regard to what may become of them after they leave the works. In fact I think the very limited area of the country has something to do with the care with which our English cousins put the machines together, because one can start from any corner of the land at daylight and reach the farthest portion by sunset on a summer's day, and the British owner has a very annoying habit when his car is not up to concert pitch of jumping into it and driving to the factory, there to confront the powers that be, as there are no such things as bad roads to protect the shop-engineers from unpleasant calls from any point."

* * *

A real innovation in body building is the "domestic express," which has just been brought out by the White Company. As the name implies, this body is designed to take care of the various odd jobs of moving and delivering which come up from time to time in connection with the home.

* * *

The latest use to which the automobile has been put is that of a travelling bank. It is in use in England. The back of the machine is fitted up similar to a receiving teller's window, and the auto has regular stopping places, where people can deposit their money.

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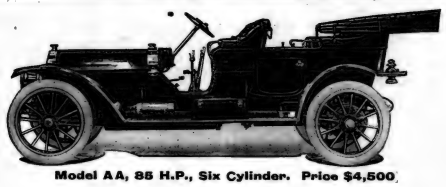

Model AA, 85 H.P., Six Cylinder. Price $4,500

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The Model AA "Stevens-Duryea" is the concentrated result of years of experience.

It is of standardized design—and is the highest exemplification of manufacturing skill, each detail representing a maximum of efficiency with the acme of simplicity.

The history of the Unit Power Plant supported on three Points, of the multiple disc clutch, and the six cylinder motor, is inseparably woven around the Stevens-Duryea name.

The testing of Stevens-Duryea Motors before being assembled in chassis represents the highest degree of perfection of method. The equipment is most complete to note condition and accurately define the power and flexibility of a power plant for motor cars. A test as to adjustment is first made with motor running at both minimum and maximum speeds. An additional run of ten hours under loads varying with the model of engine being tested, is given before motor is taken apart and examined by experts.

Every cylinder, piston, ring, bearing, valve and gear is most critically inspected. The same exhaustive test to which motor section of (unit) is subjected is applied to the clutch, transmission and universal joints of complete power plant.

After being re-assembled motor is run as nearly as possible under conditions to which it will be subjected in road use.

Standards are adopted for each model and every Power Plant has to attain these in the final crucial test. It is this exhaustive initial test that insures to Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars a Power Plant that under any condition of running is uniformly efficient.

Catalogue, showing complete specifications and important details of construction, will be sent free on request.

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SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

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THE OTHER PAGE

IF the "beauty cures" only did all that is claimed for them how charming and attractive all women might be. Unfortunately they only seem to work out in exceptional cases and merely serve to improve the looks of some lucky person who has so much beauty to start with that a little more or less doesn't matter much.

However there's a brand new one being advocated, and the particular charm about it is that it makes for peace of mind and longevity—not that it is called a "beauty cure" by its sponsor—oh, dear no, it is referred to as something quite scientific and high-browed, but just the same that's what it really amounts to when one gets down to the meaning of it all. It doesn't involve any great expenditure of trouble—you just get married—and then there you are.

According to that well known scientist, Dr. Bertillon, married people have three times as much chance to grow old as have unappropriated persons. He also says that as the mortality among widowers is greater than in any other class it is a man's duty from a personal point of view to see that his wife continues to flourish upon this earth. Of course those aren't the terms in which he announces his discovery, but the principal thing is that every woman who has a husband should know that if she dies her husband's career is in all probability also shortened. With this knowledge skilfully used any woman should be able to manage a husband and succeed in getting anything she wants. With the fulfilling of all her wishes will come contentment, and a contented mind as every one knows always makes for beauty.

Once men realize that they risk premature death in not marrying and settling down to a quiet and well ordered and regular life, the chances are there will be comparatively few old maids, the superfluous woman will become beautifully less, and the lords of creation will have a better opportunity of reaching the allotted three score and ten.

If Dr. Bertillon is right, women should be regarded as life savers as well as home makers, for it is owing to their tender care that men live to a green old age. If a man learns to believe that without the quiet, soothing atmosphere of a home he is apt to dwindle away and die, he will regard his wife as his most precious possession, for in driving her from him he will be putting not one but several nails in his coffin.

Whether or not married women are handsomer than their unmarried sisters of similar age and social position, the individual must decide for himself, but it certainly does seem as if the woman who has a home of her own usually has a charm of face and manner which is often lacking in the spinster. Not always—but often.

According to the statistics for one year studied by Dr. Bertillon in France he has found "the deaths in a thousand men among bachelors between the ages of 35 and 40 were nineteen, while those of married men were only eight. Between the age of 55 and 60 the figures were forty-one for the former and twenty-three for the latter.

With women the mortality was twelve and eight between 35 and 40, and twenty-four and eighteen between 55 and 60. The death rates among widows and divorcees were respectively twelve and twenty-one women a thousand."

Certainly it looks as if matrimony were the better part.

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ALL sorts of novel reasons are advanced in the United States as good cause for the separation of husband and wife when one or the other decides that they have come to the parting of the matrimonial way. Some of these are trivial in the extreme, some seem sufficiently serious to warrant so important a step, but the majority are certainly ridiculous.

One suit for divorce coming under the latter heading is surely that brought by a resident of McKeesport, who wishes to be permanently relieved of her husband's society because he isn't an enthusiastic temperance reformer. It is not stated that he drinks unduly or has any too pronounced fondness for the cup that cheers, but the trouble seems to lie largely in the fact that he is not a devoted follower of his wife in her ardent campaign in favor of prohibition. The lady is a leader in the movement to keep McKeesport "dry," and her husband evidently refuses to join the dry squad.

The manner in which matters were brought to a head in the divided-against-itself house is so funny that it sounds as if it were lifted bodily from a vaudeville sketch, and, in fact, a comedian has anticipated by several years the misadventures that befell the head of that household. It seems that the mistress of the house, on hospitality bent, invited her prohibitionist friends to spend the afternoon with her, and the invitation was accepted by every one who got a chance to pay a visit on that occasion, which fact made it all the sadder for the unfortunate husband, as it made the more witnesses to his fall from grace.

All went well at the prohibition party until one of the guests decided she wanted a glass of water and went to the ice cooler and fetched it. She sipped the contents, then she sipped again, and then she was puzzled. Never in the history of the whole United States, let alone of McKeesport, had plain every-day water ever tasted like that. The visitor pondered and sipped again. Perhaps she sipped some more, and the more she tasted the more amazed was she at the flavor of the beverage. Finally, she summoned all the others to partake of the refreshment, and everybody sipped. Somebody in the company finally announced that the water was tinged "with the demon rum," or words to that effect, and simultaneously a raid was made on the water cooler. Investigation cleared up the mystery. In the bottom of the cooler were the fragments of a broken bottle, and to judge by the "fragrance that hung round it still," the bottle had once contained liquor.

To the amateur Sherlock Holmes in the party it was a matter of a few moments to discover that the bottle had been hidden away and had finally come to grief when the maid had dropped a new and large sized cake of ice in the cooler. Furthermore, it was ascertained that the husband of the temperance leader was the person instrumental in placing the bottle where it met with its untimely end. When the proceedings had reached this stage, the prohibition party broke up. And now there's to be a divorce in the family.

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IF you want a souvenir of your best girl, don't purloin a section of her "rat." If you do it may lead to legal proceedings and an appearance in the police court.

Michael Consella didn't know this, or at least he didn't stop to reason the matter out and now he's sorry he didn't. A little while ago Michael was a driver in the New York Street Cleaning Department and when he wasn't perched up aloft on his wagon he was courting seventeen-year-old Josie Cottone. The lady of his heart had high aspirations and felt that it would be beneath her dignity to marry a man who occupied his business hours as Michael did, and although Michael was a "good spender" she refused to be his until he rose in the social scale.

Always being willing to oblige a lady, Michael threw up his job and earnestly began to qualify for the position of motorman. While he was getting "next" to his new job his income didn't run to theatre tickets or boxes of candy and he could only bestow affection instead of gifts on Josie. This the lady didn't like and she promptly told him so. She even went further and said she had decided that never, no never, could she be his.

Michael was evidently determined that true love should win and he did all in his power to help it along. He called on his evenings off and when he could not call he wrote postcards which showed his devotion. Finally when things began to look as if he were playing a losing game he decided to at least obtain a souvenir of his "fickle fair" and calling on her one evening he surprised her by producing a pair of scissors. Before the lady realized her danger, Michael had clipped away a section of her coiffure and hidden it in the pocket nearest his heart.

Without waiting to see what her admirer had done with his spoil, Josie ran screaming from the room, but when she had reached what she considered a safe distance she paused long enough to taunt him with the fact that it was her "rat" and not her sure-enough hair that he had cut.

But she wasn't content with this. A few days later she charged him with assault and Michael was compelled to appear in court. When his romance was told the Magistrate dismissed him with a warning much to the dissatisfaction of the lady. But the chances are Michael has learned his lesson and won't go scalp hunting again until he is sure his victim is willing to part with a specimen of her tresses.

AWKWARDNESS is a difficult thing to forgive and when a waiter has spilled a tureen of hot soup down one's neck, or one's neighbor at dinner has turned one's lap into a reservoir of coffee by upsetting his cup, one may be pardoned for allowing one's angry passions to rise provided one does not give voice to one's indignation.

There is a good old time-worn story of a girl who had a hasty temper and who prevented an outburst by hieing herself to the cellar and proceeding to gnaw at one of the wooden supports that kept the house in place. This girl was early Victorian but she was also primitive and realized that it was better to work off one's feeling in some such beaverlike way rather than to make a row and break dishes in company.

Unfortunately all up-to-date young women haven't got their feelings under proper control and find it impossible to wait until they reach the shelter of the cellar at home before they begin to take revenge upon a cruel and unsympathetic world. As a case in point one might mention a fracas that occurred at a dance in Mount Vernon last week when an impetuous young person was very much annoyed because her partner stepped on her foot in the course of the dance. Probably he was a weighty man and came down heavily, or possibly the lady in question simply had a very strong prejudice against anyone stepping on her. Any way she was very much annoyed, in fact she was quite angry and refused to accept any apology. Instead she stopped dancing then and there and expressed her opinion of the young man's awkwardness. Fearing presumably that her remarks were not sufficiently pointed she borrowed a knife from somewhere or other and used it so skilfully while emphasizing her remarks that the erring swain is now dangerously ill in a hospital and will not tread the measures of the dance for many an evening to come. The lady was carried away by her anger, and the gentleman was carried away in an ambulance, and the next chapter of the story can't be written until the doctors have patched the patient up. But if the gnawing-post was only still in fashion all this rumpus might have been avoided and the aggrieved lady might have worked off her "peeve" in the cellar without a soul being the wiser.

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IT really begins to look as if women intended to take to themselves every possible duty that has hitherto been looked upon as essentially masculine. The latest development along these lines is the desire to be a policeman.

According to the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, when women are given the right to vote in New York State they will try to have women put on the police force. She argues that a hundred women added to the existing force in New York City would do more to wipe out juvenile crime, and crimes against children, than any other combination of influences. Dr. Shaw seems to be a little too optimistic and surely she should have learned by this time that it isn't the wisest thing to count one's chickens before they are hatched.

It may be a long time before women obtain the right to vote in New York State and consequently present wearers of a policeman's uniform need not tremble for the safety of their jobs. It might be advisable in the future to form a sort of auxiliary to the police force the members to be women, but the idea of making them full-fledged police officers is so novel a scheme that it will take some time to get accustomed to the idea.

There is no doubt that woman appointed to such duties would try to do what is required of them, and possibly they might be instrumental in preventing a certain proportion of crime, but in outlining her project Dr. Shaw should have gone a little further and told us what she would have her "policewomen" wear. So far one has only seen a "policewoman" in a stage burlesque. In future one may see them on Broadway. Possibly they won't be appointed to the traffic squad—at least that does not seem to be the intention at present. But think what fun it would be for a timid pedestrian if he could pause on the edge of the curb and wait for the gentle touch of a "policewoman's" hand upon his sleeve before he ventured to cross a crowded thoroughfare. A ride in a police patrol might almost be worth while were one accompanied on one's way to the station by a phalanx of pretty police officers. Above all think how the presence of attractive "policewomen" would disarrange the watches of an admiring masculine multitude, and force them, one and all, when they wanted to know the time to "ask a policewoman." It is just possible that the prospect of dainty police officers in place of the portly and burly forms now so much in evidence may lead men to look kindly on the giving of the vote to women. From the standpoint of picturesqueness the "policewoman" is something devoutly to be wished for. And after all if she looks well it won't matter so much about her usefulness.

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IT seems as if the famous kiss given by the Duchess of Devonshire once upon a time to a voter, was to establish a precedent that great lady never anticipated. There is now a movement on foot among a certain section of would-be women voters in the United States to bring personal influence to bear upon legislators in order to win them over to vote for women's suffrage.

The leader of this particular movement is Mrs. Alma Webster Powell and it looks as if she might be in earnest when she advocates her plan. It was Walpole who said that "every man has his price" and Mrs. Powell evidently agrees with the English statesman. Only she would bribe with kisses instead of gold, or fame, or position.

Mrs. Powell is quoted as saying that "there isn't a man in America whose vote cannot be bought with a kiss" and while not inquiring too closely into the manner in which she obtained her vast store of information one cannot agree with her statement. There are lots of men who wouldn't give up the chance of a railway-restaurant meal for the sake of being embraced by the fairest of the fair; and there are actually others who have such a thing as honor and wouldn't sell their vote for anything as fleeting as a kiss or as enduring as real estate. There is no doubt Mrs. Powell skipped a few sorts of men when she made her census, those overlooked including the best and the meanest among them.

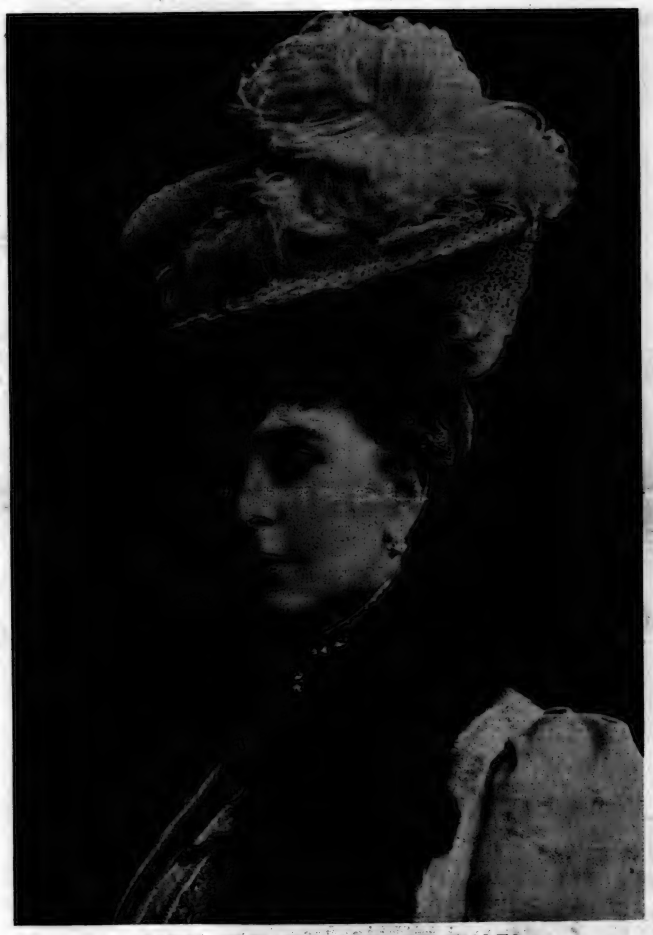
The mode of procedure advocated by Mrs. Powell is certainly not lacking in orginality. She says that if "the suffrage party would only delegate some pretty girl to attempt the personal conversion of each Senator and Assemblyman, women would get the ballot without another effort." In making this statement it is only just to add that Mrs. Powell referred particularly to members of the Legislature who meet together in Albany to make laws for New York State.

In expressing her new idea for converting the unbelievers in votes for women into champions of the cause, Mrs. Powell is careful to explain that she only advocates "at the most a slight sacrifice of personal dignity." "A kiss," she adds "isn't a crime—merely a blunder now and then."

Evidently she is sincere in her belief that girls would show real bravery and be doing something of which they should be proud, could they but summon up sufficient courage to bring their personal influence to bear upon some crabbed legislator and convince him by her charm and a daughterly kiss that women ought to be allowed to vote.

It may be an old fashioned way to regard the matter, but it seems to be a matter of congratulation that Mrs. Powell's plan is likely to work out in quite the opposite way provided she ever obtains followers enough to make it worth while to try it. A man isn't likely to sell his vote merely because Mrs. Powell has decided that he will succumb to the alluring grace of the suffragettes. It is just possible that men have a little common sense and may show just as decided objections to receiving a kiss as a political bribe as a woman would under like circumstances. A man doesn't have to be a misogynist in order to decide that he wishes to select the precise occasion when he wants to kiss, and also the kissee. Man is a stubborn animal and if Mrs. Powell wanted success to attend upon her plans she should have undertaken a secret campaign and not have blazoned her methods abroad. Evidently she is a bad general and fortunately there's not much chance of her winning many recruits to her kissing army.

Madame



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

Who will accompany H.R.H. the Prince of Wales when he goes to Africa to open the South African Parliament.

TORONTO SOCIETY

ON Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Wm. Bardett, of Collier st., entertained a number of her young friends at a thimble tea and on Monday afternoon her married friends enjoyed her hospitality at a 5 o'clock tea, given in honor of her guest, Miss Ethel Martin, of Winnipeg, who returned home on Friday of this week after a very enjoyable visit of eight weeks in Toronto.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark are giving a series of dinners, which they were not able to give earlier in the season on account of family bereavement. On Tuesday evening Lady Clark received the company in a beautiful gown of pale pink *moire*, and a very congenial party enjoyed the dainty fare and elegant surrounding which always mark these banquets. A third dinner is on the tapis for next week.

Mrs. Stanley T. Floyd, 461 Avenue road, gave a pleasant bridge on Monday afternoon, when the prizes were most artistic miniatures in gold frames. The hostess wore ivory satin and lace and bouquet of violets. Mrs. Snider, Mrs. White and Mrs. Powell assisted in the tea room, where a pretty decoration of daffodils added to the attraction of the tea-table.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gillespie, 56 Ann st., are in Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Charles Sampson is in California, where she finds climate and everything else delightful.

In less than a month the Earl Grey musical and dramatic trophy competition will take place in the Alexandra theatre, the first night being in the week of April 4. Earl Grey has always taken the keenest interest in this competition and will be in Toronto to attend the performances. In fact, I hear that the whole Vice-regal party will come on from Montreal after their three weeks' residence there, to spend the competition week here. This will bring in a good many visitors from other cities. Sir John and Lady Hare are sailing shortly to attend the competition where the former will judge the dramatic events. There are three dramatic entries already from Toronto and London will put on "Jack Straw" which I hear they do capitally. There is quite a rush of entries for the musical special prizes for composition, solo singing and playing. The victorious Ottawa Symphony Orchestra are coming to Toronto to try and retain the trophy which they have won twice in succession. Some one should give them a hot run for the third effort which would make it theirs for keeps, I believe. Winnipeg is still coy, tho' some enterprising reporter announced an entry from the Prairie city, which has not yet materialized. Taking it altogether there is good promise of a fine competition.

MRS. WILLIAM PHILLIPS.
A granddaughter of the late William Astor, Mrs. Phillips is the only daughter of Mr. J. Coleman Drayton. Her marriage took place quite recently at Rogate, Sussex, England. Mr. Phillips is the Secretary of the United States Embassy, London.

Colonel John I. Davidson underwent an operation for the amelioration of serious conditions in his disease, on Monday at the General Hospital. Mrs. Davidson has remained with her husband, and knowledge of her devoted affection has lent much added earnestness to the sympathy of her hosts of friends in her severe trial... The Colonel, good man and brave as he is, has everyone's best prayers and admiration.

A large section of the city has been motor-mad for the past week, and men and women have crowded to the Motor Show in the transformed Arena in King st. east, and everywhere one hears the jargon of the buzz wagon, the chink of much coin and the unmusical honk of the warning horn. To be motor-mad one must either be in the business, or have money to burn, or be so far outside either possibility as to be able to take an interest without the pain of futile longing. For it would make the sternest moralist break the tenth and probably other commandments to inspect the sumptuous, exquisite and comfortable machines which have crowded the Arena for a week. A great many dames of high degree and men of large affairs have passed under the portals of the big show since Sir William and Lady Mulock arrived to open it last week. It has been a huge and satisfying success every way.

A number of teas, luncheons and other small festivities have been given for Miss Skinner, of Kingston, who has been the guest of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Magee, in Bloor street. Captain Skinner, some time since, married Miss Magee who is now out in India with him.

Mrs. Thomas Norton and Mrs. Roberts, of Shelbourne, left for Atlantic City on Tuesday, March 1, where they will remain two months.

Mr. Justice and Mrs Riddell and Mrs. C. C. James are back from the south.

Miss Fleury was hostess of a pleasant tea this week.

The departure of Miss Elsie Dent from Toronto, to take up her residence in Ottawa, has been the *raison d'etre* of many pleasant doings in the way of bye-bye teas presentations and expressions of good will. Miss Dent is the eldest daughter of the late clever historian and *Litterateur*, and is a very fine girl, whose memory as a good companion and pleasant friend will long be kept green by Torontonians. The Provincial Secretary's Department gave her a fine travelling bag and the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada a very handsome gold bracelet.

Mi-Careme was marked by several afternoon and evening parties, mostly for cards. Two small dinners were given down town and several hostesses entertained friends quietly at home on Wednesday night. The Easter exodus to Atlantic City will be very large this year. Already most of the accommodation in favorite hotels has been bespoken.

Mrs. Lawrence Buchan arrived in town last week and is the guest of the Misses Buchan in North street. She will later on go to London to her daughter, Mrs. John Kaye, at Wolseley Barracks.

A quiet house wedding was celebrated with many pretty details at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Paterson, 259 7th street east, Owen Sound, when Miss Lily Sherwin was married to Mr. Walter H. Lloyd, of Owen Sound. The ceremony was performed in the drawing room, the bridal group standing under a canopy of smilax, daffodils and lily of the valley, the same flowers being profusely employed to decorate the hall and other rooms. Mr. G. T. Sherwin, of Buffalo, brother of the bride brought her in, and the bridal music was played by Mrs. Creighton. After the ceremony the dejeuner was served in the dining room, four volunteer waiters, intimate friends of the young couple, Messrs. Brownlee, Henderson, Scott and Pratt, looking after the guests. The bride's table was done with lily of the valley and wreaths of smilax, the others being bright with daffodils and green. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd went to Toronto and Buffalo on their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a smart tan suit and beaver hat, and very handsome mink furs. Out-of-town guests at the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. Coutlee, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Tretheway, of London; Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin and Master Sherwin, of Buffalo, and Mr. Henderson, of Port Dover.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Morris, daughter of Mr. H. L. Morris, of Montreal, and Mr. Percy Hermant, of Toronto, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Florence Elizabeth Sorby, daughter of Harold Sorby, of Guelph, and Mr. Newel Bate, second son of the late Mr. T. B. Bate, St. Catharines has been announced. They will be married in St. Catharines, Easter week.

On Thursday evening the Royal Arcanum Maple Leaf Council, No. 867, gave a ladies' night in St. George's Hall, for which the programme was furnished by the Bow-Wow Minstrels, an aggregation of jolly dogs who can and do make a pleasant evening. The minstrels are: Interlocutor, Mr. Harry Barker; bones, Mr. Matt Gregg, Mr. Harry Rolls, Mr. McKenzie; tambos, Mr. Fred Bryan, Mr. J. A. Kelly, Mr. Bill Bailey; female impersonator, Mr. T. W. Walke; tenors, Mr. C. Corton, Mr. J. Ansell, Mr. J. D. Sandy, Mr. Scully, Mr. Cornelius, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Wood; bass, Mr. Fred Wood, Mr. E. Fisher, Mr. W. Miller, Mr. E. C. Chambers, Mr. P. Laing, Mr. Cornelius; musical director, R. G. Codd; accompanist, Duncan Standen. An olio comprised an intrumental sextette, three mandolins and three banjos, Mrs. W. H. Barker, Miss D. Cuffe, Miss M. McCahon, Mrs. F. Irvine, Miss Robertson, Miss R. Lowry; humorous selection, Mr. Matt Gregg; baritone solo, Mr. Austin Campbell; ventriloquist, Mr. J. A. Kelly; humorous song, Mr. Hunt, and Scotch impersonator, Mr. W. Miller.

Mrs. James George gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Haydn Horsey, of Montreal, Mrs. Mulock's guest, at which covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. Willie George has received in her splendid new home in Rosedale, and everyone who has been calling upon her is envying her the lovely view the house commands. It stands on the north side of Rosedale ravine south of St. Andrew's College, and both east and west the view is most beautiful.

Mr. Percy Scholfield's house in East Rosedale looks down the valley of the Don, and is nearing completion. It is also an ideal site.

Mrs. and Miss Elwood, formerly of St. George st., Toronto, are again settled in Paris, where Miss Elwood continues her vocal music under Mr. Haslam.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whitehead left last Saturday for Memphis, Tennessee, where they will hereafter reside.

Among the many clever people with "The Three Twins" at the Princess this week is Mr. George Christie, who took the young man parts years ago, with Cumming's Stock Co. and has visited Toronto several times with other companies. Mr. Christie is the same gentlemanly and charming fellow as ever, and is having a busy time of it among his old friends who are all delighted to see him.

Mrs. Fred Gooch gave a large bridge last week in her charming new home in Crescent road, in honor of a couple of visitors in town.

Mrs. Eaton is going abroad on Monday.

Mrs. Gilbert Minty gave a tea yesterday. Mrs. Hamilton Burns entertained at tea in honor of her aunt who is down from Winnipeg on a visit. Mrs. Crawford Brown entertained at dinner on Tuesday. Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones have gone south with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Major Macdonald is settled in Victoria Chambers, Ottawa, and is getting into his new harness. His present rank will, in a month or two, be augmented to that of Lieutenant-Colonel; in the meantime we are missing him very much in Toronto.

Miss Marjory Horrocks has returned from Hamilton. Miss Nan Grant has returned from Ottawa. Mrs. Fred Waldie has had a severe fall on the ice. Mr. George Gibbons was in town from London on Monday. Mrs. Percy Robinson has returned from St. John, N.B. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davies, of Chester Park, are in the South. The Chamberlain Chapter are giving a bridge for charity after Easter. The Dreadnaught Chapter met at Mrs. Alfred Wright's this week.

Unwritten Poems.

FAIRY spirits of the breeze—
Frailer nothing is than these.
Fancies born we know not where—
In the heart or in the air;
Wandering echoes blown unsought
From far crystal peaks of thought;
Shadows, fading at the dawn,
Ghosts of feeling dead and gone:
Alas! are all fair things that live
Still lovely and still fugitive.

—William Winter.

MABEL HITE,
In "A Certain Party," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE.

At the twentieth annual general meeting of the Excelsior Life Insurance Company, held at the head office of the company, Excelsior Life Building, Victoria street, Toronto, a very satisfactory statement of the operations of the institution during the year 1909 was presented. Applications for new insurance amounting to $2,421,915.00 were received, of which $2,207,732.00 was accepted. The total amount of insurance policies now in force is $13,078,004.10. The increase in income for the year was $60,393.73, or 13 per cent. The total disbursements were less than during the preceding year, and the death claims show a decrease of 10 per cent. The assets, total reserves, and special reserve fund all show substantial increases. The liabilities have been very considerably reduced. The directors' report, from which these figures are taken, was adopted unanimously, and general satisfaction was expressed by those present with the results achieved during the year.

A CERTAIN candidate was once addressing a small bunch of farmers at a country school house in the west. While he was in the midst of telling them how bad he wanted the office, a tall, hungry-looking fellow rose up in the back of the house and said:

"If you git elected I'll move."

"All you'll have to do," returned the quick-witted candidate, "is to throw a gourdful of water on the fire and call your dog."

The Grinding of Lenses

Plays an important part in eyeglass satisfaction.

The slightest deviation from absolute accuracy means that the glasses hinder instead of assisting.

We have a fully equipped lens grinding plant right on the premises, and the work is only entrusted to thoroughly competent workmen.

This at practically the same cost to you as ready-made glasses.

RYRIE BROS., Limited
134, 136, 138 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Spring Millinery

THERE is an exclusive touch about our *Millinery Opening* that must attract the shopper who desires to be well costumed.

The *Millinery* now on view was designed from advance Parisian and New York models, and while not being as expensive as the originals, is a duplicate in every particular.

The selections for our Hats were made in New York by an artist milliner. You must see them to realize the exclusive nature of the display.

DINEEN
140 Yonge Street, Toronto

Michie's Ceylon Teas

are regular in their superior quality and flavor, as close attention is given to maintaining at all times the quality for which our name is a guarantee.

We have just imported a splendid line of Teas from the Ceylon Gardens. The prices are 40c. lb., 60c. lb., and 80c. lb.

MICHIE & CO., Ltd.
7 King Street West

Miss Jeanette Miriam Goldberg of Jefferson, Texas, and Philadelphia, field secretary of the Jewish Chautauqua movement, is one of the foremost Jewish women of the world, and one whose work along social lines has extended through practically every State in the United States, and into many foreign countries; a woman who numbers among her pupils directly and indirectly more Jews than any other Jewish educator in the country. The Jewish Chautauqua societies which she has been largely instrumental in establishing are in Cincinnati, Baltimore Philadelphia, New York, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Cleveland, St. Louis, and other large cities. They are planned to supplement the work of the rabbis in the various cities, as well as to do educational work they would do, in places where there are no spiritual leaders. Their work is strictly educational.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, MARCH 3, 1910.

THE marriage of Miss Mable J. Carter, second daughter of Alderman Stewart J. Carter, to Mr. John Clinton Callaghan, of Hamilton, Ont., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Orr Callaghan, was solemnized at the bride's home, 820 Dorchester street west. The Rev. W. P. Boshart, pastor of Mountain street Methodist church, of which the bride is a member, performed the ceremony in the presence of relatives and friends. An orchestra played the "Wedding March" as the bride came down the stairs with her father, and attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Edyth Carter and Miss Gertrude Wyatt, and entered the drawing room, where white spring flowers and daffodils, ferns and smilax were massed on the mantel and arranged in profusion about the room. Mr. Harold Seale, the bride's cousin, accompanied the groom. The bride was winsome in a princess dress of Brussels applique over white satin charmeuse, and long tulle veil held in place with sprays of orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a "shower" arrangement of white roses and lily of the valley, and she wore a pearl necklace, the bridegroom's gift. The bridesmaids were dressed in yellow *crepe de chine*, with black net hats trimmed with pale yellow roses, and they carried daffodils. They wore pearl daisy pendants which the bridegroom had given them. Mrs. Carter wore pale grey eolienne, and carried a large bunch of violets. Mrs. Callaghan, the groom's mother, was gowned in black sequined net. Mrs. James R. Nelson, of Toronto, who came down for her sister's wedding, was in pale yellow *crepe de chine*. The groom's father and brother, and his sister, Miss Evelyn Callaghan, were also present. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Callaghan are spending their honeymoon at Atlantic City before taking up their residence in Hamilton, at 56 Homewood avenue. The bridegroom is a graduate in science of McGill University.

Mrs. Carlyle Davidson (or, as she is intimately known, Mrs. "Lyle" Davidson) has left to join her husband in British Columbia, where they will reside. The last afternoon but one prior to her departure, Mrs. Davidson was entertained at a tea by Miss Jean Tyre, for the Montreal Ladies' Curling Club to say farewell, the hostess being vice-president of the club. Mrs. Davidson was one of the original members when Mrs. E. A. Whitehead organized the Ladies' Curling Club and was its president at one time. Mrs. Herrick Duggan, who is now president, and Mrs. J. R. Hutchins Mrs. Davidson's mother, poured the tea and coffee, and Miss Lottie Tyre, Miss Lou Rawlings, Miss Mabel Pangman, Miss Gardner, Miss Agnes Watson, the Misses Brock, Miss V. Desbarats—all "curlers"—handed round the refreshments. After the guests had all arrived, Mrs. Duggan, on behalf of the club, presented Mrs. Davidson with an antique mahogany desk, such a handsome piece that, as someone remarked, trying not to covet, it was worth going across the Dominion to receive. Groups of associates and intimate friends added to the delightful surprise by sending lovely presents. These included a set of Colonial glass, a china dessert service, a dinner service of old blue Flushing ware, and a Tiffany jug of silver embossed in a design of wheat, as well as other gifts. Mrs. W. G. Macnaughton, president of the Women's Art Society, made a happy little speech, wishing the departing member *bon voyage*. A few of those present were Mrs. J. H. Dunlop, Mrs. George Marler, Mrs. Wallace Watson, Mrs. J. Hal Pangman, Mrs. C. T. Hare, Miss Eleanor Ewan, Mrs. C. P. Davidson (Mr. Lyle Davidson's mother), Miss F. Wilkins, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. C. Colson, Mrs. J. T. Donald, Mrs. Nash, Mrs. H. Routh, and Miss Knight.

Miss Louise Hays, the elder of the two unmarried daughters of Mr. C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, is to perform the ceremony of christening the Prince George, the G.T.P.'s steamer for the British Columbia coast service. The launching will take place shortly after the arrival of Mr. Hays and his family in England, about the second week in March.

The engagement of Miss Eileen O'Meara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. O'Meara, of Quebec, to Mr. Gerald W. Farrell, of Montreal, was announced here this week. Miss O'Meara, who made her debut two or three years ago, is a bright, attractive girl, although not yet as pretty as her charming and youthful married sister, Mrs. George W. Cook, with whom she spends a part of each season in Montreal. Mr. Farrell is a son of the late Hon. Dr. Farrell, of Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. R. Wilson Reford was the hostess at a pleasantly informal luncheon party on Friday, at her beautiful home on Drummond street. Mrs. D. Lorne McGibbon entertained at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Philip Gilbert, of Toronto, others around the flower-adorned table being Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Mrs. D. C. Macarow, Mrs. G. W. Cook, Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. George Cantlie, and Mrs. W. McGibbon, who was in town for a few days, from New York. Mrs. Maltby, Sherbrooke street, had a luncheon party of nine, on Thursday last, the table decorations being very pretty, of narcissi and violets. Mrs. G. W. Stephens, Dorchester street, entertained at a luncheon of fourteen covers, on Friday, one of several similar parties which she is giving. Pink and white tulips and lily of the valley gave a spring-like touch to the table. Mrs. Colin Campbell had a bright dinner party a few evenings since for her eldest daughter, Miss Enid Campbell.

Mrs. A. F. Gault, who had been visiting her son, Mr. Hamilton Gault, and Mrs. Gault, at Rokeby, Sherbrooke street, has sailed for England, where she has made her home of recent years.

Mrs. Edward Desbarats, University street, gave a reception last Thursday, when many guests were present. Mrs. T. A. Starkey and Mrs. Del Shepherd looked after the tea service, with the assistance of Mrs. Ross Crawford, Miss Estelle Power O'Brien, Miss Etta McCallum, and Miss Marie Languedoc. The hostess wore an effective gown of pale green silk with fawn overdress embroidered in green. Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Lansdowne Avenue, was "at home" on the same afternoon, and Miss Marjorie Malcolm, a Toronto visitor, received with her. Mrs. H. D. Bayne had some thirty or forty ladies in at the tea-hour one afternoon very recently, Mrs. Harry Oswald and Miss Duckworth taking charge of the tea. Mrs. Murray Bolsford entertained informally at tea at the Windsor where she is living this winter. Mrs. F. S. Maclennan, Mrs. Fred Fairbanks, and Mrs. Lewis Skaife were among hostesses entertaining at informal teas, Mrs. Skaife's being for Mrs. Skelton, of Toronto.

Major and Mrs. George R. Hooper are sailing by the "Lusitania" and will remain in England until towards the end of May. Mr. Bartlett McLennan and his sisters, the Misses McLennan, also sail this month to spend some time in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rheaume and Miss Rheaume are among a party of French-Montrealers sailing for Naples and Genoa. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Robin, "The Marlborough," have also sailed for Italy.

Mrs. Wilks, of Brantford, who was visiting Mrs. William Agnew, Dorchester Street, returned home last week. Miss Mildred Robertson who has been staying for a while with her brother, Dr. A. A. Robertson, and having a pleasant time with her former girl friends, has returned to her home at Campbellford, Ont., accompanied by Miss Edith Loud, who will be her guest for some time, Miss Louise Harrower, who made her debut this winter, left this week to visit friends in Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. John McKergow and Miss McKergow have gone to Pasadena, California, for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Carlos Costa, who is staying at the Windsor at present, held her post-nuptial reception at her mother's home on St. Denis Street. Mrs. LeBlanc, handsomely gowned in black velvet, received with her daughter, who wore her wedding gown of white satin with overdress of embroidered chiffon. Mrs. Rodolphe Forget and Mrs. J. L. Decarie, wife of the Provincial Secretary, presided at the tea-table, assisted by Miss Gabrielle Le Blanc, in a blue silk dress, Miss Madeleine Raymond, and Miss Marguerite Forget.

The Earl Grey Club representatives nobly upheld the standard of Montreal skaters at the figure-skating championships held under the auspices of the Minto Club in Ottawa on Monday night. Miss Iris Mudge brought home the Lady Grey trophy for the best lady skater, and the Earl Grey trophy for a team of four was captured by Miss Jeanne Chevalier, Miss Iris Mudge, Mr. Errol Hall and Mr. Allan Richardson. In the waltzing competition, Mr. Dudley W. Oliver, of the Bank of Montreal staff here, and Lady Evelyn Grey won the first prizes. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joseph accompanied the skaters to Ottawa, in the party being: Miss Beatrice MacDougall, Miss Betty McLennan, Miss Gladys MacLean, Miss Beryl Wilson, Miss Lorraine Handyside, Miss Jeanne Chevalier, Miss Iris Mudge, Miss Aileen Robertson (Toronto), Mr. Cecil MacDougall, Mr. Errol Hall, Mr. Allan Richardson, Mr. Dudley Oliver, Mr. Geary, Mr. H. E. Borradaile, Mr. Harold Cooke, Mr. W. Marler, and a few others. The visitors were entertained at supper and altogether had a very enjoyable outing, although the weather was too mild for really good skating.

Miss Brenda Taylor, of London, was much feted during the final week of her visit in Montreal, after her return from Winnipeg, when she was the guest of Mrs. Fayette Brown, Ontario Avenue. Mrs. G. Washington Stephens arranged a theatre party for her, Miss Margaret Greenshields gave a girls' luncheon on Tuesday, and Miss Nora Prentice gave one on Wednesday, the party numbering twelve. Mrs. John Turnbull had a small dinner party on Thursday evening for Miss Taylor, who afterwards went to Mrs. Baumgarten's to a delightful little dance which that popular hostess was giving in her honor. Only about eighty young people had been invited, but the ball room was opened and an orchestra furnished the music as for a larger affair. Flowers of various kinds were arranged lavishly about the rooms. Miss Marjorie Clouston gave a charmingly appointed luncheon on Friday, at which Miss Taylor was again the guest of honor, and in the evening joined a theatre party to see Nora and her "Doll's House" at the Princess. Miss Taylor who was in the "not out" class when her parents left Montreal to reside in England, has enjoyed her visit to Canada. She will sail for home after a short visit in New York.

B. E.

The Late Mrs. Hoodless.

The sudden death of Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, which occurred last week while she was addressing the members of the Woman's Canadian Club of Toronto, has awakened very general regret, for Mrs. Hoodless not only had a large circle of friends, but her great activity in connection with women's work made her widely known throughout Canada. Among her many interests Mrs. Hoodless found time to take part in most of the movements that had for their object the betterment of the condition of women. For eight years she was treasurer of the National Council of Women and for fourteen years was president of the Hamilton Y.W.C.A. It was she who proposed the first Women's Institute in connection with the Farmer's Institutes of Canada; and at the International Congress of Women held in London she was a representative. Mrs. Hoodless did much to introduce the study of Domestic Science into Canadian schools, and recently was appointed to the Advisory Committee of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, on technical education. At the time of her death Mrs. Hoodless was carefully investigating the question of technical education and of trades schools for girls.

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WE HAVE always considered ourselves authoritative in the very important feature of Dress Goods. We have excelled in the gathering and the retailing of Dress Fabrics for fully a generation in Toronto. With all the responsibility of those years of leadership behind us we now declare that *all former achievements of our Dress Goods Department stand eclipsed*. You have only to visit the department to realize the scale of this season's preparation. You have only to ask for a new shade to see our absolute readiness with every weave and every variant of color. No doubt in American cities of the first class there are other assemblages of dress fabrics on the same scale, but there are none better—anywhere. Certainly so far as Canada is concerned there need be no question of comparison. It adds another advantage to the City of Toronto as a place of residence to know that there is such a Dress Goods choice here.

We call your particular attention to the following cloths:

New Black Novelty Voiles, in fancy stripes and diagonal weaves, a decided novelty and very handsome for suits, dresses or separate skirts. We have never shown such a magnificent display of rich black Voiles, both in plain and fancy novelty weaves, best unfading French dyes, 42 to 48 inches wide. Per yard, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

Fashionable Grey Worsted Suitings, those stylish stripes and smart mannish effects, so popular for Spring Tailored Suits, shown in the newest shades of grey, self and faint two-tone stripes. The finest products of the French and English manufacturer, 52 to 56 inches wide. Per yard, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

An exquisite display of new French fabrics for evening, reception and street wear. Such an assortment of lovely shades and novelty weaves, which can only be seen in this store.

New Silk and Wool Poplins.
New Silk Stripe Grenadines.
New Silk and Wool Ripple Crepes.
New Silk Cashmere de Soie.
New English Tussah Royal.

Complete range of the new Spring shades, in each line, 44-46 inches. Per yard, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

Tussor and Shantung Silks

Leading Features of the Season

WE HAVE now received our Spring assortment of Tussor and Shantung Silks, predicted as greater favorites this year than ever. And in our immense range you are sure to find what you want.

34-inch, natural, fine, bright finish, 55c yard.
34-inch, natural, fine, close weave, 63c yard.
Extra Heavy Natural Shantung, for motor coats, $1.50 per yard.
Colored Tussor Silks, in a complete range of all the new shades of navy, grape tones, China and Venetian blues, mouse, copper, rose and forty others. Price, $1.00 and $1.25 per yard.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

Counting on the Fingers.

IT has long been the custom to make fun of the women who count on their fingers and the up-to-date girl prides herself on the fact that numbers have no pitfall for her. Time was when a woman welcomed the advent of winter because she could comfortably count on her fingers within the protecting shelter of her muff. All that has changed, however, and the average young person of the weaker sex now has a sort of ready reckoner in her brain which enables her to do quite wonderful things with the multiplication table much to the surprise and admiration of many a mother and grandmother.

Commenting upon the fact that counting upon the fingers was long a prevailing custom, a recent writer says: We shall never be in danger of forgetting that our ancestors did their sums on their fingers so long as arithmetic retains the word "digits."

But modern civilization knows nothing of the elaborate developments of this method. It takes a Wallachian peasant to multiply 8 by 9 on his hands. This is how he does it: The fingers of either hand, beginning with the thumb, stand for the numbers from 6 to 10. So the ring finger of one hand and the middle finger of the other are stuck out to represent 8 and 9. Counting the fingers remaining on the side furthest from the thumbs, he finds them 1 and 2 respectively, and 1 multiplied by 2 gives him the units of his product—2. Then he counts from the thumbs to the stuck-out fingers inclusive, finds them 3 and 4, adds these, and gets 7 for his tens. Answer—72. All this to avoid knowing the multiplication table beyond 4 times 4!

The banana is believed by some people to be the original forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden. In any case, it is one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom, being not a tree, a palm, a bush, a shrub, a vegetable or an herb, but a herbaceous plant with the status of a tree. Although it sometimes attains a height of thirty feet there is no woody fibre in any part of its structure, and the bunches growing on the dwarf banana plant are often heavier than the stalk which supports them. No plant gives such a quantity of food to the acre as the banana; it yields forty-four times more by weight than the potato and 133 times more than wheat. Moreover, no insect will attack it, and it is always immune from disease of any kind.

A pension of $5,000 a year is due Mrs. Grover Cleveland, according to precedent, and Senator Root has presented to the Senate a bill making the grant. The amount is the same as was allowed to widows of former Presidents.

Mme. de la Roche has won an air pilot's license from the French Aero Club by flying four times around the aviation course at Heliopolis, a total distance of twelve miles. She is the first woman to get this distinction.

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BURTWELL DYE WORKS
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For Bridesmaids' Wear.

IMPORTANT as the bride's gown may be at a wedding, the real effect of the bridal procession very often depends upon the color scheme selected for the dresses worn by the bridesmaids, and if it is not well chosen nothing will prevent the parade up the aisle of the church being a failure.

A very beautiful model designed for wear at a recent New York wedding was of a delicate shade of pink marquisette mounted on satin of a slightly deeper tone. The dress was princess in form and was trimmed with bands of self tinted lace arranged in deep vandykes which encircled the gown in six rows, four of these being on the skirt portion and the uppermost appearing at the bust line, while the waist line was also indicated by a band of the lace. Bands of the lace stretching from the shoulders to the hem of the gown formed a central panel effect, and broad pink ribbon was used to make the big bow which ornamented the left side of the skirt. The close fitting sleeves were inset with motifs cut from the lace, and the rounded neck was low. A big pink hat with crown of pink roses and underbrim of black velvet was worn with this costume.

Another smart dress seen recently at a fashionable wedding was so attractive that the pretty bridesmaid who wore it quite divided attention with the bride. It was of palest blue satin charmeuse and narrowly escaped being a tight fitting princess, as the waist line was very plainly indicated. The little chemisette was of white marquisette arranged in fine tucks, the gown itself being embroidered in silver and blue bugles in handsome panel effect, the design being continued in a sort of border half way round the foot of the skirt. Over this was worn a loose sleeveless coat of the satin covered with the embroidery. The lower edge of the coat was cut in deep scallops. With this dress was worn a tricorne hat of silver tissue faced with black velvet, and trimmed with a great bunch of white aigrettes.

Hats are nearly always a feature of bridesmaids' costumes. One designed for wear at an Easter wedding is of white chip in a large size, the brim only slightly rolling at the left side. Encircling the crown is a veritable bank of beautifully tinted pink roses, the flowers being built up at the left to form a tall pompon effect, that, while a little odd-looking on account of its novelty, is yet decidedly pretty. Still another hat intended for wear by a pretty bridesmaid at a spring wedding is of ecru and brown chip, the crown being of the former shade while the brim is of a deep tone of brown. The feature of the hat is the manner in which the brim is caught up a little to the left of the front with a big flat pompon of yellow roses surrounded by a wreath of tiny flowers of the same sort. As a background to the pompon brown foliage is arranged in a way that strongly suggests a bow and ends. This hat is to be worn with a gown of yellow chiffon mounted on white satin and embroidered in gold, with touches of brown velvet in the form of narrow folds.

Still another very beautiful hat which is intended for wear by an attendant at a wedding is made of fine black straw, the wide brim being faced underneath with a broad fold of black velvet piped with gold tissue. The brim is caught up directly in front and held in place by a jet and gold ornament. Black tulle is used in the trimming while three very large and full black ostrich tips are placed rather well to the back.

At some weddings the bridesmaid goes without a hat and in its place wears a presentation veil, a gold bandeau, or a Juliette cap of pearls. All these effects are very pretty but for the church wedding the hat is usually chosen and it seems more in keeping.

FOR THE EASTER WEDDING.

This beautiful wedding gown is of ivory white satin, the skirt opening over an underskirt of Limerick lace, the lace also forming the sleeves and drapery of the bodice, which is further trimmed with bugle, net, and silver fringe. The Court train is fastened at the shoulders with pearl and crystal ropes and tassels. It is made of net powdered with crystals and is lined with chiffon and finished with Limerick lace flounces, a spray of orange blossoms and white heather being placed in one corner.

The dress of the grown-up bridesmaid is of cream satin made in pinafore fashion, edged with folds of gold tissue and passementerie in white and gold. A cluster of gold tissue roses catches up the draped skirt, and the hat, which is of gold tissue, is trimmed with shaded pink roses.

The little bridesmaid's gown is carried out in the same material as that of the elder attendant, and she wears a bonnet of gold net bunched on either side with pink roses.

Hats for Spring.

THE millinery opening of the Robert Simpson Co., Ltd., is taking place this week and their show rooms have been thronged each day with Toronto women who are anxious to know the latest in all things pertaining to spring hats. For the occasion the show rooms have been much enlarged and charmingly decorated with natural and artificial plants while a veritable chorus of canaries makes continuous music.

Many beautiful imported models have been on view, and these showed the French and English styles as they are to be worn in Paris and London this spring. A striking feature of many of the new hats is their large size, though the close-fitting Moorish turban is also to be seen carried out in many charming ways. For the most part the hats flare off the face, the bicorne being a special favorite. This is distinctly opposed to the mushroom effect which has been so much the vogue for several seasons.

The use of velvet in spring and summer millinery is something decidedly novel at least to the extent to which it will be worn this season. Most becoming effects are being obtained by facing the under brim of many of the most charming models with this fabric. In trimming, all sorts of flowers are popular, but there is even a greater run than usual on roses. Ospreys and ostrich plumes will also be in great demand, the beautiful paradise plumes having quite taken the place of the willow plumes.

The newest shades include Bleriot blue and the poppy reds, the vogue of the latter being due to the craze for all things suggesting the new Rostand play "Chantecler." Many of the new hats are adorned with coque feathers, and at Simpson's one can see chic examples of the hats known as chantecler, the guinea hen, and the owl. One example of the former is worthy of description so novel is it in style. The hat itself is a large shape of white chip turned up at both sides and caught at the left with a flat rosette of poppy red velvet. Placed on top of the hat, and well to the fore are many coque feathers so arranged as to simulate the bird, while the head is carefully reproduced. The effect is certainly startlingly new and is said to carry out a favorite idea in Paris. In addition to the extreme styles of some of the handsome imported models one may find all sorts of hats to suit all sorts of faces at Simpson's as there is a bewildering supply from which to make a selection.

The rage for embroideries as trimming for velvet is bringing back crewel work to favor; but the designs are very different from the old—there is much more groundwork and the conventional has taken the place of the garden flower and leaf.

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Millinery Opening

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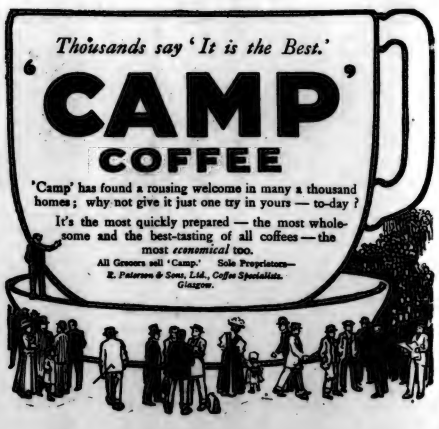

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is the Best Bacon

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1910.

WHILE Congress is "haggling over the ha'pence" to Peary, sportsmen from all over the country are preparing to fete him on Saturday night at the Hotel Astor, on a scale worthy of sportsmen and of the great achievement for which he stands. There is further food for Congressional thought in the fact that the initiative in this tribute has been taken by Canadians, whose sporting instincts seem to have been the first to have been aroused. Since the Canadian camp made the move, however, for a sportsmen's banquet to the greatest sportsman of them all, over fifty exploring and gaming clubs on both sides of the border have asked to co-operate. There is therefore every prospect that the sportsmen's tribute will be on a scale that will put Congress in the "piker" class. The list of speakers has not been completed at the time of writing, though I believe the "talent" from Canada is to be represented by the genial and ever popular member from Guelph, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, and the Hon. Clifford Sifton. Among the clubs co-operating are: The Anglo-American Fish and Game Club, Arctic Club, Bear Lake Fish and Game Club, Explorers' Club, Laurentian Club, Madawaska Club, Manitoba Game Protective Association, New York Fish, Game and Forest League, North American Fish and Game Protective Association, Peary Arctic Club, People's Game, Fish and Forest Protective Association of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island Fish and Game Protective Association, Saratoga Lake Association, Stadecoma Fish and Game Club, Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Nova Scotia, Terra Nova Fishing Club, Thousand Island Yacht Club.

* * *

PEARY is not the only victim of American ingratitude. Only this week, over a New York board, President Taft has been complaining bitterly of the withdrawal of public confidence in his administration, and of the press whose attacks he holds responsible for the change in sentiment. Even Washington, whose birthday we have just been celebrating has, as Ingersoll once put it, become mostly a steel engraving to the American people. In the generations to come it is equally safe to predict that the hero of San Juan Hill, the author and exemplar of the strenuous life, the re-discoverer of the Ten Commandments, the "trust-buster," African hunter, and incidentally President of the United States for a second term, the great Theodore will become the quietest and meekest of ghosts.

* * *

MEANWHILE, Taft having failed them, and Hughes declining to lead their forlorn hopes this fall, the Republicans are turning their eyes toward the returning traveller. Fresh from conquests in the African jungle, escorted by a procession of kings and potentates across the map of Europe—with an occasional stop for "one night stands" in the principal courts—ex-President Roosevelt will reach his native city in June. A national reception awaits him, and the vociferous welcome of the multitude will prove that his hold on the popular imagination has not been relaxed. The politicians, however, with every appreciation of the American capacity for circus entertainment, will seize the opportunity to put the hunter astride the G.O.P. elephant, in full hunter's costume, and with a judicious prod or two start the caravan on a triumphal march to Albany and the Capitol. Theodore still has his uses.

* * *

THE plight of both parties in this State at least is bad—a plight recently described by Thomas W. Osborn, of Auburn, independent Democrat and possible candidate for the Governorship in the fall, in these terms:

"Recent proceedings at Albany would seem to be enough to open any eyes hitherto closed. The Republican organization is tottering to its fall; without strength or courage to face the situation and act, it finds its only hope in an insincere and cowardly truckling to the very man whose aims it has persistently distorted, whose measures it has steadily opposed, and whose character it has assailed with vulgar ridicule and abuse.

"On the other hand, it has been quite evident to those who have made themselves familiar with the public temper, that, bad as were the conditions in the Republican organization, in the Democratic they seemed even worse. Not worse, perhaps, when weighed in the scale of morality—for as between successful hypocrisy and unsuccessful blackguardism it might, as a matter of ethics, be hard to choose—but worse so far as politics was concerned. For the Republicans were "in," and the average voter cares little about making a change—for the mere sake of change.

"As between the evils of the Republican organization already in power and the evils manifestly awaiting the State if it were turned over to those leading the existing Democratic organization, the voter felt that natural indifference which makes us rather bear these ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.'

"In other words, while the majority of voters had lost faith in the Republican party, they had long ceased to have any faith whatever in the Democratic party."

* * *

THE little farce recently enacted in the committee room of the Democratic State Committee at Albany, gives Mr. Osborn's strictures particular point. "When rogues fall out" is an old adage, but its truth has not been impaired. Two notorious rogues of the Democratic party, Hon. "Fingey" Conners and Tammany leader Murphy, had fallen out, and Conners' rule was threatened. Immediately we heard of "judgeship auctions" and other Tammany iniquities from the fiery State chairman. Honest men waited in breathless suspense for the meeting of the two at Albany. Murphy had the votes and Conners the incriminating facts. The result was a tame compromise. Conners made public apology for his "infirmities of temper, which leads me to say things in heat which are unjustified in fact," and promised not to stand for re-election at the expiration of his present term. Murphy agreed, and the State chairman retains his strangle hold on the party until April. The fight was good going while it lasted, but it did not last.

* * *

A UNIQUE contribution to Poe literature has just come to hand in the form of a letter. The missive was addressed to Edgar Allen Poe, care of the Hall of Fame, and as the custodian of that temple was received by Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University. The irony of the address is that Poe was refused a place there at the last vote taken by the College of Electors in 1905. Here is the letter:

Mr. Edgar Allen Poe, New York University:

Having saw a little sketch in The Kansas City Star concerning your future welfare, I felt a little interested in the name myself, because that was my name heretofore, and I have often heard of you and have been wondering if we were any relation. My father is from old Kentucky, and two brothers also. My father's name was Andeson Poe. My two uncles was Manson and Maring, all of which are dead. One brother still in Kentucky—Wm. Poe—don't know whether he is living or not. If you should happen to receive this—would be glad to hear from you—not knowing your address for sure—it's very uncertain whether you get this or not. Very respt.,

MRS. EMMA POE ALLEN.

Missouri City, Mo., Feb. 13, 1910.

* * *

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, author, artist and engineer, has all New York by the ears. He publicly criticized her manners at a dinner of the Southern Society the other night, and in doing so, no doubt thought himself safely within the limits of the obvious. Many others are still of the opinion, but the outcry that has been raised discloses a vanity on the subject hitherto unsuspected. To offset the remarks, every person of prominence, political, social, literary and otherwise, is being interviewed on the subject, and New York will no doubt in the end prove to its own satisfaction, at least, that it is the best mannered city on earth. This is what Mr. Hopkinson Smith said:

"We live in the most insolent city on the face of the globe. That is a hard statement to make, but it is true. Hardly a street car conductor or a policeman gives one a civil answer. Thousands are courteous here, but it isn't in their blood as it is in ours. Let us keep alive our old traditions, for we are the custodians of the records.

"People are too busy here. Materialism is rampant. When all is over in life, what is accomplished? What's become of the cheerful chat over the old Madeira, the warm handclasps and the real friendships? What's it all gone for? Let's get back to our traditions, let's be courteous to women, true to our friends—in a word, the Southern blood."

Everything is relative, of course, even manners. But one need not go to the South or even to Canada for comparisons in this instance. From any standpoint but the most barbaric, the public manners of New York are atrocious.

But what's the use! "Step lively. Do you think you're in Waxahachie?"

* * *

SOME of us rubbed our eyes the other morning to read in a New York newspaper the following:

"It having been reported in the newspapers that Pastor Haldeman of the First Baptist church, Broadway and Seventy-ninth street, recently attended a theatre, he takes this occasion to deny it as an invention of Satan, and to say that he is against the theatre as he is against all other like agencies of the devil. I. M. HALDEMAN, D.D.

How the hands of time were suddenly turned back for a moment, back to the rustic church, the wheezy organ, and the wheezier soprano; to the high back pew and the long faced piety it sheltered; to the earnest but misguided pastor warning us to flee the wrath to come, and holding us temporarily over an imaginary pit as the penalty for theatre going, card playing, and dancing!

And now to wake up in the year of our Lord 1910 in Gotham, and find this dear old suburban religion on Broadway.

* * *

AND while we are on the subject, the critic of our current dramatic output may offer some very pertinent objections to classifying his occupation among the pleasures of this world. Sired by such beliefs, I for instance have sometimes wondered during the nightly round if the denials of the father as well as his sins are not visited on his children, and if the penalty had not been put on me of restoring the theatre-going balance for two generations. At least it would be reassuring to our pious well-wishers to realize for a moment the penance that may go into this alleged pastime. Some of the offerings of the past fortnight at least have brought a vivid realization of his fact. For instance, I hope no one would ask a worse misery for the dramatic critic than "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," which has just closed a brief but ignominious run of three nights. A serious play—in the sense of being unhumorous—it evoked more laughs than "Seven Days" from the audience, and sent critics, even the teetotalers, to the bar between every act. It was without doubt the worst example of acting that Broadway has ever seen.

"The Children of Destiny" is at least tolerably well acted, though in theme and in construction, the play holds weariness enough for any but the most unsophisticated. But the crowning infamy of all dramatic productions to date is "Where's There's a Will." Adapted from the French by Mr. Maurice Campbell, whose efforts in the past have all been along the line of the elevation of the drama, the farce turns on the old French law which gives a widow three hundred days to make good in the matter of "issue." An eccentric will bequeathes an entire fortune to the native town of deceased in the event of death without this most desirable issue. The efforts of the farce are directed toward bringing together the young widow and a lover whom she has just sent away for a year. Time is precious, and the passing days are carefully calculated for our entertainment. There are undeniable elements of comedy in the theme, and on a continental stage, played by continental actors, before a continental audience, it might prove agreeable entertainment. But acted on Broadway, before a Broadway audience, by Broadway actors, its coarseness is made manifest, and only its coarseness at every turn. Even my sophisticated cheeks at times tingled with embarrassment. A Lenten dish this to be sure! J. E. W.

The recently appointed professor of history in the Dublin College of the new Catholic University of Ireland is Miss Mary Hayden, of Dublin, who is one of the leaders of the Gaelic revival.

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THE DRAMA

ANNA HELD,
In "Miss Innocence," at the Princess next week.

BLANCHE BATES is a very clever actress, but "The Fighting Hope" is rather a weak play, and the net result is therefore far from satisfactory. How the production managed to achieve even such measure of success as it did, is rather hard to understand. Certainly any credit that is due is to be given to the excellent company and the careful work of the producer, Belasco.

This play is one more instance of the tendency of the American playwright to "bite off more than he can chew," in the words of a homely old proverb. The writer of plays on this continent seems to prefer to be very serious and very emotional and somewhat stupid with what are regarded as the "higher things" of his art, than light of touch and amusing and keen-eyed in dealing with the lesser problems of the hour. He wants to do the "big things," and unfortunately his inspiration is not always co-extensive with his aspiration. In this case, it certainly is not.

The conception of "The Fighting Hope" is an excellent one, though on somewhat similar lines to "The Lion and the Mouse." But it is very badly worked out. The plot is everywhere full of improbabilities and inconsistencies, and the playwright's methods throughout are of the hand-me-down variety. And this is all the more aggravating, inasmuch as he in many places displays real ability. He sees the picture, but he lacks the skill to place his pigments properly on the canvas. His art shows lack of breadth and finish.

Miss Bates and her company do excellent work throughout. She is an actress of unusual ability, and she shows in all her interpretation the influence of wide experience and careful training. Hers is a very satisfactory performance, in spite of a slight excess of emotionalism in certain passages of the last act. Her supporting company is a good one, the work of John W. Cope in the character of Marshfield Craven being especially worthy of mention.

* * *

FOR all those that mourn and are oppressed at this holy season of the year I would recommend—next to prayer and good works, of course—Clifton Crawford and "The Three Twins." This is one of the merriest, snappiest, prettiest musical comedies that has struck Toronto in a very long time, and it may be confidently recommended as a sovereign specific against indigestion and ill-humor and financial troubles and all the other evils and worries that flesh is heir to. The fun starts at the very minute the first curtain goes up, disclosing a very winsome lot of chorus lassies in abbreviated garments and active movement. And the movement keeps right on going, especially when Clifton Crawford is on the stage.

The lovers of vaudeville—and their number is legion—don't have to be told anything about Clifton Crawford, for he was for many years one of the favorites at Shea's. It was there that he built up his reputation in Toronto as one of the cleverest of monologue artists, and it was there that he used to thrill and delight his audiences with his recitation of "Gunga Din." In the present production he is the same old Clifton Crawford—even to the "Gunga Din" recitation—only more so. The nimble dancing and the clever tomfoolery are even more entertaining than before, and he also works in some of his old monologue. Altogether he is the life of the production, though his support is of the best.

It would be useless in this limited space to endeavor to give a description of this whimsical and varied comedy, with its many special features and its wealth of material. It is consistent in nothing but its riotous fun. But that is all that anyone wants in a musical comedy, and there is enough and to spare in this one. Those who miss seeing it are to be sympathized with.

* * *

THERE can be no doubt of the upward trend in the theatre when we discover William Faversham, the matinee idol, as the interpreter of one of the most notable of modern poetic dramas, the "Herod" of Stephen Phillips. This achievement, the Evening Post enthusiastically asserts, speaks of high purpose and conscientious endeavor. The highly colored tragedy deals with that period of the great Jewish monarch's reign which witnessed the election of Queen Mariamne's brother Aristobulus as high priest, his dangerous popularity with the multitude, his murder at the instigation of the King, and the subsequent execution of Mariamne herself. In its main incidents, the reviewer opines, it does not wander far from the path of the historical fact, although it pays but little respect to chronological order. "It is in the elaboration of detail, in the study of character, the invention of thrilling and essentially dramatic situations, in the creation of an Oriental atmosphere, and in the richness of pictorial and emotional illustration that the genius of the poet is displayed."

If, after all, these signs and miracles there are still pessimists who will not see the rainbow in the theatrical sky, they are respectfully referred, in the words of a writer in The Bohemian, to those Athenians of the third century before Christ who looked caressingly on the sculpture that had been lifted by Alexander from the Persian and Egyptian courts, and who sighed for a time when there might be a truly great Athenian sculpture; this at the moment when Zeuxis, Praxiteles and Phidias were embodying in marble the loveliness of their vision.

MIKE DONLIN,
In "A Certain Party," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"A Certain Party."
Princess—"Miss Innocence."
Shea's—"The Quakeress" Vaudeville.
Gayety—"The Man from Mayo."

ANNA HELD, the noted French comedienne, who has announced her permanent retirement from the footlights, begins an engagement of one week's duration at the Princess Theatre, Monday evening, in F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s, novel musical entertainment, "Miss Innocence," which is coming here following a remarkable run of one whole year at the New York Theatre, New York. The original New York production and company numbering over one hundred are promised here. Harry B. Smith is responsible for the book and lyrics of "Miss Innocence," and Ludwig Englander composed the music. It is staged by Julian Mitchell. The plot is novel, and in the play, according to all announcements, there is an endless number of novelties and startling features. The work is in two acts and eight scenes, the first of which is a girls' seminary, located on the Isle of Innocence; the second is a railway train running between Marseilles and Paris; the third, an exact reproduction of the famous Abbaye Restaurant in Paris, showing the Moulin Rouge by night in the distance. This scene, which is one of the important features of the production, is said to eclipse anything that has so far been attempted in the realm of musical comedy stagecraft. The other pictures include a ballet-school in Vienna, an aeroplane in action, a famous art studio in Paris, and the land of peach blossoms in the south of France. Miss Held devoted several months in Paris during her vacation in selecting and designing new costumes for "Miss Innocence," and the gowns she wears this season are said to be gorgeous. The large cast will include such popular players as Charles A. Bigelow, Lawrence D'Orsay, Gene Luneska, Alice Hegeman, Frances Farr, John Reinhard, Maurice Hegeman, Martha Dean, Adele Cheridah, Mae Paul, Lottie Vernon, Selma Mantell, Bettie Neil, Violette Jewell, Dudley Oatman, Katherine Daly, Dorothy Quinette, and the largest and handsomest chorus ever sent on tour.

* * *

Miss Mabel Hite will make her first stellar appearance here under the management of Liebler and Company, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre Monday night, when she will be seen as the central figure of a new farce-comedy entitled "A Certain Party." The play was written for her by Edward W. Townsend and Frank Ward O'Malley, the former being the author of "Chimmie Fadden," and the latter having won renown as the humorist of the New York Sun. The work of these two men has resulted in an entertaining comedy, in which the central figure is a kitchen maid of Irish extraction. This is the part played by Miss Hite. She is in love with a detective-sergeant, and is admired by the entire police force of New York city, to say nothing of various ward-leaders in the Democratic organization. Her master is a reform candidate for the assembly. The maid, seeing the distress of her mistress at the probability of the election going the wrong way, decides to take a hand in the affair, and summons the entire police force and her numerous admirers to a tea party, which is given in the kitchen of the candidate. How the servant girl wins over all opposition, and patches up two love affairs at the expense of her own affair with the detective-sergeant, is entertainingly told in three acts. Of course, the sergeant ultimately understands that the kitchen idol really loved him all the time.

Mabel Hite without songs would seem incongruous, so the management has permitted the action of the comedy to be interrupted at intervals while Miss Hite introduces several numbers. Miss Hite will sing among other songs "I'm on my way to Reno." She will be supported by a strong company which includes Mike Donlin, the famous ball-player who appears as the detective-sergeant; and John T. Kelly, one of the best known of Irish comedians, who will be seen as a political boss obviously patterned after a certain Tammany chief in New York; and 25 others. The play is in three acts, and has been carefully staged under the direction of Hugh Ford.

* * *

The headliner at Shea's Theatre next week will be John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, presenting the daintiest act in vaudeville, "The Quakeress." The special features for the week will be: Lillian Shaw, singing comedienne—and Jane Courthope and company, presenting "Lucky Jim." Other acts included in next week's bill are: John Neff and Carrie Starr; the Casting Dunbars; Clifford and Burke, the Baliots, and the kinetograph.

* * *

When Clark's Runaway Girls begin next week's engagement at the Gayety, patrons of this theatre will see an up-to-date extravaganza, "The Man from Mayo," in two acts and three scenes, written by Thomas T. Reiley, and staged by Jack Reid. Among those who take part are Jack Reid, Frank Wakefield, Joe Perry, Jack Elliott, Pinard and Manny, Ella Reed Gilbert, Estelle Rose, Pauline La Conda, and a bevy of chorus girls.

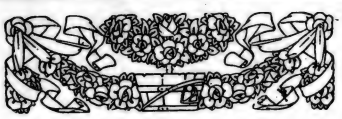
* * *

It is particularly appropriate that "Ben-Hur" should be the attraction at the Princess for the week of March the fourteenth. That would seem to be the time of all times for a Biblical play. The present production is one of the best known and most popular of the many plays of its kind. Beginning with the arrival of the Wise Men at Bethlehem and the shining of the wondrous Star, the story hurries the spectator through the years and the history of Ben-Hur's captivity, his temptations and his redemption by love. The excitement of the shipwreck, the beauty of the scene in the Grove of Daphne, where Ben-Hur meets the Egyptian siren, Iras; the realism of the chariot race; the pathos of Hur's meeting with his mother and sister—accursed lepers—and the splendor of the triumphal entry of the Christ into Jerusalem, are some of the outstanding features of the production.

* * *

"The Beauty Spot" which comes to the Royal Alexandra for one week beginning March 14th, possesses a pleasing feature in the fact that it is filled with melodious music, a quality that does not figure in the majority of musical comedies as much as it should. Reginald De Koven, the composer, has written in his happiest vein, and De Koven at his best means a great deal. This master of melody has pleased the music-loving public for many years, and his great following all over the country need have no doubts of hearing his best in the present play. Joseph W. Herbert, who has furnished the lyrics, has most adequately supplied words to Mr. De Koven's music. Jefferson de Angelis is the star.

First-Nighter



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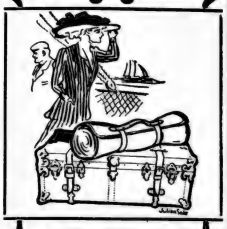

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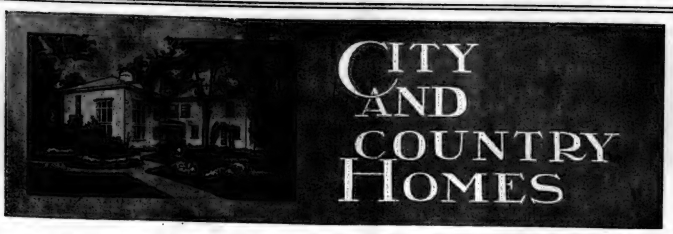

An Interesting Winnipeg House.

MANUFACTURED stone is now, as everybody knows, used very largely in the construction of large office buildings and warehouses, but as yet it is seldom found in residences, especially in those of the Georgian or Colonial type. The Toronto architects' and builders' journal, Construction, however, has discovered in Winnipeg a concrete residence in modern Colonial style which is eminently successful. It is the home of Mr. J. Y. Reid, and is built of hollow blocks of stone made of white Portland cement, ground stone, white sand, and marble dust, and being the color of natural stone. The work of building the house with this material has been most skillfully and tastefully executed, and the general effect is very pleasing, as will be seen by a glance at the exterior view herewith presented. With the exception of the upper story, the blocks are laid with vertical joints and marked off with direct continuous depressed joints about an inch wide, producing effective horizontal lines. The result is that the house has nothing of the harsh, set, unnatural appearance that is often noted when similar material is employed.

HOME OF J. Y. REID, WINNIPEG.
A concrete residence in modern Colonial design, the stone, which is made of white Portland cement, ground stone, white sand and marble dust, being hollow, tool faced, and of the color and texture of natural stone.

The interior of the house is excellently planned, and its finishing and furnishing are very effective. There is the central hall is on the plan characteristic of colonial houses. There is a large living room and a library at the rear on one side, and on the other the dining room, kitchen and pantry space. The hall is finished in white enamel and mahogany woodwork, and this combination is also carried out in the dining room, where the walls, above the white wainscotting, are covered with an imported paper, and finished at the top with a mahogany cornice. Upstairs there are five good-sized bedrooms, and here prevails the same sense of harmony which distinguishes the ground floor.

Potted Bulbs for Garden Bloom.

EVERY year, in late winter and early spring, many potted bulbs are sacrificed for lack of knowledge as to the treatment necessary, after they have finished blooming, in order to ensure success in the garden. This (points out a writer in House and Garden) is useless squandering of valuable material, for very little care and attention will ripen these bulbs properly, so that they may be planted in the dooryard the following fall and give many seasons of bloom. These facts apply especially to the Dutch bulbs, hyacinth, tulip, crocus and narcissus, so commonly grown by the florists and used as gifts during the cold months. Their blooming season can be lengthened by keeping the plants in a cool room, for a hot atmosphere will make quick work of them. Instead of throwing them away when they have lost their beauty, they should be kept to plant in the yard or garden.

A light cellar window will be a good place for the ripening of bulbs that have been forced. They will not need as much water as when blooming, but an occasional drink will be necessary, so that they may dry out gradually. The leaves will turn yellow as the bulbs ripen, but must not be cut off, even though they appear unsightly, for the flowers of the coming season will depend on the foliage of the past season. On this account the leaves must never be either cut or bruised, for they must mature properly to give the bulbs their full size and strength.

When the leaves are entirely dry the bulbs are ready to be taken from the pots and stored until October, the best month for the outdoor planting of most of our common bulbs. A temperature of forty degrees is best for the storing of these bulbs. They should not be packed air-tight, but somewhere not out of reach of a supply of fresh air and yet away from bright light and mice.

Bulbs require a spot in the garden that is well dug and well drained. Very old cow manure is the best fertilizer and even that would better not touch the bulbs. If only fresh or coarse manure is attainable it would be better to do without, or to use bone meal. One method of providing drainage and avoiding contact with the manure is to remove six inches of the top soil, thoroughly dig and mix the fertilizer, then level off the spot and cover it with an inch of sand, set the bulbs upon this, and then cover with the top soil that has been taken out. As soon as the surface of the ground becomes frozen in early winter a covering of four to six inches of straw or similar protection will be necessary. This must be removed in the early spring before the bulbs send up their foliage, or the leaves will be bruised in the handling.

Information as to the requirements of bulbs of various varieties can easily be obtained.

Miss Bessie A. Dwyer, a graduate of the Woman's Law School of Washington is now in the Philippine Islands assisting in the work of establishing libraries there.

Miss Nettie A. Lang, of Chicago, is said to be the only woman in America who owns and manages an automobile station.

DIN ING ROOM, HOME OF J. Y. REID, WINNIPEG.
Showing the white enamelled wainscotting and pleasing wall decorations.

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AGAIN the truth is told when we claim that among medium-priced pianos, none equals in sweetness of tone, responsiveness of action, or beauty of design the

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It is true, you should consider this point—and consider it well.

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The Words of the Widow

Home is a clearing house for worries.

* * *

God made man, but some men look as if they merely belonged to "the school" of Providence.

* * *

When fishing in the stream of life success depends upon the bait.

* * *

It is easier to touch a man's heart than his pocket book.

* * *

Life is an endurance test which no one wants to have ended.

* * *

Almost everything but trouble comes in tabloid form these days.

* * *

A bore is a man who expresses our thoughts a little bit better than we can ourselves.

* * *

A wife is a buffer between the man she marries and the rest of the world.

* * *

Happiness is a will o' the wisp, the pursuit of which makes existence endurable.

* * *

An artist sees things as they ought to be, a cynic knows things as they are.

C. C. M.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

The wife of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is the daughter of Mr. W. C. Endicott, of New York. Her marriage took place in 1888. Mrs. Chamberlain has been her husband's devoted companion, and since his illness has accompanied him everywhere.

Agitation for a Dower Law

THE women of Western Canada wish to have a dower law—similar to the dower law for Ontario—passed in each of the western provinces of Canada. As the law now stands, a wife in Western Canada can hold property in her own right absolutely, but she has no claim whatever on the property of her husband.

The injustice of such a law can readily be seen. Many women go to Western Canada not dreaming for an instant that the law there does not recognize the wife as having any claim on the property held by her husband. Many women who had property, when they went west, allowed their husbands to invest the money in the name of the husband, expecting that their consent would be required if the property were sold or mortgaged. They have found later that they have no say whatever in the disposal of the property held by the husband.

Then there are hundreds of men and women in Western Canada who went there and took up a homestead, when all they owned was the clothes they wore, and not always did they own that much. The land is rich, and after many hardships they have succeeded in getting the deed to their land, and possibly in getting good buildings, but everything belongs absolutely to the husband. Wife and children have no claim. The husband and father can sell, mortgage, or bequeath all his property to whomsoever he will, and the wife and children may be left penniless.

This is the condition against which the women of Western Canada are protesting and protesting vigorously. But so far they have protested in vain. A dower law would cause some delay in the transfer of property, is the argument used against such a law. But when one considers that those who will be bothered by the law will be largely the speculators, and not the settlers and regular residents of the west, one wonders that such an objection could have weight with those who wish to see justice for the pioneer women of the west, the women who have borne the hardships of the forefront of the battle.

A few extracts from letters written by women who know of injustice caused by lack of some protective law for married women, will give some idea of how western women feel on the subject.

One woman in Manitoba writes: "I do not think the law is just or fair. I do not think any right thinking woman wishes the third or half of her husband's property put in her name; but the law should be that when a man gets in a temper and threatens to sell the home, he should know he could not do it without his wife's consent; nor should he be able to mortgage it, without at least getting the consent of the partner, who perhaps worked harder for it than he did."

Another woman writes: "I am much interested in the dower question, not because I expect to get any personal benefit from a dower law, but I should like to see the women of Western Canada treated fairly as they should be. Not that the wives are afraid their husbands will not be generous enough to leave them provided for, but the law of the land should make provision for the women, and not leave such an important question to be settled by all classes of men, as they may see fit. I heard a minister once say that the better civilized the nations become, the better they treat their womenkind. If that is so, the law makers of these western provinces need a touch of civilization, for it is hard to imagine anything more unfair than the present law which gives a wife nothing for a lifetime of hard work.

"I am glad to see the subject discussed if it does nothing more than keep other women from taking homes here, in which they have no share, for when I came I thought the dower law here was the same as in Ontario."

"This," writes another, "is a great country with a great future before it, but the prosperity of a country depends on its home life, and a bachelor's shack is scarcely the ideal home. It takes women and children to make real homes."

These are selections from a few letters written by women on this subject. Many tell of gross injustice suffered by women, whose husbands treat them worse than servants, and little better than slaves.

The Winnipeg branch of the National Council of Women has taken the matter up for Manitoba and a committee will wait on the Government at this session of the Legislature to ask that a dower law be introduced as soon as possible.

Last year a strong committee of women representing the National Council of Women, The Press Club, and the W. C. T. U. waited on the Saskatchewan Government and were received with great kindness, and were promised legislation in the near future. That promise has not been kept, and when a second deputation waited on the Government they were sidetracked with some excuse about looking up something better.

The Alberta Government has done something by improving the alimony law and the law for the protection of children, but has also dodged the larger question of a dower law or a substitute.

A member of the British Columbia Government has already spoken strongly in favor of a dower law in the Legislature, and it appears likely that with a strong champion in an influential position, the far west may have a dower law before the provinces in the more central part of the Dominion.

The Festival of Empire.

THE primary object of the great Festival of Empire, to be held at the old Crystal Palace, during the eight weeks from Empire Day to the middle of July, is to strengthen the social bonds between the Mother-Country and the other parts of the Empire.

"The Pageant of London" is, of course, the great feature of the Festival, and this it is said will be a most wonderful sight. It is to be in a cycle of three parts, with each part complete in eight scenes. Fifteen thousand citizens of London will take part and in the final scenes official delegates from every portion of the Empire will be included. There will be military bands of His Majesty's Guards, and massed choirs of thousands of voices. The Pageant begins with the Dawn of History, with prehistoric London and ancient Britons, and shows London in the days of Roman occupation, then Saxon London, then the Danish Invasion, the Norman Conquest; and on and on, to the great historic scenes, with which all British people are familiar through much reading. Cabot will present proofs to Henry VII. of his voyage of discovery to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton; the Virginian Princess, Pocahontas, visits England, London hears the news of the taking of Quebec, and grieves over the deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm, and at the very end there is a magnificent scene when all the Over-seas Dominions gather about the Mother-Country, as one great united race. Besides this grand Pageant, there will be a great Costume Ball and Carnival.

Each of the various parts of the Empire will have Courts set apart in the Crystal Palace, giving pictorial representations of the life and industries of the country in question. Lord Strathcona is president of the committee of the Courts of Over-seas Dominions. There will be lectures each day about the countries included in the Empire, and many speeches. The Empire concerts to be held every week will be an attractive feature. The first week the musicians will be drawn from any part of the Empire, the second week only Canadians will appear under the leadership of Dr. Charles Harriss, and after that Australia and New Zealand will organize their concerts. The final one will include all the countries. There is also to be a great collection of colonial art, and Mr. Walter Crane is the Chairman of the Art Committee.

As far as the social side of the affair is concerned the twelve hundred special delegates from the other parts of the Empire are to be entertained royally. They will be conveyed to the Crystal Palace daily in motor cars and taken upon visits to various places of interest. Offers of private cars have been made from all over England, and various firms are to supply cars for the visitors. Mr. Burdett Coutts, M.P. for Westminster, has lent 81 Piccadilly to the Council, and this is to be a club-house or reception-house for all the visitors. It has been beautifully furnished specially for this purpose. As far as the women visitors are concerned there will be a large ladies' committee, of which Princess Louise is the head—which will play a very important part in the entertaining, as well as in the entertainments such as the pageant and the ball.

M. E. MACL. M.

Photograph by J. Russell & Sons.

THE PAGEANT OF LONDON.

Mr. Frank Lascelles inspecting models and scenery for the forthcoming pageant which is to be a feature of the Festival of Empire.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

THE PAGEANT OF LONDON.

Old London Bridge, a fac-simile of which is being constructed for the Pageant in connection with the Festival of Empire. On the extreme left can be seen the heads of malefactors stuck on poles.

One of the Idle Fellows.

When the weather's sorter mendin', I'm wantin' fer to go
Where I'll never have to plough, an' there's nothin' fer to hoe;
Wasn't made fer either an' I'm happier to be
Where a mockin' bird is singin' of a love-song to me!

Fer I don't want to plough,
An' I never want to hoe;
Ruther be off yonder
Where the honeysuckles grow.

Then I'm gettin' restless, an' I'm wantin' fer to rest,
Where the meadow is a-wearin' of a daisy on its breast;
To hear the river ripple in a lazy sort o' way,
An' count the clouds—like airships in the blue sky—all the day.

Fer I don't want to plough,
An' I never want to hoe;
Ruther be off yonder
Where the flowers love to grow!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Owner of a Sod Farm.

WOMEN seem able to turn an honest penny out of almost anything nowadays, and the latest development along really new lines concerns a girl in a State in the middle West, who is ekeing out her income by running a sod farm.

This particular girl owns twelve acres on which she raises the very best sort of sod suitable for transplanting to lawns, and as the best class is worth eight cents a square foot and she makes it her business to see that hers is always first quality, she is assured of the highest prices obtainable. Her job is no sinecure for it takes lots of time and energy to have her crop ready and in the best condition, but there is a big demand for lawn sod and the reward is worth the hard work. Her manner of procedure is certainly of interest. In order to give her patrons, the gardners, the quality of sod they desire, she is forced to give three years to its growth. Each season she seeds down four acres, the grower receiving a profit of from three to four hundred dollars per acre. As her farm is located quite close to a large city she is able to dispose of the turf just as soon as it is ready for transplanting.

For growing sod the land should be prepared exactly as if it were a lawn and the seed sown either in the autumn or spring. The Kentucky blue grass which is the ideal lawn grass is the best for the sod farm and is used by this successful farmer. The grass is tended and cared for quite as carefully as any other crop would be, and the result is that at least one woman is able to earn a living in an entirely novel manner, and at the same time live a normal out-door life.

The Negro Women's Business League of New York is to hold a meeting shortly with a view to forming a national organization of negro women in connection with the women's rights movement.

Not Long Ago

None for Him.

NELLIE L. McCLUNG, the western author, who book, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," has been so w received, and a small boy, are the hero and the wick woman, in a good story that is being told in a sm Manitoba town. Mrs. McClung recently gave a seri of readings from her book, in a number of places Manitoba. On her tour, she did not know just whe she would be entertained in each town, so she directe that her mail be sent in care of the Methodist ministe

One morning while staying in a small town, she sa the minister's small son toddling toward the house whe she was staying. He had a letter in his hand, so sl went to the door, expecting that it was for her.

The small boy stopped a few feet from her and said "Are you Nellie L. McClung?"

"Yes," said Mrs. McClung, "have you something for me?"

The child threw the letter at her, and then ran a hard as he could, until he apparently thought he was a a safe distance. Then he shouted back: "You can sow seeds in Danny if you like, but you're not going to sow any in me."

Then he ran as fast as his little legs would carry him until he was safe in his own yard.

Appropriate Hymns.

ONE Sunday evening recently, the electric light in the Methodist church at Wolseley, Saskatchewan, went out, while a trio was playing a very charming setting of "The Lost Chord."

Two members of the congregation tried to get a couple of lamps into working order, but they—the lamps—belonged to the Lord's Day Alliance and refused to do business on Sunday.

"The Lost Chord," had to be given up, and so had the lamps, and the congregation sang, "Nearer My God to Thee."

The lights came on with startling suddenness, and the minister announced his closing hymn, as he read the first two lines, the gravity of the listeners was completely upset, for the verse began:

"Glory to Thee, My God, This Night,
For all the Blessings of the Light."

The French Revolution Recalled.

NOWADAYS the French revolution seems very far away, and yet only a week or so ago at Bath, England, the death took place of the Hon. Frances Charlotte Ponsonby who to her intimates, at least, formed a link with the stormy days when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette lost their lives. Miss Ponsonby who was ninety-three years old at the time of her death was a niece of that celebrated Lord Ponsonby who was nearly hanged in Paris in 1791 by the Paris rabble, and was indeed suspended to a convenient lamp post but was cut down in time to save his life by the women in the mob who thought that he was too good looking to die so young. Lord Ponsonby's subsequent career was somewhat picturesque. He was succeeded in turn by his two nephews, the second to succeed him being a brother of the Miss Ponsonby whose death has just occurred.

Lacking in Etiquette.

THE Queen of Spain owing to her English up-bringing has apparently found it somewhat difficult to maintain that state and ceremony which at the Spanish Court is supposed to separate the King and his Consort from the rest of mere humanity. The story goes that on more than one occasion the Queen has rather astonished her attendants by acting as naturally and simply as any other English girl might do, and this apparently does not tend to make her more popular.

An instance of this sort occurred not long ago when her brother, Prince Leopold of Battenberg, was seriously ill. As soon as possible after she heard of her brother's illness the Queen went to England to see him, and when he was convalescent he returned the visit, going to Madrid. The weather proved too trying and the Prince suffered a serious relapse. While he was dangerously ill the Queen was with him constantly, and much to the disapproval of the ladies of her Court, turned herself into a sick nurse. It is said that during the critical period of her brother's illness she might be met in the corridors of the palace wrapped in a woollen dressing-gown with her long fair hair hanging about her shoulders. This anxiety on the Queen's part and her lack of regard for appearances were regarded as middle class and quite contrary to etiquette. Fortunately the Prince recovered from his attack and is now in a southern resort, where it is believed he will speedily be restored to health.

Rink With Me Only.

(After Ben Jonson).

RINK with me only with thine eyes,
And do not clutch my frame;
Clasp yonder expert's hand instead,
And I'll not press my claim.
This form that from the floor doth rise,
Sick of the rotten game,
Was gallant once, but now is dead
To chivalry and shame!

Though I shall never cease to ache,
Dear heart, for love of thee,
And though thy guide, come weal or woe,
Through life I meant to be,
Another better man must take
The hand thou gavest me;
Unclasp me now, beloved; go!
And set thy Harold free.

—Punch.

Miss Mary Dandridge Spiers will succeed Miss Alice Blech as social secretary to Mrs. Taft. She [illegible] clerk in the army surgeon-general's office from [illegible] Isabel Hagner, her predecessor, was detailed [illegible] White House. Miss Spiers is a graduate of Radcliffe, and speaks French, German, and Spanish. Miss Blech, Mrs. Taft's retiring secretary will be married to Lieut. Richard Wainwright, jr., U.S.N., this month.

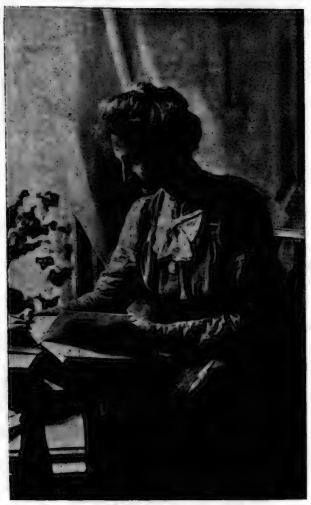
Letters of a self-made woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:

So Alyce has left you! I am sorry for madame, because an elopement is bad for a school, but you see now why I didn't care for your intimacy with this girl. We both tell each other many things in our letters which we may not intend, but from the first I have watched every mention of this girl, and have been so glad to see you had recently omitted her altogether. You say she isn't a bad sort—but that's not enough. Your intimate friends should not be negatively good. Think it over, Annie, and try and decide just what attracted you in this girl, for your own information, not for mine. Since she has left you, and so much in your debt, I don't think you'll have the opportunity for further friendship. But at the same time, don't be bitter over it; the loss of money in such a way often brings to light a mercenary streak in us which is a blot on a person's character. Forget it as soon as you can—the stronger you are, the sooner you will. Our affairs are marching slowly, for a wonder. I was just going to church on Sunday when your father walked in. "Most wonderful man," said I. "I thought you were in the Netherlands." "I was to be there last Sunday," he said, composedly. "But I thought I'd enjoy a look at you." Then he looked very keenly at me. "You've changed, Annie," he remarked, after he had finished his scrutiny. "For the better, I hope," I said. "Very much for the better. I am more in love with you than ever." The little parlor-maid who had let him in suddenly struck up a tune on her pianola, and most carelessly left the double-door open. Your father listened and laughed. "Do you know what that is?" he asked, but I didn't, and he has not yet told me, although I know he will, and I shall not ask the maid. The devotion of my servants has touched me very much during my lonely weeks here, but it is nothing to the gay way they are going on, now that the master is safe back. Little surprises in the cooking, beautiful flowers all over the house, eager service all the time. You should have seen the little maid's eyes dance when your father said at dinner: "'Pon my word, Annie, if home isn't the best place on earth, I'd like to know a better!" She had just handed him a souffle, of which he is particularly fond. I tried to tell him how happy I had been under the care of three of the best servants in Canada, and he shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Good-mistress, good maids." Then the dear lady came in with the children to know why I hadn't been at church. Your father and she had such a talk about roads and grades and bridges and spans and all sorts of engineering things, and then they got on politics, of which your father is apt to say he knows nothing, and then she said the most heavenly things about me, and your father just nodded as if it were not a bit surprising to him. He explained why he gave up the Netherlands trip and came home a week sooner than I had thought possible. This was such a new thing for him to do, that I suppose I looked surprised. "Perhaps I am learning, too, Annie," he said, "some of the small courtesies of which I scarcely knew the meaning before." It has never been possible to question him about his movements; apparently he never knew where he should go next. But he says that now he has got people trained to work for him, and he will take life more leisurely. It may even be possible for him to go abroad with us for a year, but that sounds, too, like a fairy tale. And also, he has promised to see my dear lady's husband, the engineer, when he comes home—because he has something for him to do in Bermuda, and his family might go over with him. Isn't your father a wonder? Never in his whole career have I known him to fail in an undertaking, nor be at a loss how to bring things about. He talks a lot about you, dear, and just now he said to me:

COUNTESS CASSINI.

Niece of a former Russian Ambassador to Washington, the Countess Cassini acted as hostess for her uncle, Count Cassini, and became very popular during her stay in America. Possessing a fine voice, this ambitious young Russian had it carefully cultivated, and quite recently made her professional debut as a singer at a concert given in Paris. While in Washington the Countess was a great friend of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who at that time was Miss Alice Roosevelt.



A CELEBRATED SUFFRAGETTE.

Lady Constance Lytton, who was arrested in Newcastle and subsequently released by order of the Home Secretary on the ground that she had heart trouble, was convinced that it was her rank and not the weakness of her heart that caused her release. To prove her point she dressed as a working woman, was arrested in Liverpool, and went to prison under the assumed name of Jane Wharton. There she was forcibly fed, but on her identity being discovered she was released before her sentence of fourteen days had expired.

"The one thing I am not sure about is my son-in-law! Do you think Annie will be merciful to us?" When we had laughed a good deal over this, I promised to beg you to consider the sort of man who would suit all three of us, when your time came to marry. And then I reflected that such subjects are very far from what madame would approve of, for discussion with her pupils. It's quite a good thing I was firm about not allowing your letters from me to be opened before you get them, for I often tell you "grown-up" things which may or may not be wise. Mademoiselle comes every day at eleven now and stays for luncheon—and we've gone quite far on in our French lessons. She is good enough to say we dance for exercise, not instruction, now, and we have found a polka for the pianola, which I have taught her, but she doesn't like it much. Goodbye, dear, I enclose a little gift from your father, with his best love.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Mrs. Harriman and Her Home.

THE world always take a great interest in women who do things in spite of the supposedly popular view that all a woman should do is concern herself with the things which lie within the four walls of her home.

Any woman who has accomplished something big, something unusual, something a little different from her sisters, is sure of figuring largely in the public eye. Heroines are feted, novelists are courted, even murderesses have their share of attention and plenty of offers of marriage if we are to believe all we hear. The world is interested in something different, and it shows its appreciation by spending much time reading all it can find about the women who are most widely discussed either by reason of their own actions, their money, or their peculiarities.

And of all the women who fill any of these requirements, perhaps the one who has the biggest fortune is the most envied. The interest taken in the doings of such women as Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Hetty Green has always been great, and now their popularity—if such it can be called—is shared by Mrs. F. H. Harriman whose wealth is enormous.

It is said that Mrs. Harriman was the only person in the world who completely shared Mr. Harriman's confidence, but people to whom this was unknown thought it a singular thing that the great financier should leave his tremendous business interests and his great property unreservedly in his wife's hands. Mrs. Harriman, however, seems to be quite equal to the task imposed upon her, and already she has successfully assumed her new responsibilities and is proving herself worthy of the trust reposed in her.

Singularly enough Mrs. Harriman is a decided type of the "home" woman, devoted to her family, and always seen at her best at her charming old house at Arden, for the splendid new house Mr. Harriman was building near his old home, is not yet completed. Mrs. Harriman's chief characteristic is simplicity and she dislikes anything approaching ostentation. Her wants are all easily gratified and she has brought up her family in the same plain manner. All the children were taught to ride as soon as they could walk and they lived the most healthy of outdoor lives without any thought of the wealth that might one day be their portion. Mrs. Harriman, however, is hospitality itself, and before her husband's death she kept open house, the place at Arden being conducted in this respect much as a Southern home before the war.

In manner Mrs. Harriman is charmingly natural and simple, in appearance she is tall and slender, and among her charms are her kindly eyes and her genial smile. Owing to Mr. Harriman's dislike of black, Mrs. Harriman wears white in the house, and to see her at her best one who knows her says, it is necessary to meet her before the fire in her own living room. There the whole atmosphere is one of kindly hospitality and simplicity, and as different as possible from what one might fear to find in the home of one of the world's richest women.

The Revolt in the Harem.

WHILE western women are agitating for the right to vote, and are eagerly competing with men in many professions, the Oriental woman is seeking an opportunity to lift herself from the condition of servitude and seclusion in which she has existed so long, and is struggling with all her might to achieve at least some degree of that liberty which western women have so long enjoyed. In the harems there is said to be open revolt, and the inmates who have long been content to sit quietly and contentedly at home without any knowledge of what is passing in the world outside, are planning to throw away their veils and devote their time and energies to something worth while.

The word harem is Arabic, and means privacy, seclusion. The confining of women in harems, that is to say, secluding them and denying them the privilege of talking with or coming in contact with men, excepting their husbands or nearest male relatives, is a Mohammedan custom, and harems are to be found existing in every country where the influence of the Moslem has been dominant. The downfall of the harem is the greatest good that modernism is accomplishing in Asia, and with it is dying polygamy.

In discussing this tendency towards the springing up of a new order of womanhood in all quarters of the Orient, The Travel Magazine says that many of the Oriental women are willing, nay, eager, to share the responsibilities of public life with men. Moreover, they are willing to work with them shoulder to shoulder.

In every Asiatic country you see the "new" woman conducting special schools for girls and neighborhood centres for women of comparatively advanced ages. These institutions are designed to educate the present and rising generations of women to properly discharge their various duties. In these schools Oriental girls and women are taught what constitutes their real rights. Here they are also inspired to unflinchingly and steadily labor to obtain a l maintain these rights.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the most favored and successful manner in which the Oriental woman carries on her propaganda work is through the channels of the newspapers and even magazines. In various parts of Asia, especially in China, India and Japan, women are conducting publications to further the cause. In Japan the Twentieth Century Women, a radical monthly magazine, is edited by a woman, and many of her contributors are women. China has three flourishing publications edited by and for women. In Hindustan there is also a magazine for women. It is printed in English, was started some two years ago, and has a large and growing circulation.

Dressmakers' Models in Paris.

ONE of the two busy seasons of the Paris manikin has just begun, and for weeks to come these models will spend many hours a day showing off to the best advantage the newest creations of the great dress designers. All the big establishments have at least a half a dozen models, and for weeks before the busy season begins they spend their days while draperies are tried on them, colors matched, and general effects studied, in the work rooms. Twice a year, about August 20 and February 20, they reap their reward, for then the exhibitions are held and the dressmaker's model makes a series of triumphant appearances robed like a queen and feeling to the full the importance of her position.

For the most part these young women—their ages vary from twenty to thirty—are very good looking, and, of course, they are all graceful and carry themselves well, lessons in deportment being part of their training. Much depends upon the way in which the model dresses her hair, and upon her general look of birth and breeding. Usually she has neither one nor the other of the latter, but as long as she is able to look haughty and carry herself well she fills the purpose for which she is selected, that of showing off something like fifty dresses a day. The work is very exhausting, but the model seems to like it, and to delight in wearing beautiful clothes and handling exquisite materials. In order to sustain her during her work some refreshment is always provided in the dressing-room.

The great season only lasts six months a year, divided between spring and autumn. When this is over, the manikins take a rest for a few weeks before returning to the ateliers for the trying-on of new modes.

Of all the working women of Paris, from a social standpoint, that of the manikin ranks lowest. The pay is $20 a month, with two meals a day, and with it the women can hardly have the bare necessities of life. When they quit the establishments at nightfall they are like Cinderellas who leave their slippers behind, for the house only clothes them during work hours.

In obtaining the position of manikin the chief requisites are height, good figures, distinguished appearance and good manners. Beyond that no inquiries are usually made. Often, very often for some caprice, the manikin quits her post at the height of the season. Then it is that the director of the establishment makes use of his long waiting list. It is another instance of where the many are called and only the one chosen. The one selected has figure and style and most nearly suits the dresses already worn, for it would be madness to alter the manikin's costumes at a time when all hands are occupied filling orders.

A Future Queen and Her Daughters.

The Crown Princess of Roumania, who is a granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, is regarded as one of the most beautiful Royal ladies in Europe. Her eldest daughter, Princess Elizabeth, is a particularly attractive girl of fifteen, while the younger daughter, Princess Marie, better known as Princess "Mignon," is said to be the most beautiful child princess. The Crown Princess is expected shortly on a visit to England.

Old Friends and New

Little Boy Blue.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

Love's Prayer.

DEAR Lord! Kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care,
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Bruce to His Men at Bannockburn.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wha Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

—Robert Burns.

Morning.

WILL there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I've never heard?
Oh some scholar, oh some sailor,
Oh some wise man from the skies,
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies.

—Emily Dickinson.

The Marchioness of Ripon.

Daughter of Lord Herbert of Lea, Lady Ripon was one of the most beautiful debutantes, and her marriage to Lord Lonsdale took place in 1878. Left a widow in 1882 with one daughter, Lady Juliet Lowther, now Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Ripon married again in 1885, her second husband being Lord de Grey, who not long ago succeeded to the title of Marquis of Ripon. Lady Ripon, who is a close friend of Queen Alexandra, is devoted to music. She is a celebrated hostess and entertains largely at Coombe Court, Kingston Hill. Lady Ripon is also a most gifted linguist, and enjoys the distinction of always being perfectly gowned. Her favorite pets are dogs, and she is the owner of some fine French toy bull-dogs. Lady Ripon, who is nearly six feet in height, is still wonderfully good looking, and she possesses charming snow-white hair.

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The Home Bank of Canada has opened branches at Grandview, Man., with Mr. H. C. Ferguson as local manager, and at Welwyn, Sask., Mr. W. D. Campbell, local manager.

TORONTO SOCIETY

MRS. F. W. TOOGOOD of Huron street announces the engagement of her daughter, Muriel Gertrude, to Dr. T. Howard Graham, son of Mrs. M. J. Graham, of Deleware ave.

Mrs. Gage gave a small dance on Monday night for some of her daughter's friends, at which a pretty company enjoyed the evening in the home so admirably adapted for such an affair. Miss Wilhemina (Willo) Gage wore turquoise satin and Miss Irene white satin. Mrs. Gage received in a jetted gown touched with gold and Mrs. Harry Love, *nee* Gage wore her *robe des noces* of white satin.

Mrs. C. A. Boone will receive for the last time in her home in Bloor street east, next Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Boone will reside later on in their new home in Rosedale, but will not vacate their present residence until May. Mr. Boone is now in Germany for his health, and is, I hear, doing very well. Mrs. Boone's friends have many pleasant memories of charming hospitalities in the old-fashioned square-built house in Bloor street, where they have enjoyed happy re-unions time and again.

Mrs. and Miss Gibson attended the lecture at Trinity last Saturday afternoon, when Professor Brett spoke on India and the conditions which are making trouble for the rulers of that huge and fascinating realm. The usual hospitalities followed the lecture and Professor Brett was in the Provost's room for tea and met many of his audience. This afternoon Professor Robert Chambers, of 'Varsity, will lecture on the Turkish Revolution.

Mrs. Reynolds has her daughter, Mrs. Ellwood Moore on a visit at the Prince George, where she is now residing.

The opening of the Thirty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists took place last evening, in the Art Galleries in College street, where the new Library and its additions are such an immense acquisition.

Mrs. and Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank, will spend some time in Italy, for which attractive land they start this week.

Mrs. H. Collingwood McLeod has gone to New York and will sail next Wednesday for England by the Lusitania. Mr. McLeod will join her later.

Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Adams and their party, received on Tuesday, told of their safe arrival at Genoa. They are going up to Switzerland.

The marriage of Mr. de la Cour and Miss Elaine Hodgins, of Cloynewood, will take place at Easter. The bride-groom elect has arrived from Brazil this week.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marion B. Bagley, only daughter of Mrs. J. E. Bagley, and of the late Rev. J. E. Bagley, formerly of Boston, Mass., U.S., to Mr. G. Gordon Laird, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Keefer, of Ottawa, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. George Sweeny. Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Houston, in Ottawa. Miss Nordheimer is visiting Mrs. Otter.

A number of Toronto officers went down to the Paardeburg dinner at Rideau Hall, the end of the week, when His Excellency entertained about seventy guests. The knowledge that it was Lord Grey's last year as host to the veterans of the Boer war evoked a feeling of extra interest and good comradeship. It is the military event *par excellence* of the season.

Her Excellency gave a delightful *mi-careme* skating party on Wednesday at Rideau Hall. Lady Aileen Roberts is enjoying the later days of Canadian winter, and much is being done in her honor. Lady Sybil Grey who went over to England to help her brother, Howick, in the election, is welcomed back by her Ottawa friends who endeavor to make her forget the strenuosity of the campaign in the joys of social winter life in Canada.

Mr. Jack Sifton is Aide to Sir Daniel MacMillan at Government House, Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs Aylesworth are paying a farewell visit to Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth, who are going abroad in May.

Like a bolt from the blue was the shock to her family of the sudden decease of clever Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, while addressing an audience in St. Margaret's College, Bloor st., last Saturday. Mrs. Hoodless was on one of her cherished topics: "The Industrial Standard for Women," when, without a moment's warning, she was called away. Words fail in such harrowing circumstance! Toronto people appreciated this fine woman and mother, and her beautiful second daughter, whose engagement was only announced last month, was a popular visitor here during this season. To the husband and family so irrevocably bereaved great sympathy goes forth—and it may slightly console them to know how the departed lady was universally esteemed and appreciated.

Mrs. Spohn, *nee* Haney, of Penetanguishene, is visiting her parents at Cliffden Hall, and will receive with Mrs. Haney next Monday and Tuesday afternoons. Mrs. Spohn has been much missed in many bright re-unions since her marriage and her friends will hasten to welcome her back to town.

Hon. Clifford Sifton addressed the Mining Association at their afternoon session yesterday and also gave an address in Brantford on Monday. Mr. Sifton has returned to the Capital.

The engagement of Miss Charlotte Olive Gooderham, eldest daughter of Colonel Gooderham, of Deancroft, and Dr. E. C. Burson, youngest son of the late Rev. George Burson, D.D., of St. Catharines, was announced at a small dinner at Deancroft last Friday night. Miss Gooderham has been, since her debut, one of the girls whom everyone admires and loves. In her splendid home she is a capital assistant hostess to her charming mother, and in other people's homes an ever-welcome guest. Dr. Burson is a brother of Mrs. Campbell Myers, of Heath street, and a notably fine young man. Miss Gooderham has loyally decided to marry in her father's regiment, to which Dr. Burson is attached.

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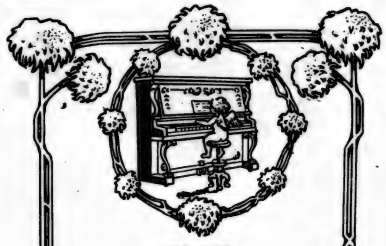
MISS MARGARETTA DREXEL.
The charming Philadelphia girl whose engagement to Viscount Maid tone has just been announced.

The death, on Friday, at her home, 15 Scarth road, of Mrs. J. P. Mabee, was a most sad and deplored occurrence. During the past five years, since Chief Commissioner Mabee came from Stratford to Toronto, on being appointed judge, Mrs. Mabee has made many warm friends, who thoroughly appreciated her lovable and sterling qualities. She was above all a devoted wife and mother and the home was her kingdom. For months she has been a patient sufferer from the complaint which ended her life, and great sympathy has been with her in her affliction. The remains were taken to Port Rowan for interment. The deceased lady leaves a daughter and son, and to them and the Chief Commissioner of Railways heartfelt condolences are offered. Mrs. Mabee was a sister of Mrs. Alex. Davidson, of College street.

The London Skating Club Carnival was held Tuesday, 22nd, when the doors were thrown open to the public for the first time. The waltzing was quite an unique spectacle here. All the members' friends turned out and enjoyed the pretty sight of the grand march, Swiss waltzing and figure skating and found the hot refreshments very opportune as the night was extremely cold. Several enthusiastic skaters from St. Thomas are members and arrived full force for the occasion. Mrs. Jack Hood being particularly beautiful as "A Lady of Quality of the 17th Century; Mr. Hood and Mr. Ermatinger were Cole and Johnson, respectively; Mrs. Bruce, who, as Miss Lamport, was a member of the Toronto Skating Club, is now living in St. Thomas, and looked sweet and pretty in a blue geisha gown; Miss Enid Wornum, another ex-member of the T. S. Club, was dressed in a becoming Dolly Varden costume with frilly pink hat and her costume and dancing were much admired; Miss Marjorie Braithwaite, of Toronto, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. E. B. Smith, wore a Swiss peasant dress; Miss McLain, of Goderich, and Miss Edith Scatchard were "Daughters of the Regiment"; Miss Millie Harris, who is quite the most enthusiastic member and also a very graceful and perfect skater, was dressed in a beautiful Russian peasant costume with all the attendant jewelry that delights the heart of a peasant girl; Mrs. George Harris arrived in a Bedouin Arab Chieftain's costume; Mrs. Hungerford wore a magnificent gold encrusted Chinese Mandarin's suit and looked the part to perfection; Dr. Pardee Bucke made a dashing Indian brave in full war paint; Mr. Campbell Becher as a member of the London Hunt wore the pink; Mrs. Adam Beck, as Mother Goose; Miss Alice Leonard, as a housemaid; Mrs. Innis Carling, as Winter; Mr. Ibbotson Leonard, as a very full-grown cupid; Miss Bee Richardson—whose friends are just congratulating her upon her engagement to Mr. James Boucher—as the merry widow; Mr. Boucher, as a Courtier; Mr. Chester Matheson, as King Charles; Miss Gwen Davis, as a lady of 1860 ;Mr. Charlie Hunt, as a baker boy; Mr. Evatt, as a beau of sixty years ago; Mr. Powell, as Uncle Sam, were some of the most striking costumes. The evening was most successful, and the members are to be congratulated upon their first carnival.

Miss Alice Buckwell, of Port Dover, is spending a few days with Mrs. Low, 1 Wells street, and is going to Grimsby early next week.

An "awfully lovely party" was given by Mrs. John Cawthra for the Masters Agar Adamson this week, when the children invited had a dance, a magic lantern and all sorts of goodies. These little people are always glad when their delightful grand mama gives up a year of travels and stays on in her home in Beverley street.



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SEALED tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Boundary Monuments" will be received by the undersigned, at the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, up to noon of March 15th, 1910, for the supply of 150 cast iron monuments for use in marking the international boundary.

Specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Astronomer, Dominion Observatory, or will be furnished on application to him, or to the Secretary of the Department.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to ten per cent. of the whole amount of the tender, made payable to the Minister of the Interior, which cheque will be forfeited if the successful tenderer fails to carry out the terms of the contract.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

W. W. CORY.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority will not be paid for it.

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Lady Gossip Column

PERHAPS the most utterly maddening suburban experience one encounters on a visit is the casual way of the common or garden cab. The driver, no son of Jehu or any other sort of sport, takes your order with an offhand and superior disregard of detail which might do for the head of a taxi depot, but fits too large upon the proprietor of the rattletrap vehicle which lifts him physically, and also in his own conceit yards above the unfortunately dependent world in general. He gets in his choicest varieties of erratic behaviour on the slushy, miry, grim sort of day prevalent at this season. He comes at the hour which suits him to bear you to your homing train, or perhaps he doesn't come at all, and you have the pleasure of sitting with hat and wraps on, peering out on the impossible highway, until you hear the decisive shriek of the departing train, and take your chagrin with what philosophy you can muster. No matter how much work, or how many engagements await you at home! What does the cab-man care? He forgot about you, and seemingly considers that is just about what you deserve.

MISS MURIEL JARVIS.

✠

To live a long time is not always wise, but to live a very long time and celebrate an advanced birthday, with the frank simplicity of a white-washed fence, is a good and heartsome thing to do, especially if one doesn't do it too often! All this winter we have had wonderful old ladies getting on to be saints on their own account, for my scrub lady tells me that if one live to be a hundred one is voted a saint without bell, book or candle, a sort of honorary degree in holiness, so to speak. I remark that more old ladies than old gentlemen are given to celebrations of birthdays; whether more of them attain the nineties, or whether the masculine dislike to be made the *"raison d'etre"* of jubilation is really existent to the last gasp, I have not quite decided. There is really nothing prettier than the old lady celebrating her advanced birthday, unless it may be the wee child trying her 'prentice hand at the earlier anniversaries. For the dear old traveller, who is nearing the top of the hill, from whence she may view the promised land, everyone racks their brains to concoct suitable greetings, the joyous "many happy returns" is obviously inappropriate. Nobody wishes or expects them; the nameless instinct which we call tact forbids more than a day by day wishing of good cheer to the very aged. They enjoy more a suggestion anent the years which are past than those which may come. Friends are ingenious and happy in referring to the busy, loving, useful and beautiful past life of the octogenarian or nonogenarian rather than to her possibilities of being or doing further. The child, grasping her beautiful toys, storybooks and goodies, gloats upon the grand time she is going to enjoy, the old lady should have, at least, a Janus-head on her long service medal, for her joy is not in looking forward as regards her mortal span; she rather enjoys looking back on the years, and if she looks forward it is only with the far-away vision of what will come to her when mortal birthdays have dropped out of count and are forgotten.

✠

The other day I went to see a very old man and his wife, and when I had paid the usual polite call, I stood up to say good-bye. "Why?" they both cried at once, "What's your hurry?" I had no particular "what" to urge, so I sat down again, and had wine and Christmas cake, and any amount more talk about nothing at all. But all the ensuing half hour I was fidgetting and anxious to get away, just as if there were a hundred other things waiting to be done, whereas in the "quiet land" there was merely a cosy supper and a loafing time ahead. The bonds of habit, the habit of hurry, certainly spoiled my gossip with the old folks, who ambled along about the growth of their home plants, the neighbors ills and operations, and the births and deaths and marriages of the past year or so. At last I got fairly worn out with trying to remember people I knew decades ago and their family descendants, and made my escape into the white snow-world outside. But it comes back to me now, amid the thousand and one interests of city life, the beckoning fingers from every side, the telephone calls, the engagements piling up, and the temptations to try and be in three places, as nearly at one time as possible. I see the house-plants, the cosy iron stove, the old sofa full of bunkers and hazards for the unwary sitter, the tall old man in his quaint black, the peaceful smiling face of the gentle-voiced wife, as she fondles her flowers, and tells how this was a slip from Mary's wedding bouquet, and that a sprig from the rose-tree over Johnny's grave, and the other a triumphant proof that you can make any plant grow, if only you understand it. And then, into to-day's busy rush floats the surprised duet, the sweet woman and the old, old man, "What's your hurry?"

✠

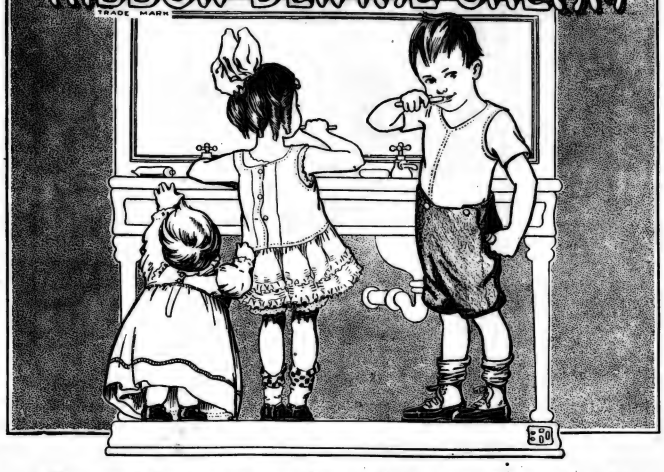
The other day, I was buying some picture post cards in a small city, in the west, the fidelity and prettiness of which caused me to enquire if a local artist had taken the views. There were bends in the river and reaches in the creek which I had known in childhood, beautifully tinted on these cards, making most attractive souvenirs. "Well," said the man selling them, "We just send the photographs over to Germany and they color them up, and make the cards." It seemed a far cry, didn't it, to Germany and back, and I was wondering if there is no place nearer?

✠

A very little boy was regarding his new sister in the arms of a hospital nurse. "Tell you what," said he confidentially, "If you like I can swap her with Ted Smith; he has a new brother, and he wants a sister, but I'd rather have a brother!" The nurse shook her head. "Oh," said the mannikin with a world of expression, "I just thought you wouldn't do it. Women is so contrary!" and he trotted off to mingle dissatisfaction with his chum, Mr. Smith.

LADY GAY.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



One Nursery Problem Solved

Your children won't have to be urged to brush their teeth with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Not only is it delicious in flavor but it cleanses thoroughly and antiseptically, prevents the growth of decay-germs and counteracts the effect of injurious acids in the mouth.

Also takes care of your gums—makes them firm and healthy, and your dentist will tell you how important healthy gums are.

Just as Colgate's efficiency acts as a bodyguard against disease, so its pleasant flavor—that leaves your mouth cool and wholesome—proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary to efficiency.

Trial Tube Mailed For 4 Cents in Stamps.

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Makers of the World Famous Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Established Over 100 Years.

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W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, MARCH 3, 1910.

MR. and Mrs. George E. Bristol are at Old Point Comfort.

✠

Mrs. Oliver Champ spent a few days in town with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Beckett, on her way to New York.

✠

One of the most successful of the Lenten Causeries was held last Friday at the Waldorf, Mrs. R. R. Gardiner being the hostess. A large audience completely filled the drawing room, where Mr. Creelman, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, gave a most interesting address, his subject being "Education and Agriculture." Bishop Dumoulin occupied the chair and introduced the speaker, and in his closing remarks expressed his enjoyment of the lecture, and in a humorous way related some of his own experiences in his visits throughout his diocese. Mrs. Calder, the President, announced that the Women's Wentworth Historical Society had purchased thirteen and a half acres more adjoining the Battlefield property, which makes the Society the possessors of eighteen acres of land, which will be used for a park. Tea was served from a long table in the hall, presided over by Mrs. W. R. Mills and Mrs. J. D. Ferguson, assisted by Mrs. Wm. Hendrie, Misses Ethel Calder, Jean and Strathmore Findlay, Constance Mills, Muriel Cartwright and Dorothy Wilgress. Mrs. Creelman was a welcome visitor, having come down from Guelph for the day.

✠

Miss Violet Crerar and Miss Greening are spending the week at the Welland House. Mr. Harry Crerar leaves this week for Germany, where he will continue his studies for some months.

✠

Miss Eleanor Lazier has left for a three months' visit in Chicago and California.

✠

Miss Marjorie Fellowes has been a much feted visitor from Toronto, the guest of Miss Mary Haslett, who entertained at the Thistle Rink on Monday evening. The band played an excellent programme for those who wished to skate; others resorted to the cosy club rooms for bridge, supper being served afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Haslett received the guests, who included Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Sharkey, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Turner, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Southam, Mrs. W. A. Gilmore, Miss Edith Ferrie, Miss J. Grantham, Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Mamie Moodie, Miss Grace Morrison, Miss Marjorie Hamilton, Miss Muriel Cartwright, Miss Dorothy Wilgress, the Misses Bristol and the Misses Balfour, Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Meta Gibson, Miss Rosalynde Osborne, Miss Anne Young, Miss Edna Greening, Messrs. George Gates, R. R. Ferrie, Denholm Burns, Horace Wilcox, F. R. Martin, Montizambert, Leo Sey, Victor Vallance, Maynard, George Balfour, J. Moodie, Morrison and Pym.

✠

Mrs. Charles Tinling has returned to Montreal, accompanied by Mrs. Ferrie, of Vancouver, who has been with her mother, Mrs. Alexander Turner.

✠

Dr. Pryse Park and Mr. H. M. Patterson will be passengers on the "Casmania," sailing for Italy next Saturday. They will be absent about three months.

✠

Miss Mona Murray, Duke Street, was hostess at a bridge on Tuesday given for Miss Phepoe, of Montreal. Some of those present were Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt, Mrs. J. L. Counsell, Mrs. James Gillies, Mrs. Burbidge (Winnipeg), Mrs. Arthur Rowe, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Douglas Young, Miss Lily Bristol, Miss Constance Turnbull, Miss Alice Balfour, Miss Grace Morrison, Miss Belle MacDonald.

✠

Mrs. Joseph Levy left this week for Germany, where she will visit her parents for three months.

✠

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Southam and Miss Charlotte Balfour have returned from Bermuda.

✠

Miss Meta Gibson, of Toronto, spent the week-end with Miss Rosalynde Osborne, Aberdeen Ave.

KATRINE.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, MARCH 3, 1910.

THE most important social event of the past week was the large and brilliant reception given on Friday by Sir Frederick and Lady Borden at their residence, Stadacona Hall. This event was arranged in special honor of the large number of officers from various points in the Dominion who had come to the Capital to attend the meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association and also the Paardeberg Dinner at Government House on Friday night. Gracefully draped flags in all the rooms and halls gave a military touch to the decorations, and the air was fragrant with the odor of hundreds of cut flowers of all descriptions. Lady Borden received in the large drawing-room, and was beautifully gowned in biscuit-colored ninon de soie embroidered in gold and trimmed with lace. Sir Frederick and Miss Borden also greeted the guests as they entered, Miss Borden looking very handsome in white cashmere embroidered in gold. A large silver trophy filled with a mass of golden jonquils centred the tea-table, at which Mrs. George Paley and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar performed the rather arduous duties of pouring tea and coffee, and had as assistants Miss Borden, the Misses Eva and Blanche Lessard, Miss Kingsford, Miss Marguerite Crombie, Miss Kitty Power and Miss Marjorie MacKeen. An orchestra played throughout the afternoon. Military representatives from every quarter of the Dominion were present as well as all Ottawa's military contingent.

✠

Sir Edgar Speyer, who is a prominent capitalist of London, England, was in town for several days during the week and was on Friday the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Hon. George A. Cox in the House of Commons Cafe. The table was most attractively arranged with crimson carnations and lily of the valley, and covers were laid for thirty guests. Unfortunately Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was suffering from a bad cold, was unable to attend the luncheon, but those present included Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Richard Scott, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. Frank Oliver, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Hon. G. P. Graham, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Hon. J. K. Kerr, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Hon. Robt. Jaffray, Hon. N. A. Belcourt, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. Wm. Gibson, Hon. R. Watson, Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Hon. F. Beique, Hon. William Harty, M.P., Mr. F. Congdon, M.P., Mr. T. C. Boville, Dr. R. M. Coulter, Mr. Robt. Gill, Mr. D. M. Finnie, Mr. R. H. Haycock, Mr. W. Y. Soper, Captain Newton and Mr. Greene, of London, England.

✠

Dinners and luncheons were again in the majority on the week's list of enjoyable gatherings. Among those who entertained at the former were Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss of "Earnescliffe," whose special guests were Mr. and Mrs. Boger, of Brandon, who spent a few days with Hon. Nesbitt and Mrs. Kirchhoffer en route to their home after a trip to England; Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff, whose guests included Sir Frederick and Lady Borden and several of Ottawa's military set; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, whose guests included Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reade, Col. and Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Hollister Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Barnard and Miss Macdonald of Victoria, B.C., Mrs. Remon, Mr. Morley Donaldson and Mr. W. H. Rowley.

✠

Lady Laurier, accompanied by Hon. Melvin and Mrs. Jones, left on Sunday night for Montreal en route to Arkansas Hot Springs, where they will remain for several weeks.

✠

Guests of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey at Government House, who arrived early this week are Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Frewin, of London, England, and Mr. Stafford Talbot.

✠

Col. and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin left on Tuesday for a sojourn of several weeks at Old Point Comfort, and will also visit New York and Washington.

✠

Bridge parties were recently given by Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Miss Fay Christie, Mrs. Douglas Street, Mrs. Robert Fraser and Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss.

THE CHAPERON.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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CHAPTER XXVI.

I SCENT THE IMPOSTOR.

A WHOLE fortnight went past. Mabel's silence was inexplicable.

The house in Sussex Place was still in the hands of the caretaker, and, though I watched both Doctor Flynn and Leonard Langton in secret, the results of my vigilance were nil.

I was in despair. Refused assistance by Scotland Yard, and treated as an enemy by Kershaw Kirk, I could only sit with Gwen at home and form a thousand wild conjectures.

Advertisements for news of Mabel had brought no word of response. Indeed, it seemed much as though the theory of those two detectives was the correct one, namely, that she had left me of her own will, and did not intend to return. Gwen, indeed, suggested this one day, but I made pretence of scouting it. Mabel's mother, who now lived up in Aberdeenshire, had written two letters, and I had been compelled to reply, to tell a lie and say that she was away at Cheltenham.

My business I neglected sadly, for nowadays I seldom went to the garage. Kirk was, I understood, living in Whitehall Court, but I did not call upon him. What was the use? I had tried every means of learning where Mabel was, but, alas! there seemed a conspiracy of silence against me. I had left no effort unexerted. Yet all had been in vain.

Antonio had, according to Ethelwynn, joined "the Professor" in Hungary. Was not that, in itself, sufficient evidence of collusion? As for Pietro, inquiry I made in the Euston Road showed that he had not yet returned to England.

Many times I felt impelled to go out to Buda-Pesth and endeavour to trace the pair. But I hesitated, because, finding Ethelwynn's statements unreliable in some particulars, I feared to accept what she said as the truth. Would it not be to her interest to mislead me and send me off upon a wild-goose chase?

No man in the whole of our great feverish London was so full of constant anxiety, frantic fear, and breathless bewilderment as myself. Ah, how I existed through those grey, gloomy March days I cannot explain. The mystery of it all was inscrutable.

I should, I knew, be able to satisfy myself as to poor Mabel's fate if only I could clear up the mystery of who killed Professor Greer.

This tension of nerves and constant longing for the return of the one for whom I held such a great and all-absorbing love was now telling upon my health. I ate little, and the mirror revealed how pale, careworn, and haggard I had become. Since the dawn of the New Year I was, alas! a changed man. In two months I had aged fully ten years.

From inquiries I made of men interested in science and in chemistry I had discovered how great a man was the dead Professor, and how beneficial to mankind had been certain of his discoveries. Fate—or is it some world spirit of tragic-comedy?—plays strange pranks with human lives now and then, and surely nothing more singular ever happened in our London life of to-day than what I have already narrated in these pages.

And to that thin, grey-faced neighbour of mine—the man who led a double life—was due the blame for it all. Though I made every endeavour and every inquiry, I could not learn what was his profession. That he was a man of means, a constant traveller, and well known in clubland, was all the information I could obtain.

You will wonder, perhaps, why I did not go again to Whitehall Court and force the truth from the fellow's lips. Well, I hesitated, because in every argument I had had with him he had always won and always turned the tables upon myself. I had made a promise which, however justifiable my action, I had, nevertheless, broken. I had denounced him to the police, believing that I should see him arrested and charged. Yet, on the contrary, the authorities refused to lift a finger against him.

What could I think? What, indeed, would you have thought in the circumstances? How would you have acted?

One morning I had gone out early with Drake, trying the chassis of a new "twenty-four," and finding ourselves in front of the grey old cathedral at Chichester, we pulled up at the ancient "Dolphin" to have luncheon. My mind had been full of Mabel all the way, and though I had driven I had paid little or no attention to the car's defects. Dick Drake, motor enthusiast as he was, probably regarded my preoccupied manner as curious, but he made no comment, though he had no doubt noted all the defects himself.

I had lunched in the big upstairs room—a noble apartment, as well known to travellers in the old coaching days as to the modern motorist—and had passed along into another room, where I lit a cigarette and stretched myself lazily before the fire.

A newspaper lay at hand, and I took it up. In my profession I have but little leisure to read anything save the motor-journals; therefore, except a glance at the evening paper, I, like hundreds of other busy men, seldom troubled myself with the news of the day.

I was smoking and scanning the columns of that morning's journal when my eyes fell upon a heading which caused me to start in surprise. The words read, "Steel Discovery: New High-Speed Metal with Seven Times Cutting Power of Old."

The short article read as follows:

"Few prophecies have been more quickly justified than that of Professor Greer at the Royal Institution on December 16th last. He then said:

"'As to Mr. Carnegie's prophecy on the decadence of British steel metallurgy, this exists only in the imagination of that gentleman. So far as quality is concerned, Britain is still first in the race for supremacy.

"'I am strongly of opinion that in a very short time the best high-speed steel will be a back number. It is probable that a year hence there will be on the market British steel with a quadruple cutting power of any now known to metallurgy.'

"The prophecy has come true. Professor Greer, lecturing again at the Birmingham Town Hall last night, stated that the firm of Edwards & Sutton, of the Meersbrook Works, Sheffield, of which Sir Mark Edwards is the head, have, after his lengthened experiments, placed on the market a steel with from three to seven times the cutting power of existing high-speed steel, and which, in contradistinction to present material, can be hardened in water, oil, or blast.

"The new steel, whose cutting power is almost incredible, said the Professor, will not call for any alteration in present machinery."

The impostor had actually had the audacity to lecture before a Birmingham audience! His bold duplicity was incredible.

I re-read that remarkable statement, and judged that this new process of his must have been purchased by the great firm of Edwards & Sutton, whose steel was of world repute. His was, I presumed, an improvement upon the Bessemer process.

That a man could have the impudence to pass himself off as Greer was beyond my comprehension. As Waynflete Professor at Oxford he would, I saw, be well known, even if he did not go much into society. And yet he had stood upon the platform in the Town Hall of Birmingham and boldly announced a discovery made by the man whose identity he had so audaciously assumed.

This action of the impostor, who had no doubt sold the Professor's secret at a high figure to a well-known firm, absolutely staggered belief.

I called Drake, mounted upon the ugly chassis again, and together we sped post-haste back to London. At ten that night I was in the Grand Hotel at Birmingham, and half an hour later I called at the house of a certain Alderman named Pooley, who was a member of the society before which the bogus Professor had lectured on the previous evening.

I had some little difficulty in inducing him to see me at that late hour. He was a busy solicitor, and his servant referred me to his office in Bull Street, where, she said, he would see me in the morning. But, being pushful, Mr. Pooley at last consented to see me.

"Yes," he said, as I sat with him in his dining-room, "it is quite true that Professor Greer lectured before us last night, and made a most interesting announcement—one which seems to have caused a good deal of stir in the world of metallurgy. The papers were full of it to-day."

"I understood the Professor was abroad," I remarked rather lamely.

"So he was. He came home specially to fulfil a long-standing engagement. He promised us to lecture, and gave us the date as far back as November last."

"Do you know where he arrived from?" I inquired.

"Yes. He dined with us here before the lecture, and stayed with us the night. He told us at dinner that he had just returned from Roumania."

"Then he did not leave Birmingham until this morning!" I cried. "Ah, how I wish I had known! Have you any idea where he has gone?"

"I went with him to the station this morning, and he took a ticket to Sheffield—to visit Sir Mark Edwards, I believe. He met at the station a friend who had been to the lecture and who had stayed at the Grand that night. He was introduced to me as Mr. Kirk. Do you know him?"

"Kirk?" I gasped. "Yes; a tall, thin, grey-haired man—Mr. Kershaw Kirk."

"Yes. They travelled together," said the Alderman. "It seemed as though Kirk came from London to meet the Professor, who had returned by the Hook of Holland to Harwich, and came on by the through carriage to Birmingham."

"And you believe that Kirk has gone with the Professor to visit Sir Mark Edwards?" I exclaimed eagerly.

"I think so. If you sent a letter to the Professor at Sir Mark's address, it's quite probable that he would get it."

"Had you ever met the Professor before?" I inquired.

"No, never. Of course I knew him well by repute."

"Did he mention that Edwards & Sutton were old friends of his?"

"I gathered that they were not. He had simply concluded an arrangement with them for working his process as a matter of business. Indeed, he mentioned that Sir Mark Edwards had invited him to visit him for a few days."

"Then they are not friends of long standing?" I asked.

"Probably not. But—well, why do you ask such curious questions as these, Mr.—Holford? What, indeed, is the motive of all this inquiry? The Professor is a well-known man, and you could easily approach him yourself," the keen solicitor remarked.

"Yes, probably so. But my inquiry is in the Professor's own interest," I said, because I had to make my story good. "As a matter of fact, I have learnt of an attempt to steal the secret of his process, and I'm acting for his protection. When my inquiries are complete, I shall go to him and place the whole matter before him."

"Your profession is not that of a detective?" he suggested, with a laugh.

"No; I'm a motor engineer," I explained bluntly. "I know nothing, and care less, about detectives and their ways."

Then I apologised for disturbing him at that hour and made my way back in the cab that had brought me to the centre of the city.

I left New Street Station at two o'clock in the morning—cold, wet, and cheerless—and at half-past four was in the Midland Hotel at Sheffield, sleepy and fagged.

The night-porter knew nothing of Sir Mark Edward's address; therefore I had to wait until eight o'clock, when some more intelligent member of the hotel staff came on duty.

Everyone of whom I inquired, however, seemed ignorant; hence I took a cab and drove to the great works of the firm—a huge, grimy place, with smoky chimney and heaps of slag, an establishment employing several thousand hands, and one of the largest, if not the largest, in Hallamshire. Here I was informed that Sir Mark resided thirty miles distant, at Alverton Hall, close to the edge of Bulwell Common, famed for its golf links.

Therefore at ten o'clock I took train there, and, finding a fly at the station, drove direct to the Hall to face and denounce the man who was an accomplice of assassins, if not the assassin himself, and a bold, defiant impostor.

The fly, after traversing a country road for a mile or so, suddenly entered the lodge-gates and proceeded up a splendid avenue of high bare elms, until we drew up at the entrance to a fine old Elizabethan mansion, the door of which was thrown open by a liveried man-servant.

I held my breath for a second. My chase had been a long and stern one.

Then I inquired for the honoured and distinguished guest—who I had already ascertained at the works in Sheffield was supposed to be staying there—and was ushered with great ceremony into the large, wide, old-fashioned hall.

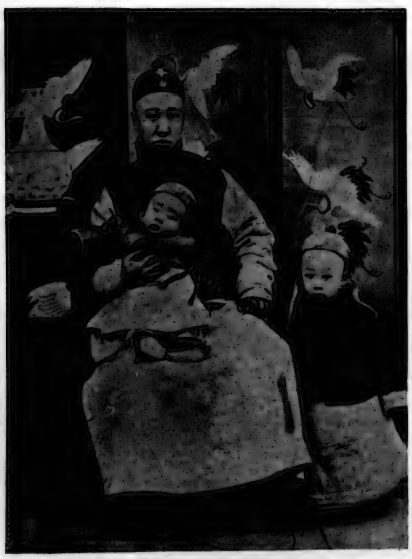
At last the impostor was near his unmasking. At last I would be able to prove to the world who killed Professor Greer!

CHAPTER XXVII.

SEVERAL REVELATIONS.

Alverton Hall, a noble old mansion, had been purchased by the Sheffield steel magnate Sir Mark Edwards some ten years before. In addition, I heard that he owned a beautiful place in Glamorganshire and rented a great deer-forest in Scotland. He was one of England's manufacturing princes, whose generosity to charitable institutes and to the city of Sheffield was well known, and whose daughter had, only a year ago, married into the peerage.

A short, bluff, bald-headed old



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THE LITTLE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Pu Yi, the young ruler of China, is shown standing beside his uncle the Regent, who is holding the Emperor's brother. Although only four years old, the Emperor is already learning something of the wonders of the West by means of toy trains and other mechanical inventions. A scheme of education upon broad Western lines is being planned for him in order to fit him for his future position as ruler of the Chinese Empire.

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H.P. SAUCE

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Eastern Fruits and Spices—
Pure Malt Vinegar—
the rest's a secret.

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FIRST CLASS To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, - - - 1881 STEADY
To adopt Turbine Engines, - 1905 SWIFT

ST. LAWRENCE SEASON, 1910

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

CORSICAN	May 6	June 3
VIRGINIAN	May 13	June 10
TUNISIAN	May 20	June 17
VICTORIAN	May 27	June 24

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

IONIAN	May 7	June 4
GRAMPIAN	May 14	June 11
PRETORIAN	May 21	June 18
HESPERIAN	May 28	June 25

MONTREAL TO HAVRE AND LONDON

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fellow, he spoke quickly, almost snappishly, when I was ushered into his presence in a small, cosily-furnished room that looked out upon a fine old-world terrace, with a Jacobean garden beyond.

"It is true that I'm expecting Professor Greer on a visit here," he said, with a broad Hallamshire accent, in reply to my question. "Who, may I ask, are you?"

I explained that I was an intimate friend who desired to see him immediately upon very important business, and that I had come down from London for that purpose.

"Well," replied the short, active little man, "I expected him yesterday, and cannot think why he has not arrived."

"You have had some important business dealings with him, Sir Mark, I see from yesterday's paper?"

"Yes, very important. He made a statement in Birmingham explaining his discovery."

"I suppose it is a most important one?"

"Most important. It opens up a new era in the British steel trade and places us in the foremost rank. At this moment no other steel in the world can compete with that from our Meersbrook Works, thanks to the Professor."

"You've known him a long time, I presume?"

"I've not known him personally very long," was Sir Mark's reply. "He is a man who has kept himself very much to himself. But, of course, as you know, his reputation is world-wide. He is bringing with him his agent, Mr. Kirk."

"His agent!" I echoed, astounded. "You know him?"

"Of course. I've had several dealings with him. He was with us in Vienna a week or so ago."

"And was Greer there also?"

"Of course," replied the steel manufacturer. "The contract was arranged there."

"And who else was with him?"

"No one to my knowledge—except an English lady who lived at the Continental in the Praterstrasse, while we were at the Grand. She seemed to be a friend of the Professor, for one evening he introduced me to her. By the way, her name was very similar to yours, I think—Holworth or Holford."

"That was in Vienna?" I gasped.

"Yes. He introduced me in Leidinger's restaurant, in the Karntnerstrasse."

"And the lady—what was she like? Young or old?" I inquired breathlessly.

"Young," was his answer.

And, proceeding, he gave me a perfect description of Mabel.

"What was her attitude towards the Professor?"

"She appeared to be most eager to protect him from any suspicion of fraud. She seemed to regard me with some misgivings—I know not why. Indeed, the reason of her being in Vienna and mixed up in the business struck me as altogether remarkable, for, truth to tell, I prefer not to deal with the fair sex in matters of pure business. I'm a plain man," he added, with a strong burr in his voice, "and I believe always in straightforward dealing, whether it be in paying a workman a day's wage or carrying out a Government contract."

"This is all very interesting to me, Sir Mark," I said, without, however, telling him that the lady in question was my lost wife. "You appear not to have approved of the lady's connection with the sale of the patent?"

"I didn't, I frankly tell you," he said. "I told Kirk my mind quite plainly, but he assured me that the lady was a great friend of the Professor."

I bit my lip savagely. How was it that Mabel, my dear, beloved wife, had allied herself with that pair of adventurers? What could have been the story told her to induce her to become the catspaw of men of that stamp?

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell the great steel magnate that he had purchased a secret which did not belong to the seller, and that the "Professor Greer" he knew was not the real discoverer. But I hesitated. Before I spoke I would unmask this impostor and his "agent," Kershaw Kirk.

A word from me to this shrewd, hard-headed man of business and the pair would, I felt assured, find themselves in the hands of the police.

Yes, I now held the trump card. At any moment the pair might drive up to pay their promised visit to Sir Mark. And when they did, what an awkward surprise would await them!

I laughed within myself when I realized how innocently they would fall into my vengeful hands.

So communicative and pleasant was the bald-headed man that I went one step further, daring to ask:

"I presume the price your firm paid for the secret of the new process was a substantial one?"

"A very large one," he replied. "A big sum down, as well as a handsome royalty. This must be the second fortune which Greer has made. He has received a lot of money for his process of hardening armour-plates. The Admiralty use only plates hardened by the Greer process, for here, as in many other things, England is still ahead of Germany."

"Have you ever been to the Professor's house in London?" I asked.

"Never. He has, however, invited me to dine there next week."

"Next week!" I cried. "Then, of course, you'll go? You'll probably find Kershaw Kirk there."

"Yes," he laughed; "most probably. He's a strange man—isn't he?—and most influential."

"He's certainly strange, but as regards his influence, I know nothing," was my quick reply.

"Why, my dear sir, his influence is enormous! He can go direct to quarters where we are entirely debarred!" declared my companion, as I sat back in the chair listening to these revelations.

"How? I don't follow you."

"Well," he declared, "to me, the reason of Kirk's influence is a complete mystery, but it has been conclusively proved more than once that he has the *entree* to the highest quarters, and the ear of the authorities."

I laughed.

"I suppose he has misled you into the belief that he has, Sir Mark. He's a boaster—like many other men of his stamp."

"He's a boaster and a trifle eccentric, I admit. Yet I have myself had experience of his undoubted influence. He's in some position of great trust."

"There, I fear, I must differ, Sir Mark. I happen to know him well, and I think one day ere long you'll discover that his powers are merely imaginary."

The short, bald-headed man shrugged his shoulders dubiously, whereat, in order not to go contrary to his opinion, I turned our conversation into a different channel. I had already learned much of interest, but much, too, that had caused me a twinge of despair.

We spoke of other things, and apparently impressed by the fact that I was eager to meet Greer, he invited me to wait until he and Kirk arrived.

"But they may not be coming, after all," I said. "They may have changed their minds."

"I think that hardly probable," Sir Mark replied. "They have been delayed, though. I've ascertained that they left Birmingham to come direct here."

I told him nothing of my visit to Alderman Pooley, but my only fear was that, with the report of the bogus Professor's speech appearing in the papers, the impostor had become alarmed and again made himself scarce. To me it appeared much as though he and his accomplices had never intended the announcement to get into the papers. Indeed, even Sir Mark had expressed himself surprised at reading the report, understanding that the meeting was a purely private one of the learned society which had invited him to lecture.

I smoked a cigar with the affable little man, and then he left me, being called to the telephone. When he re-entered the room, he said:

"I've been speaking to the Professor. It seems that he's at home, at his house in London. He was recalled suddenly by telegram, and not having been home since his return from the Continent he was compelled to obey the summons. He promises to come here next Monday."

My heart sank once more within me. The truth was just as I had feared! The report of his speech in the papers had alarmed him, and he was no doubt on his way abroad again, having netted a goodly sum from Messrs. Edwards & Sutton for a secret filched from the unfortunate man who had been assassinated.

"Then I'll go back to London at once," I announced; and, without betraying my anxiety to my bald-headed friend, who had been so cleverly victimized, I bade him adieu, and an hour later left Bulwell for London.

In the grey March afternoon I alighted from a hansom before that well-remembered door of the Professor's house in Sussex Place. I did not for one moment believe him to be there. He had, of course, escaped long ago. In Edinburgh and in Glasgow I had been close at his heels, as I had also been in Birmingham, yet he had always cleverly evaded me.

To my amazement my ring was answered by Antonio—sleek, smiling, yet as evil-faced as ever!

"Is your master at home?" I asked sharply, for I certainly had not expected to meet the man who had escaped to Italy, and who had afterwards threatened me.

"No, signore," was his bland reply. "He is out at present."

"Then he—he's at home again?"

"Yes, signore. He returned unexpectedly yesterday."

"And Miss Ethelwynn?"

"The signorina is still at Broadstairs; we expect her up to-morrow."

"And my wife, Antonio—where is she?" I inquired, loking him straight in the face.

"Ah, how can I tell, Signor Holford? Have I not already told you that I am entirely ignorant of her whereabouts?" And he exhibited his bony palms.

"You have been with your master in Hungary or in Roumania, I hear?"

"Certainly! Why not?" he said, as we stood within the wide hall. "But the Signor Kirk is upstairs in the study. Perhaps you will care to see him? I believe he has been trying to telephone to you at Chiswick."

I started in eager anticipation.

"Of course, I'll see Mr. Kirk," I said.

And endeavouring to steady my nerves and control my temper, I mounted the thickly-carpeted stairs to the room I so well remembered.

The point which puzzled me was whether I should now boldly accuse Kirk of duplicity and fraud. If I did, I feared that, to the bogus professor, he might give the alarm, and that he would again slip through my fingers.

On my way to the study I resolved upon a purely diplomatic course. I would not let Kirk know of my visits to Birmingham and Sheffield, or even that I had noticed the report of the Professor's announcement.

For a second I held my breath. Then I turned the handle of the door and boldly entered.

"Why, my dear Holford," cried Kirk, jumping up from the writing-chair and grasping my hand as though delighted at my visit, "I've been trying to get on to you at your garage three times this morning, but your people have been engaged. You must be pretty busy down there—eh?"

The thin-faced man was, indeed, a perfect actor.

"I called to see Antonio," I said. "I heard he had returned."

"Then it is fortunate—most fortunate," he said. "I am awaiting the return of someone who is very desirous indeed of making your acquaintance. It was for that reason that I've ben trying to ring you up."

My lips parted in an incredulous smile. So the impostor was anxious to meet me—doubly anxious, no doubt, because he was aware that I knew the truth of poor Greer's death.

Yes, I would meet and unmask him.

(To be continued.)

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MUSIC

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IN the course of a recent conversation with a musical layman connected with the press, he made the statement to me that no professional musician should occupy the position of a musical critic. His contention—the stock argument employed in this connection—was that no musician should have the power of publicly judging the efforts of his professional brethren; for his critical verdicts, no matter how deserved and just, would not be received with the same satisfaction and equanimity as if emanating from one who was a professional journalist.

This may "look good" at first sight, but in reality it is a very pretty piece of sophistry. It implies that the professional musician is that narrow-minded creature who existed years ago; a long-haired, unpractical individual consumed with jealousy, who was looked upon by ordinary folk as somewhat of an oddity. To-day, however, the average musician of the twentieth century is wide-awake, and too busily engaged in attending to his own duties to find time to sit down and indulge in jealous spells over the actions of his professional brethren. To him it matters little whether the critic, be a professional musician or a layman, provided he knows what he is writing about—that is the great essential.

As a matter of fact the musician-critic is likely to be discriminating and impartial in his judgments, for the very reason that his position is a delicate one, and he will be most keenly alive to the necessity for fairness, lest the old-time cry of professional jealousy be raised against him.

* * *

Then, further, the musician-critic is likely to have sympathetic insight into the work of the public performer. In theology, the anthropomorphist gets his idea of God from studying his own human feelings, conduct and attributes. Whatever may be the faults of this philosophy, it is certainly true, by a sort of humble parallel, that the musician-critic gets a comparative knowledge of the workings of the performer's mind, the nature of the difficulties that he has to face, and the quality of his achievements, by a certain introspective acquaintance with his own mental states under similar circumstances. Thus, he is quick to appreciate idealism, no matter if the performance falls far short, just as he is sensitive to detect charlatanism, no matter how cleverly it may be glossed over. And if he is one who has the dignity of his profession at heart, he will ever be enthusiastic in praising worty effort and indignant in denouncing quackery on account of the direct bearing which each has upon the honor of that calling in the ranks of which he labors.

Turning to the practical side of the question, one might enquire as to whether there have been instances of professional musicians who have won success and esteem in the critical arena. In reply it might be said that without doubt the greater number of musical critics in America and Europe whose influence has been the most wholesome have been professional musicians or writers who have received a comprehensive musical training. Let us take but one city for example. In Chicago, the outstanding names in musical criticism are Hubbard, Gunn, Borowski, Latimer, De Lamarter and Rosenfeld. These men are the critics on the leading Chicago dailies, and each and every one is a professional musician, commanding the respect of fellow-craftsman and layman alike, by the high quality of his achievement in the critical field.

In this connection the following extract from an article written by Mr. Milo E. Benedict, of Boston, in the Chicago Musical News of Feb. 25th last, will be of interest. Mr. Benedict is a professional musician, and was at one time a pupil of the great master, Franz Liszt:

"In the personnel of its music critics Chicago is particularly fortunate. Certainly no city in the country is so well equipped with good critics, critics who are not only equal to their task, but who are singularly free from the crotchets and narrow conceits so frequently met with among writers who turn their attention to matters musical.

For the solid advance of music in any quarter we must look first of all to the character of the criticism dealing with the art. If the criticism be lacking in appreciation, discernment, penetration and judicial fairness, there is then but small chance for musical progress. On the other hand, a careless, bigoted, or slighting criticism, is death to musical interests, even in the face of the utmost that musicians, unaided, may attempt to do.

If the critic misuses his office he is at least safe. No one can talk back. With this unfair upper hand his egotism may get the better of him, and the face of truth is easily kept to the wall, if greed of personal power so orders it.

Enviable as this mild sort of despotism may appear, there is in the long run a fair chance for Truth to catch up. The public slowly forms its own conclusions, and a fling at justice or fair play will cost the thoughtless critic the certain loss of our esteem.

It is but just to say that we have not detected in Chicago the presence of any of those maladies of temper with which even reputable critics are sometimes afflicted. The task to be performed here is both particular and arduous. That the Chicago critics are doing their work surprisingly well is a fact that has occasioned comment already from far and wide.

* * *

Mr. Henry J. Lautz writes from Darmstadt, Germany, where he is spending the year studying composition under Professor Mendelssohn, of Frankfort, and voice under the most eminent teachers of that musical city. Referring to the first performance of Pierne's "The Children's Crusade," in Frankfort, he writes:

"It is a wonderful work. The performance, however, was only fairly good and I missed the brilliancy of tone, utterance of text, pliancy of rhythm and the magnificent climaxes of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. The children were the best part of it, but the eight mystic voices were sung badly out of tune and very coarsely. Musicians here are very enthusiastic about this new French work and some of them, including Professor Mendelssohn, my teacher, who is a descendant of the great Mendelssohn, count it a most brilliant creation, whether taken from the choral, orchestral, melodic or harmonic point of view. Professor Mendelssohn, who is a great Bach "schwaermer," (enthusiast), nevertheless declares that "The Children's Crusade" is a work which is bound through sheer strength of its merit to be taken up all over the musical world and welcomed as a most remarkable addition to the choral literature of our time. The great difficulty of the choral and solo writing was plainly noticeable in the performance. The orchestra was very fine and most uplifting."

* * *

Lovers of chamber music are greatly indebted to the Women's Musical Club of Toronto for providing an opportunity of hearing the Flonzaley String Quartette on Saturday evening last. The programme consisted of the Mozart quartette in C major, a little known trio by Sanmartini for two violins and 'cello, and the Schumann quartette in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1. In all of these works the players revealed well balanced ensemble, rich tone quality, refined phrasing, and an ever present sense of thematic values in the individual parts.

* * *

The weekly recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday afternoon last was by pupils of the Piano, Organ and Singing departments—Intermediate grade—the programme being as follows:—

Greig, (a) Eisamer Wanderer, (b) An den Fruhling, Miss Rita Ellis; Bachmann, Gigue Bretonne, Miss Mary Seon; White, To Mary, Miss Ida Jackson; (a) Schutt, Etude Mignonne, (b) Mendelssohn, Hunting Song. Miss Hilda Lailey; Stojowski, Prelude, Op. 1, No. 2, Miss Mildred Dracas; (a) Rachmaninoff, Prelude, (b) Lavalee, Papillons, Miss Muriel Ralston; Schumann, Novelletten, No. 1, Miss Irene Weaver; Sibelius, Romance, Op. 24, No. 9, Miss Gretta Robinson; (a) Godard, Chanson Florian, (b) Gluck, O del mio dolce, Miss Greta Harper; Raff, Etude Melodique in A major, Miss Ella Warren; Cowen, Border Ballad, Mr. Stanley G. McCaughey; Rheinberger, Sonata E flat minor, Preludio, Miss Margaret Haig.

* * *

Master Leonard Pennal, soloist of the church of Saint Mary Magdalene, is a singer of uncommon talent. Just recently I heard Master Pennal in several difficult solos, and was much impressed with the purity of his voice and the skill with which he uses it. Mr. James Galloway, A.R.C.O., the organist of the church, is to be congratulated upon the good work that he is doing with his choir of boys and men.

* * *

The recital at the Toronto College of Music last Saturday afternoon was given by talented piano and vocal pupils of Dr. Torrington. The programme was as follows: (Piano) Chopin, Berceuse, Alda Sproule; Chopin, Valse Brillante, Rena Bake; Chopin, Impromptu in A flat, Verdi, Liszt, Rigoletto, Isabel Wingate; Chopin, Etude, Moszkowski, En Automne, Tarantelle, Maud Dowsley; Beethoven, Sonata Op. 2, No. 1, Dora Stutchbury; Rheinhold, Impromptu, Eva Gaskin; Mendelssohn, Spinning Song, Beatrice Christian; Brassin, Nocturne; Moszkowski, Waltz in E major; Chaminade, Gigue, Hazel Hicks. (Vocal) Mascheroni, For All Eternity, Annie Elmhirst; Donizetti, "Com e bello" (Lucrezia), Dorothy McMahon; Donizetti, "Regnava nel silenzio" (Lucia), Olive Casey.

* * *

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist of widely heralded fame, will make his second appearance in Toronto as soloist at the concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall on March 24th. Elman stands to-day as the greatest attraction of the violin world, and perhaps no other has ever met with such a tremendous artistic and financial success. Wherever he has appeared the enthusiasm of his audiences has been unprecedented, hundreds being unable to gain admission, and it seems reasonably certain that his former successes will be duplicated in Toronto. Already numerous inquiries have been received from outside towns and subscriptions are coming in with great rapidity. Besides several solos, Mr. Elman will play Saint-Saen's concerto in B minor, a composition affording him ample opportunity to display his marvellous technic and large tone, so rich and warm in cantabile and of such silvery penetrating sweetness in arpeggios and complicated passages. As to the orchestral programme Mr. Welsman has never demonstrated more forcibly his eminent qualifications as a conductor and a programme-maker, and his selections embrace compositions that will be attractive to the musical public as well as to the connoisseur. The first number will be Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," which was composed during the Bohemian master's residence in New York, and was played for the first time at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, Dec. 15th, 1893, with Anton Seidl as conductor, and when the grand finale was reached where the theme is shouted forth by the horns and trumpets the whole orchestra coming in with incisive fortissimo chords at the beginning of the measures the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. The closing number will be Wagner's "Vorspiel" to "Die Meistersingers" in which the orchestra give out a volume and sonority of tone not surpassed by any visiting organization. For the convenience of the public subscription cards can be procured at all the downtown music stores.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

ACHESON—At Goderich, on Friday, February 25, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Acheson, Nelson street, a son.

PIERCE—At the Montreal Maternity Hospital, on Saturday, February 26, 1910, a son to Mr. and Mrs. John Franklin Pierce.

SOOLE—At the Coronado Hospital, Toronto, on Sunday, February 27, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Soole, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

SCOTT—LE FEVRE—At Pasadena, California, on Tuesday, February 22, 1910, by the Rev. Dr. Malcolm McLeod of the Pasadena Presbyterian Church, Clara, daughter of Mrs. De Witt Chauncey Le Fevre, 274 Delaware avenue, Buffalo, to David Livingstone Scott, of Listowel, Ontario.

DEATHS.

FOREST—At Beamsville, on February 26, 1910, Rev. David Forest, aged 58.

HARRIS—At Toronto, on March 2, 1910, Ruth Shenstone, wife of Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada," by Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

THIS work, issued in two volumes, is a very complete record of the work of the Roman Catholic Church in the Canadian West from 1659 to 1895. Being written by a member of the priesthood, it of course deals most sympathetically with the individual and organized efforts of the Roman Catholic clergy to make the ancient church the dominating religious and moral influence of the immense region west and north of the Great Lakes, since the time when the first white pioneers ventured into that part of the country, then supposed to be valuable only because of its fur-trading possibilities. The non-Catholic reader, indeed, will feel that the author has at times allowed his sympathies to get the better of his judgment; and, as a matter of fact, Father Morice occasionally refers to Protestant missionaries, citizens, and politicians in a manner that is unnecessarily offensive. However, this history is intended for circulation chiefly among Roman Catholics, and the non-Catholic who reads it will do well to remember that, while in the mind of the average citizen the old creed animosities in the west are now scarcely more than memories, they are still very real to such men as Father Morice, who underwent many trials for conscience's sake. And if a reader is to consider himself broad-minded, he must be ready to be tolerant of any man who writes sincerely of matters on which he feels deeply, no matter how much he may color his material with partisanship. For we are all partisans to some extent—and what would become of all our enthusiasms, of all the old devotions if we were not?

Father Morice of course devotes a great deal of space to an explanation of the causes of the two half-breed uprisings. As to the first of these—the Red River insurrection in 1869—he says: "We cannot conceal the fact that Catholics were the mainspring of the whole movement, and we will admit without the least difficulty that in this they had the sympathy of their clergy." He notes that it is absurd to characterize this uprising as a rebellion, as at that time Assiniboia (now Manitoba) was a colony "entirely distinct from Canada." "There would," he says, "have been a rebellion if Riel and his friends had ever renounced their allegiance to the British Crown. But, in spite of the most violent hatred and unfounded prejudices which his very name has long sufficed to evoke among a certain class of Canadians, it is now proved, and admitted by all fair-minded Protestants who are at all conversant with the question, that Riel ever was and remained to the last, favorable to British connection."

Father Morice is correct in saying that Assiniboia did not come under Federal control until July 15, 1870. But as, just previous to that time, according to his own statements, the western country was practically without government and was being covetously eyed by the Americans, it was surely not wise, to say the least, to oppose joining the Confederation. That the halfbreeds were threatened with unjust surveys and other abuses at the hands of "meddling Canadians" is no doubt true; and at this date one can scarcely blame these men for making trouble. But Riel pursued an utterly mad course when he returned and headed the malcontents in rebelling in 1885. Father Morice reminds us that the Roman Catholic clergy did all in their power to prevent bloodshed at this time, and suffered greatly by the uprising. He holds, however, that Riel's mind was affected at that time, and that he ought not to have suffered death.

The Protestant missionaries and their methods in the west are regarded by Father Morice with suspicion, sorrow, and sometimes with strong dislike. Referring to the Rev. Wm. C. Bompas, who became Bishop of the Anglican dioceses of MacKenzie River, he says: "We are prepared to give to Mr. Bompas and colleagues credit for the best of intentions, and we will not deny that they gave evidence of great activity, but we wish that activity had been of a less destructive nature."

* * *

"The Oak Amongst the Pines," by J. Darl Henderson. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.50.

Three books of poetry in one parcel come this week from Mr. Badger. They are entitled "Floridian Sonnets," by William Henry Venable, price $1.00; "The Oak Amongst the Pines, by J. Darl Henderson, price $1.50; and "Hylas and Other Poems," by Edwin Preston Dargan, price $1.00. An explanatory circular notes that the "Hylas" book is a volume of "scholarly verse" by a southern professor, so I pass it by, feeling it may be "too literary." The circular also announces that "Floridian Sonnets" is the eighteenth published work of Mr. Venable, and, as I am moved by narrow prejudice to

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE.
A Torontonian who has won success as a short-story writer. His latest volume is "Redney McGaw," a tale for boys.

believe that a writer who publishes this number of books and remains unknown cannot possibly interest me even when he takes to sonnet writing, I pass this by too. But I note that the author of "The Oak Amongst the Pines" is a commercial traveller, so I take up this volume anticipating a treat. I like commercial travellers—they bubble so with humor and have so much hard sense and tell such good stories in smoking compartments on railway trains. Surely no drummer—not even the most bumptious of Yankee drummers—would write the ordinary sort of fool verse and have it made into a book with his name in full on the cover! But you never can tell—about anything. My day of surprises is at last quite gone from me. This commercial traveller's poetry is, in the words of his own brotherhood, the limit. Listen to this:

No matter what my feelings are,
When I come home at night;
Tho' business may have worried me,
Or profits have been light;
I soon forget my troubles all
And bothersome mistakes
When Mamma takes the baby up—
And baby pat-a-cakes.

What think you, commercial travellers, samples of sanity that you are, carrying samples of sane commerce—what think you of a fellow grip man who would write stuff like that, and put it in a book, price $1.50?

In another of his efforts Mr. Henderson proceeds to tell us "from whence is poetry." He informs us that he has studied the stars, clouds and flowers, "braved the billows of the deep and into the future dared to peep," has watched the birds and insects fly, and strode among the forest trees, and studied several other things including ancient history and "found in each a mystery." And he concludes:

If thou wouldst write to live for aye,
Write only while the muses play;
Wait until heaven speaks to thee—
Then write—and this is poetry.

Something has been speaking to you, Mr. Henderson, but it hasn't been heaven. By the way, do you frequently of a morning feel a strange, restless surging in your cranium? And have you any peculiarities of vision, such, for example, as that which at times causes one to see objects multipliciously? Many men who write much better than you do frequently hear voices which they mistake for that of heaven, and such voices are as a rule closely associated with the symptoms just mentioned.

* * *

"Sir Walter Ralegh," by William Devereux and Stephen Lovell. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Readers who enjoy historical romances of the what-ho! have-at-you sort will find this to be the real thing. Arriving at Court Master Ralegh—the name is here spelled without the "i"—meets dashing Bess Throgmorton, who describes the Queen to him and warns him that the virgin monarch may make love to him. "Nay," says the brave Ralegh, "I am content to serve her in humble loyalty." Then Bess runs on in her forthright way:

"Wait till you have kissed the Queen's hand. It is a fair one. If she likes you, she ungloves it for you—so. She has a comely leg—nay, sir, blush not until you see it."

Court ladies do not talk in this free fashion now. In fact no ladies do—at least not to my knowledge. But I fear me that the blush, such as came to the cheek of the virtuous Ralegh, is now much less in evidence, among both women and men, than in the days of yore. And yet, after all, changed ways of talk and the falling into disuse of the blush, the faint, and other pretty accomplishments have not made our women less heartsome or in the least less virtuous. And though the men of the race no longer swagger about in brave attire, carrying side-arms and eager for conflict, no doubt courage and chivalry are not more rare than in the old heroic times.

Hal

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Why leave it to a motorman, a chauffeur or the driver of a waggon?

If street car passengers realized the risk they run every time they attempt to cross the street before the car from which they have just alighted has moved on, they would no more take the chance than they would "rock the boat" or change seats in a canoe. If they appreciated the danger they would stand still until the car had gone on and the track was clear.

To pass round behind the car is to run the risk of a car or an automobile on the other track running you down. The standing car prevents you from seeing the other track, or hearing the gong of an approaching car. It also prevents the motorman from seeing you.

Frequently a man will dart in front of a car that is about to start, or is already in motion, calculating on the motorman waiting till he crosses or slowing down. The closer he is to the car the less chance there is of the motorman seeing him, for he is under, rather than in front of the motorman. In another fraction of a second he is apt to be still further under.

The motormen of the Toronto Railway Company are chosen with the utmost possible care. The brakes on the cars are the most efficient that money can buy; the fenders are the best in America. But why should you stake your life on any or all of them?

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